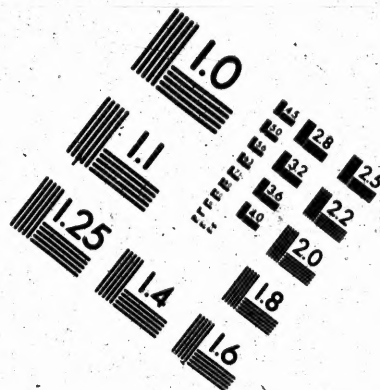
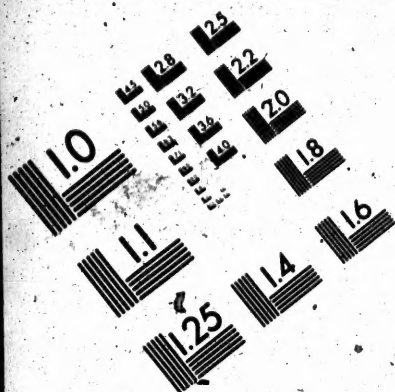




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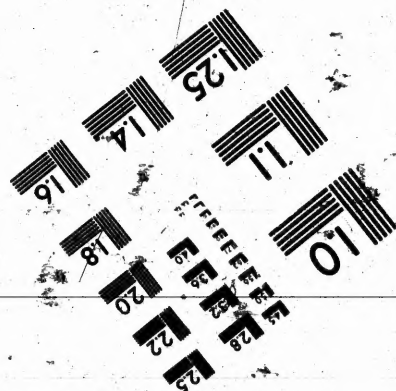
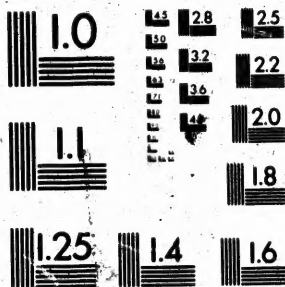
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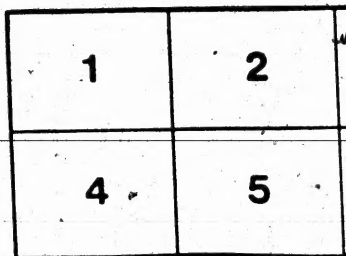
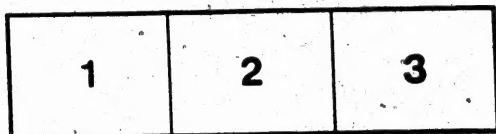
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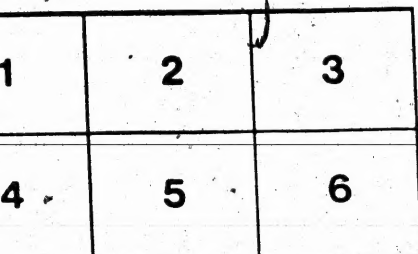
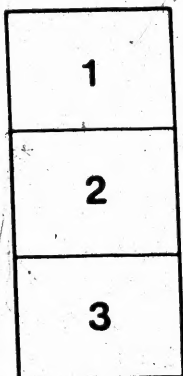
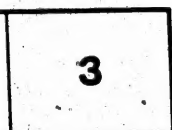
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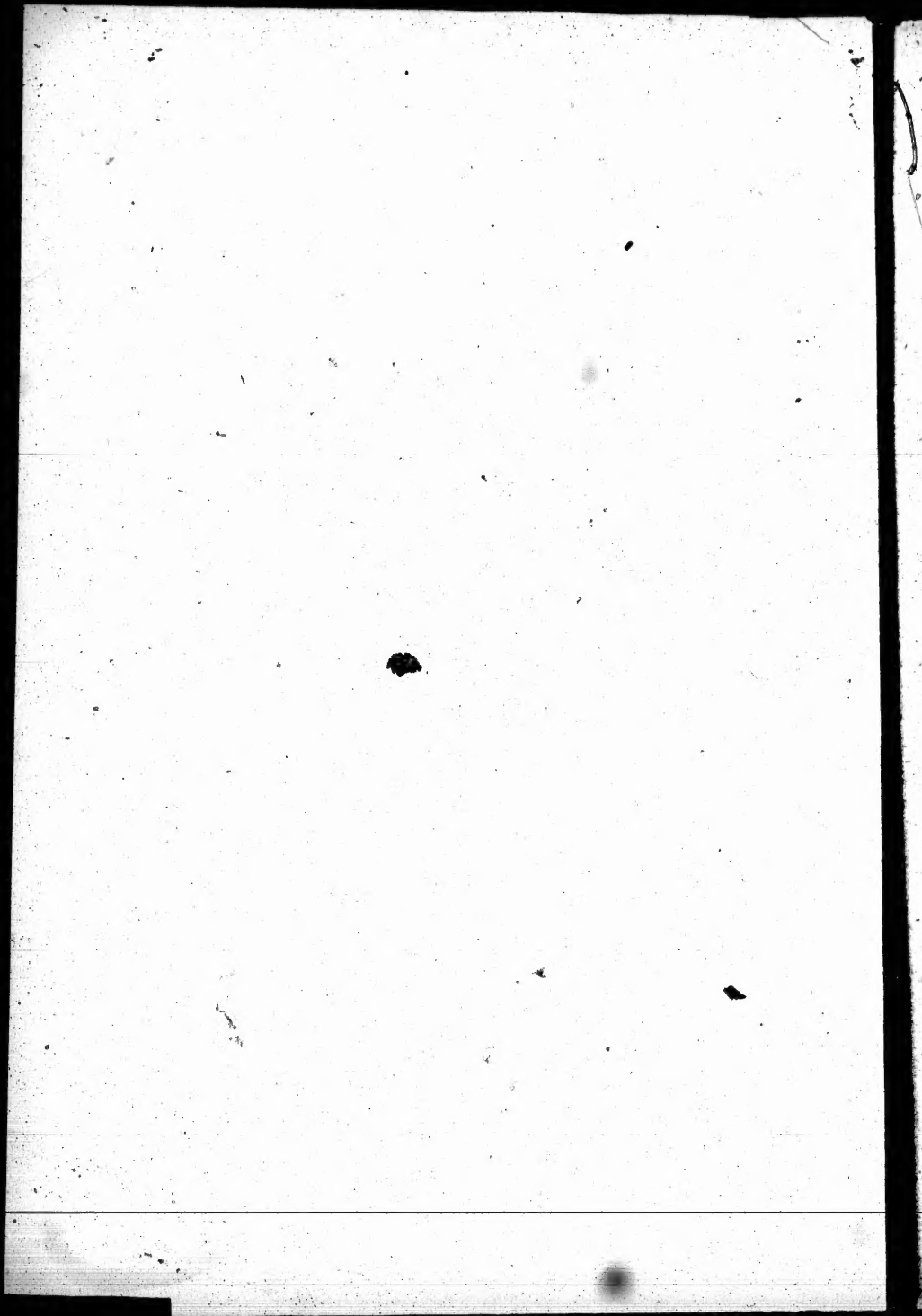
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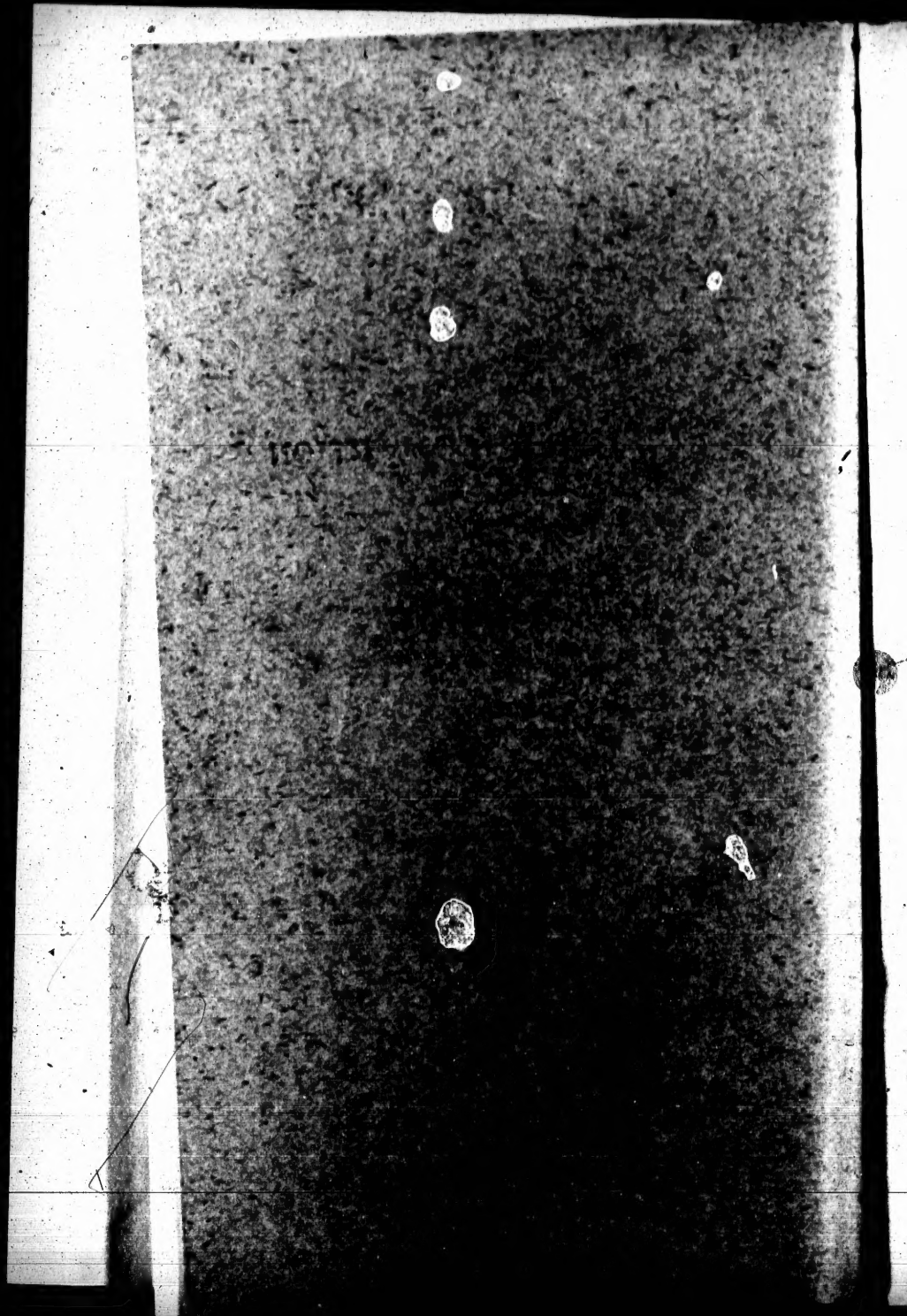
THE GLENBARD COLLECTION

OF

Gaelic Poetry.



Charlottetown, P. E. Island:
PUBLISHED BY G. HERBERT HASZARD.
1890.



Comhchrinneachadh

Ghlinn-a-Bhaird:

THE GLENBARD COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC POETRY.

BY THE

REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.



Charlottetown:

HASZARD & MOORE.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE & Co., MONTREAL.
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1890.

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PREFACE.

JOHAN MACLEAN, the Poet, was born in Tyree, Argyleshire, in 1787, and came to Nova Scotia in 1819. He lived in Glenbard in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1848. Whilst in Scotland he made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. He also came into possession of a valuable collection made in Mull by Dr. Hector Maclean, about the year 1768. He brought both collections with him to this country. Christy, the eldest of his family, was married to John Sinclair from the Parish of Reay in Caithness. I am their son. Owing to the influence of my mother, and indeed of all my surroundings, I have been led from my youth to take an interest in the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

I have now in my possession John Maclean's manuscript collection, Dr. Maclean's manuscript collection, and the Gaelic manuscripts of the Rev.

James Macgregor, D. D., author of *Dain a Chomhnadh Crabhuidh*. During the last twenty-one years, whenever I met a person who had old Gaelic poems by heart, poems not in any book, I have been in the habit of getting him to recite them, and writing them down. I have in this way collected quite a number of valuable poems.

I know that if I do not publish the poems in my possession no one else will. I know also that unless I publish them, they are likely to perish; and Gaelic literature is not of so extensive a character that this should be allowed to happen. Besides, I feel that it would be utterly unbecoming on my part not to publish at least the manuscripts brought to this country by my grandfather. Influenced by these reasons I have resolved to publish all the poems that I have.

Some of the poems in this work have been taken from old collections that are now out of print, such as Ranald Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, and Turner's collection. It may be a comparatively easy matter to procure one or two of these collections in the old country; in this country it is impossible to obtain any of them. The few poetical works brought with them by the early immigrants were borrowed, handled, and used until they became reduced to tattered fragments.

Of what use, it may asked, are the old poems in this work? In the first place, some of them are useful merely as poems, whilst others are not.

I am very far from thinking that all the poetry in this work is of a high order; some of it is very poor. In the second place, all the old poems in this work are useful as Gaelic compositions. Those who composed them understood the language in which they thought and sung. If we want to learn Gaelic correctly we must study the works of the Gaelic bards, J. F. Campbell's *Sgeulachd-an Gaidhealach*, and Norman McLeod's *Cuairtear nan Gleann*. In the third place, the old poems in this work are exceedingly useful from a historic point of view. They throw much light upon the thoughts, feelings, aims, habits and actions of the old Highlanders. We can learn the external history of the Highlands from Skene's works, but if we wish to learn the inner history of the Highlanders, the real history of the people, we must study the works left us by the Gaelic bards. We find the history of a people in their poetry far more than in their chronicles.

It may be said that this book would sell much better if I had omitted some of the old poems and inserted modern and popular songs. I have no doubt that it would. But my aim has not been either to make a collection that would sell readily or a collection of popular songs. This collection with all its defects will serve my chief purpose. It will help to give, to such as may take an interest in them, the old poems in the manuscripts in my possession. The manuscripts may perish, but probably some copies of this work will be preserved.

I have published only two hundred copies of this work, and I have had it printed in as cheap a manner as possible. The greater part of it was published in newspapers, and struck off from the type of the newspapers for publication in book form. From page 1 to the end of page 128 appeared in the "Island Reporter," Baddeck, Cape Breton; from page 129 to the end of page 220, and also from page 261 to the end of page 322, in the same paper, after it had been transferred to Sydney, Cape Breton. The forty pages between page 220 and page 261 appeared in the "Pictou News."

The typographical errors are very numerous, but this is not to be wondered at. The printers did not understand a word of Gaelic. The proofs had to be sent me by mail. It was inconvenient to send proofs to me more than once. A few of the proofs I never saw. I have given a full list of corrections, so that any one who desires to read the poems can do so without any difficulty.

I have arranged the poems, as far as practicable, in chronological order in the Index. With regard to a few of them, I do not know when, where, or by whom they were composed.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,
October 28th, 1890.

AN CLAR-INNSE.

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JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

Alastair Carrach Macdonald, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, who was a grandson of Robert Bruce, was the founder of the family of Keppoch, Clann Domhnaill a Bhraighe. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghas na Feairte. Aonghas na Feairte had two sons, Donald and Alexander. Donald, who succeeded his father in the Braes of Lochaber, was killed in a battle with the Stewarts of Appin and the Maclarens, about the year 1497. To Donald succeeded his only son, John, who was known as Iain Alainn. Iain Alainn, in consequence of his having delivered up to the vengeance of the Clan Chattan one of his followers, Domhnall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, was deposed from the chieftainship by his clan. His cousin, Domhnall Glas, son of Alastair, son of Aonghas na Feairte, was chosen in his place. After his deposition, Iain Alainn moved to a place called An Uirchair. His descendants were known as Shiochd Dhomhnaill, and also as Shiochd a Bhra-thar bu Shind. They were sometimes termed, by way of reproach, Shiochd an t-Siapa. They were designated by this name in consequence of having delivered

up Domhnall Ruadh Bear to the Clan Chattan. John Macdonald, or Iain Lom the famous bard, was the son of Desfald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alainn, the deposed chief. He had thus the blood of the Lords of the Isles, the Stewarts, and the illustrious Bruce, in his veins.

The year of Iain Lom's birth is not known. We know, however, that he was present at the battle of Stron-a-Chlachain in 1640. We know also that he was a man of a good deal of prominence in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. We would not probably be very far astray if we were to say that he was born about the year 1620. He died in 1709. He possessed mental powers of a high order, and was a man of real honesty and intense earnestness. He was a poet of great ability.

The following extracts will show what kind of man Iain Lom was, and also what competent judges think of his poetry:

"John Macdonald was one of the most remarkable bards of modern times. He was commonly called Iain Lom, and sometimes Iain Manutach or Iain Matak from an impediment in his speech. He composed as many poems as would fill a large volume. Most of his compositions have great merit. He lived from the reign of Charles the First to the time of King William. Charles the Second settled a yearly pension upon him for officiating as his bard. As many of his poems mention the chief transactions of the times, as well as the names of the

princes, chiefs and nobility whose achievements he sang, they carry their dates in their bosoms, and fix the era in which they were composed. He lived to an extreme old age, so that there are still a few people of very advanced years who remember to have seen him."—*Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, by the Rev. Donald McNicol, published in the year 1799.*

"Of the political school of Gaelic bards the most remarkable poet the Highlands have produced was John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom. He lived during the stormy period of the commonwealth, and entered warmly into the political questions of his day in the Highlands. He was a strenuous partizan of the House of Stewart, and did as much for their interest in the north by his muse as was accomplished by any other influence brought to bear upon the popular mind. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religion combined with his politics in giving a bias to his views, and force and point to his verses. Charles the Second appointed him a sort of Poet Laureat for Scotland, and conferred upon him a small pension, which it is said he enjoyed until the period of his death. Many of his Jacobite compositions have been handed down to us. In these two things are remarkable; his fierce appeals to the passions of the clans favorable to the royal cause, and his equally violent denunciations of those opposed to it."—*Keltic Gleanings, by the Rev. Thomas McLachlan, LL. D., Edinburgh.*

4
"Of the personal history of Iain Lom, very little is known for certain. He was of the family of Mac-Mhic-Rannail, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the college of Valladolid in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large - a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. The times in which he lived his talents and habits of life caused him to become a very prominent man indeed. To Montrose and Alastair Mac Cholla-Chiotaich, as well as afterwards to Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee, he was well known, and by them all much trusted and employed on the most delicate political embassies. No man of his day knew the Highlands and its temper so thoroughly. In those wonderful campaigns which, true in every particular, yet read like Mediaeval romances, in which Montrose made himself the talk and envy of every soldier in Europe, it is certain that he consulted Iain Lom at almost every step. A brief but characteristic note, which we have more than once

in Lom,
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 nces, in
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 han once

seen and read, from the great Marquis to
 the Bard, was in possession of the late
 Rev. Dr. Macintyre, minister of Kilmoni-
 vaig, and is probably still preserved in
 the family as a very valuable and interest-
 ing relic, which in truth it is. It consists
 but of some half dozen lines, but when
 we find the Marquis declaring himself,
 under his own hand, from his "Camp
 near Kilsyth," Iain Lom's "very loving
 and true friend to command," we may be
 pretty sure that the Brae-Lochaber Bard
 was a man of no small account and con-
 sequence in his day. Of his poetry it is
 hardly possible to speak too highly.
 Rough and rugged, and rude almost al-
 ways, it yet hits the mark, arrived at so
 unmistakably that you cannot but ap-
 plaud."—*Twist Ben Nevis and Glencae*,
 by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL. D.,
 author of "Nether Lochaber."

Iain Lom was buried at Dun-Aingeal
 in the Braes of Lochaber. A very beau-
 tiful and substantial monument was erect-
 ed over his grave a few years ago. It is
 ten feet in height and richly ornamented.
 The inscription, as of course it ought to
 be, is in Gaelic.

It is to be regretted that Iain Lom's
 poems have never been published in a
 collected form. That such should be the
 case is not at all to the credit of his coun-
 trymen.

RANN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Chaidh Iain Lom uair, is e na bhalach
og, comhla ri athair agus feadhain eile g.
baile Inbhernis. Air dhaibh cruinneach-
adh anns an taigh osda 'san robh iad a dol
a dh'fhuireach fad na h-oidhche, thachair
do choigreach a bha 'nam measg ni eigin
a radh mu Iain. Cha luaithe a bha na
facail a 'bheul na thubhairt Iain mar
fhreagairt da:

Breith luath, lochdach,
Breith air loth pheallagaich.
No air giullan breac-luirgneach.

Air d'a athair na buathran so a chluin-
tinn thubhairt e ris:

'S math thu fein, Iain, ni thu gleus
fhathast.

CUMHA AONGHAIS MHIC RÀON- UILL OIG.

LE IAIN LOM.

Rìgh, gur mor no chuid mulaid,
Ged is fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Ge b'e dh'eisdeadh ri m' uireasbhuidh
aireamh.

Rìgh, gur mor, &c.

Bho na chaill mi na gaothair
Is an t eug 'g an sior thaoghal,
'S beag mo thoirt g'ar an taoghail mi 'm
Braighe.

'S eum bochd mi gun daoine
Air mo lot air gach taobh dhiom
Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean.
Gur mi 'n giadhb air a spionadh
Gun iteach, gun linnich,
'S mi mar Oisean fo bhinn an taigh
Phadruig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,
Gun chnothan, gun ubhlán,
'S an snodhach 's an rusg air a fagail.
Ruaig sin chéann Lochatatha
'S i 'chuir mise ann am ghaibhtheach;
Dh'fhag mi Aonghas na laidhe 'san araich
Mu 'n do dhirich sibh 'mi bruthach
'S ann 'n ar deaghaidh bha 'n ulaidh;
Bha giomanach guna air dhroch caramh.
Ged a dh'fhag mi ann, m' athair
Tha 'n ann air 'tha mi labhairt
Ach an lot 'rinn an claidheamh mu d'air-
nean.

Gur h-e dhruigh air mo leacainn
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh.
'S tu 'nad lai lhe 'n taigh beag choire
Charmaig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnuis aobhach
Dheanadh dath le d'fhuil chraobhaich,
'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do
namhaid.

Gaothar—a greyhound, a lurcher or
cross-bred dog, half greyhound and half
fox hound. Rosad—misfortune, mischief.
Toirt—care, regard. Linnich—layer,

bhalach
n eile g.
inneach-
iad a dol
thachfair
ni eigin
bha na
ain mar

ch.
chluin-
u gleus

RÀON-

sbhuidh

lining. Gaibhtheach—a person in want, a complainant. Leacainn—the side of the head.

In 1640 a fight took place between the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Campbells of Breadalbane. There were about 120 of the former, and probably about the same number of the latter. The Macdonalds won the fight, but lost their chief, Aonghas Obhar, who was killed. Iain Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain Alainn, was also among the slain. An account of the fight will be found in the Keltic Magazine for January, 1880. It took place at Stronachlachain, at the head of Loch Tay.

ORAN DO DHOMHNALL GORM OG.

LE IAIN LOM.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,
'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,
Chaidh d'canach 's do chliu thar chaich.
Tha seirce ann ad ghruaidh,
Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.
Bidh sid ort a' triall,
Chaidheamh sgaitheach gorm siar;
Air d' uilinn bidh sgiath gun sgath.
'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur
Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;
B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.
A chruaidh gun ghiamh,
'N trath ghabhadh tu fianh,
'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

An gunna nach diùlt
 'S trath 'chaogas tu 'n t-suil,
 Gu 'm bitheadh a sugradh searbh.

Is bogh 'an t-sar-chuul.
 De'n mheallanaich uir,
 Caoin, fallain de'n iubhraich dheirg.

Is taifeid nan dual
 Air a tarruing bho d' chluais;
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Is ite an eoin leith
 Air a sparradh le ceir;
 Bhiodh briogadh an deigh a h-earr'.

Air an leacainn mu'n iath
 Cinn ghlasa nan sgiath;
 Cha bu ghaiseach bu mhiann le d' ehnann.

Bho imeachd do'n Fheinn
 'S cinn fhine sibh fein
 Air fineachan fheil' gu dearbh.

Iarl Anntuim nan sluagh
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh
 Bhiodh sid leat is Ruairidh garbh.

Mac Mhic Ailein nan ceud
 'S Mae Mhic Alastair fheil',
 Is Mac-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach 'g a stroiceadh,
 Ruith na torachd,
 'S fir fo leon nan arm.

Loug 'g a seoladh,
 Crith air agodaibh,
 Stiuir-bheairt sheolta, theann.

Beucaich mara
 'Leum ri darach,
 Sugh 'g a sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag
 Ri sruth trath i,
 'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Thig le ingeas le gaoith
 Gu baile nan laoch,
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios
 'S am farumach fion,
 Far am falaichear mile cran.

Bhiodh cruit is clarsach
 'S mnai uchd aillidh
 An tur nan taileasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban
 'S orgain liobhte,
 'S cuirn 'gan lionadh arid.

Ceir 'na drilsean
 Ri fad oidhche,
 'G eisdeachd stri nam bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,
 Foirm air thithibh,
 'S or a sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh 'Iarl Ile
 Agus Chinutire
 Rois is Innse-Gall.

Clann-Domhnaill nach crion
 Mu 'n or 's mu 'n ni,
 Sid a bhuidheann a 's prìseil gearr.

Bho Theamhair gu I,
 Thus a Chananaich shios,
 Luchd-calaigh o n chrìch 'n 'ur dail.

Eana chor-eineach—bounty, liberality, goodness, courtesy; also praise, renown. Meallanach—bossy or having knobs. Fheile—of hospitality. Iubhrach—a yew grove. Taifeid—a bow-string. Briogadh—stabbing or thrusting. Taileasg—backgammon or chess. Drilsean—sparkles. Disnean—dice. Nasag—an empty shell. Teamhair—Tara in Ireland. The word teamhair signifies an elevated spot commanding an extensive prospect. *Joyce's Irish Names of Places*, page 293.

Hugh, the first Macdonald, of Sleat, was the third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles. Domhnall Gorm, son of Domhnall Gruamach, son of Domhuall Gallach, son of Hugh, was the fifth Macdonald of Sleat. He styled himself Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross. Donald, his son and successor, was married to Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, and had by her three sons, Domhnall Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. Domhuall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616, and was succeeded by Domhnall Gorm Og, son of his brother, Archibald, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay and the Glynns in Antrim. Domhnall Gorm Og was the eighth Macdonald, of Sleat. He was created a Baronet in 1625; he died in 1643.

ORAN.

Do dh' Alastair Mac Colla, an deigh
latha Allt Eireann.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-eibhinn
Do 'n Alastair euchdach
'Choisinn latha Allt Eireann le 'mhór
shluagh.

Gu ma slan &c.

Le 'shaigdeireibh laghach
'N am gabhail an rathaid,
Leis 'n bu mhiannach 'bhi gabhail a
chruain.

Cha bu phrabaire clath thu,
'Dhol an caigneachadh chladhean
'Nuair a bhà thu 's a gharadh a'd 'onar.

Bha lùchd chlogad is phicean
A 'cur ort mar an di-chioll,
Gus an d'fhuair thu *reliobh* o Mhontrosa.

'S iomad oganach suil-ghorm,
Bha fo lot nan arm ruisgte,
Aig gèata Chinn-Iudaich gun chomhradh.

Agus oganach loinneil
'Thuit an aobhar do lainne,
Bha na shineadh am pòlla ud Lochaidh.

'S cha robh dombach no geinneach
Ann an talamh Mhic-Còinnich,
Nach do dh'fhag an airm theine air a
mhointich.

Cha robh Tomai no Simi
Ann an talamh Mhic-Shimi

Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogaibh.

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh.

Gas 'n do rainig iad Muiri

'S chuir sibh lasraichan teine 's a
Mhornaich.

Alit Eireann seems to mean Eire's Brook, and to have been named after Eire, one of the Queens of the Tuath De Danann. Eireann is the old form of the genitive of Eire. Some are of the opinion that Ireland received its name from Eire. Whitley Stokes is inclined to look upon Ireland as deriving its name from a word connected with the Sanskrit, *avara*, western. Max Muller's *Science of Language*, vol. I., page 246.

Prabaire—a worthless fellow. Caig-neachadh or caigneadh—coupling or linking. Domhach—a savage. Geinneach—a short, stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought, May 9th, 1645. The MacKenzies and Frasers were on the side of the Covenanters. Alastair MacColla came near losing his life in trying to regain a position behind a garden fence, which he had very unwisely left. Gen. Hurry who commanded the Covenanters had 3,500 foot and 400 horse; Montrose had 1,500 foot and 250 horse. The latter won a complete victory. Some days after the battle Montrose committed to the flames a good many houses in Elgin, Garmouth and other places

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

'Nuair a ghlacadh e le Seumas Meinne,
an Crunair, 's a bhliadhna 1647.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gur-a trom lean a ta mi
Leis gach sgeul tha mi 'claistinn,
'S mi 'tearnadh staigh braigh 'uige Dhet

Mi tearnadh air m'aineoil
Gu braigh' Abarfeallaidh,
Gun aon luaidh air fear faraid mo sgeil.

Cha 'n e gaor bhan a chlachain
A tha mis 'an diu 'g acain,
Gar an d'thigeadh gin as de 'n choig ceud.

Ach ma ghlacadh an Marcus
Leis a Mheinneireach thachrais,
B'e mo dhiubhal na bh'aca 's mo bheud.

'S mor an naidheachd e n Albainn
Bog no gaoithe 'n Strath-bhalgaidh
'Bhi 'g a chlaoidheadh le armailtean sreinn.

Ceann uighe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheamaid saibhir,
'S tu gu 'n taghadh gach aite dhuinn
reidh.

Sann a b' abhaist dhuinn sheidid
Ann an garadh nan ubhal,
Fo fhailleadh nan luibhean 's nan pour.

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Luinneag:—

Lamh Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
 C'uin 'a chaoch'leas a bheairt so!
 'S gu bheil fios 'san Roinn-Eorpa
 Gur h-i choir 'tha sibh 'sracadh.
 'Fhir a chruthaich bhò thas sinn
 Cuir a chuis gu treun taice
 Air na Banntairean breige
 'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

Mi 'g an t-àire Strathchuaiche
 'S eor t'agbruaim 's cha bheag m' eislein;
 'S mi 'g an t-àire nan gleanntan
 'S an robh 'n camp aig Iarl Einne,
 'Ris an goirte 'n t-eun tuathach
 Nach d'fhuaradh ri breun-chirc,
 Ged-a tha e 'san an so
 Gun cheann an Dun Eideann.

Lamh Rìgh leinn a dhaoine.

Gur mor mo chuis mulaid
 'S mi air m' uilinn a'm onrachd,
 'S mi 'g an t-àire an rughe
 Far 'n de shuidhicheadh bordaibh.
 Th' i 'n a' fhuaradh fo ghleus chapull,
 Fe 'n a' fhuaradh agus folach;
 Aig an t-àire na machrach,
 An sar Mharcus o Ghordan.

'Naile chunnaic mi uair thu
 Is gu'm b' uasal do loiseam.
 'Tigh'n a mach le d' gheard rioghail
 Air na grinneinean gorma;
 Luch 'n a' fhuaradh agus sioda

'Ghlacadh pic gu gle mhodhar,
Is a bheireadh adbhanna
Ann' an am dol an ordagh.

Bha mi eolach a'd' thalla
'S bha mi steach afa a'd' sheomar;
Bhiodh ann iomairt air thailteasg
'S da chlausaich a' comh-stri;
Gus am freagradh am balla
Do mhac-talla nan organ;
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach 'ga lèagadh
Am pàirt de dh' obair nan or-cheard.

Cha d' fhoghain leo d' fhogradh
Feadh fhrogan 'ga d' fhalach;
Ach do thur-bhailtean mora
Bhi gun choir aig Mac-Cailein.
'N uair a fhuair iad thu d' onrachd
Rinn iad oirne gnìomh alla
Bha d' fhail rioghail gun fhotus
'G a dortadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt
S' fad' an dusgadh so 'th' agad;
Gur fad' ann ad shuain thu,
S tim dhuit gluasad bho d' chadal.
Mur h-'eil d' aire gu dìreach
Air do rioghachd a thagradh;
Leig dhìot 'a an droch uair i,
Mur h-'eil cruadal a'd' aigneadh.

'Smath an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuir
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,
Gu coir d'athar a dhiuladh
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaidh.
Ach na faireadh iad baoh thu
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;
No mar chlaidheamh bog staoine
'N truail chaoìn air a h-oradh

Tha unislean do rioghachd
 Chan stiogadh an claisean;
 'S'gam falach 'an giubhsaich
 N deigh do chuinneadh a *phaisidh*;
 Daoine beaga 'rinn cillein
 De shìol *skineirean* chraicinn;
 Tha 'n am parlamaid rioghail
 'N deigh an rìgh a chur seachad.

'Tha na h-amraichean muine
 'Gabhail iuil 'sà chuan fharsuing;
 'S an loingeas daraich a crìonadh
 'Dh' oiltadh tion air an *saitse*;
 Is 'gan tilgadh air oitir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad;
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,
 'S mairg a 'dh'fhuirich r'a faicing.

Na Banntairean — the Covenanters.
 Einne, Enzie — a district in Bantshire be-
 longing to the Gordons. An t-Eun
 Tuathach—the Cock of the North, a
 name given to the head of the Clan Gor-
 don. Ruighe—the outstretched part or
 base of a mountain, a summer residence
 for herdsmen and cattle. Folach—rank
 grass growing upon dunghills. Loiseam—
 show, pomp. Staoìn—pewter or tin.
 Stiog—to crouch or skulk. Saitse—hatch.
 Amar—a trough; amraichean troughs.
 Oitir—reef of sand.

The Gordons took their name from the
 lands of Gordon in Berwickshire. They
 received a grant of Strathbogie, Strath-
 bhalgaidh, from Bruce. George Gordon,
 the second Marquis of Huntly, was be-
 headed in Edinburgh in 1649.

IORRAM.

Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ged is fada mu thuath mi,
Soidh' slàn do na h-uaislean;
Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir.

Gu duthaich Shir Lachuinn
Nam piob is nam bratach;
'S mor bhur diobhail ri *faction* an rìgh.

Ona b'e leanntuinn na ludaig
Ris na teudan bu dluithe
A thug mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrìon.

Ach bas Mhic-Gilleain,
Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laidhe;
So dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phrìs.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich
Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;
Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi g'ur caoidh.

'S math 'bigeadh clogaide cruadhach
Air eul bachlach nan dual glan;
Gnuis fhathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis
Aan an ceann claiginn calant',
Is agiath threachd nam ball daingeann
gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blàran
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m chairdean
'Mhend 'sa chunnaic mi 'n armailt an rìgh;

'Mheud 'sa chummaic mi fein din
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,
De shliochd gasda Chlainn cheud-chath
nam pios;

Cha bu shiochaint 'ur cogadh
'N am dol-sios an tus troide,
A dhream rioghail nan eogad 's nam pio.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean
Air claignibh 'ur namhad
Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sios.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach
'Tha buidhinn cuir ann an Sasunn
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach
'Bha na mhillleadh righ Seurlas.
A ta 'nis oirnn aq eirigh gu stri.

'S mur a caochail si h *faction*
Gu ma taobh-dhearg 'ur leaba
'S'ur fuil a taosgadh an Claisean 's an dig.

Gu'n cluinnteadh feadarsaich luaidhe
An lorg sraide na cluaise,
'S mnai ri acain 's cha chruaidh leam air
caoidh.

Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, was a faithful follower of the great Montrose. He died in 1649. His son and successor, Sir Hector, was killed at the battle of Inverkeithing, July 20th, 1651. Seven hundred and sixty Macleans were slain along with him.

ORAN DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHU- BHAIRT.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-aithean,
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomh-
dhail.

Mur bhi, &c.

Is bochd an ciridinn paisde,
N uair a bhual an lot bais e,
'Bhi gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun
fheoirhein.

'S ann de'n choinnimh a 's miosa,
An garadh-droma air bristeadh
Mar gu 'm pronnadh sibh aligean le or-
daibh.

'S ann de dh'fhortan 'ur cuise,
Ma 's e 'n torc 'th'oirbh 'a muiseag,
Gu 'n teid stopadh na muire 'na phoraibh.

Tha sgrìob gheur nam peann gearra
'Cumail dìon' air Mac-Cailein,
'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomh-
radh.

Thug sibh bhuiadhne le spleadhan
Eilean lile ghlaia, laghaich,
Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an eire grein teanhrach
Air deadh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;
'S lag an ionairt ge h-ainmeil an seors'
iad.

Dh fhalbh 'ur cruadal 's ur gaisge,
 Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachainn,
 'Th' ann 's an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh
 san t-srol iad.

'S Lachainn Mor a fhuair urram,
 'Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,
 Cha d' thutght' uachd'ranachd Mhuile ri
 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m' carbsa,
 Mura roghainn gun dearmad,
 Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear-
 Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma
 'Chaisgeadh dèruinn, 's gu 'n tilleadh iad
 torachd.

'S mor gu 'm b' fheairde dream fiata,
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhaich
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochaidh.

Eiridinn—a nursing of, or attending
 on, the sick. Ceirein, a poultice. Feoir-
 nein—a pile of grass, a blade of grass.
 Muire—the leprosy. Spleadhan—false
 hoods, fictions. Teanchaire—a vice.

It seems that Sir Ewen Cameron, of
 Lochiel, deserted his old friends, the
 Macleans, at a critical moment. An old
 manuscript quoted by Sheriff Nicholson
 in his Gaelic proverbs, at page 136, con-

tains the following statements: "Sir Ewen Cameron was bound by alliance, money and solemn oath to the Macleans, but renounced all on Argyll's quitting to him a debt of 40,000 merks." It was in this transaction that the following proverb had its origin: "Chaill Eoghan a Dhia, ach chaill an t-Iarla 'chuid airgid."

BRIAN AGUS IAIN LOM.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Mauntach bhuam,
Rag mheirleach nan each breann-dalach,
Gur tric a thug am meirleach ud
Leis meann a mach o 'n chro.

B'e fasan fir a Bhraghe ud
Da thaobh Loch-Iall is Arasig,
Bhiodh agian 'san dara brachair dhiu
Mu viread ara 'dh'fheoil.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga liotach mhi'raltach,
Nach tuig thu bh' 'gad dhiomoladh;
'S mithich tarruing gu claich-lionraith leat
'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

Thoir soraidh gu bard Aisint bhuam,
Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean;
Gur coltach do bhuai rapasach
Ri slait de 'n chealtair chk th'.

Cha b' chubaire 'ghoid gheartan mi;
 Cha d'chuir mi uich 's an ealaidh sin;
 Cha mho a chum e caithris orm
 Toirt mhult a cairidh cro.

Do bheal tha molach feusagach,
 Lan smuig is uile is reumannan;
 Gur tric do bhru 's a gheisgeil ort
 'N deigh fuigheal creis nam bord.

An uair 'bu dluiche 'n aileag ort
 Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhiodh
 A' toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhiot,
 Le bruchdadh boladh feoil.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan
 A's tric a dheabh na capachan,
 'S tu 'd shineadh anns na guiteirean
 An deigh do ghucag ol.

Gur salchar lie is urlair thu,
 Lan sgeig is uile is iombasaich,
 Mar bharaile 'n deigh a thionndadh
 A cur sgum gu barr-iall bhrog.

Ged 's cam a staigh fo d' ghluinean thu,
 Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuilean thu;
 S tu traoitear nan seachd dachannan
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Droch coinneamh ort, a shiochaire;
 Mar caol a reiceadh d'fhirinn leat,
 Airson na mine Lìtich sin,
 Nach deach 'san ire choil.

Mi-raltach for mi-ioraltach—not skill-
 ful or prompt, not distinct in utterance.

Breanndalach—brindled. Ara—a kidney. Smug—spittle. Reum—phlegm. Cubairc—a shabby, sneaking fellow. Cairidh—a fence of stakes or twigs set in a stream for taking fish, a weir; here a place for catching sheep. Geisgeil—creaking. Creis—grease. Seann-tuir—an old acquaintance, a frequenter of a place. Siobhairc—a contemptible fellow.

Iain Lom and Brian, the Assynt bard, happened to meet at one of the Inverness annual markets. Brian, having learned that the person with whom he was in conversation was a Lochaber man, asked him if he knew Iain Lom. Upon ascertaining that he did, he requested him to bring his soraith, or compliments to him. Iain Lom, stung by the words of the soraith, replied to Brian on the spur of the moment.

ORAN DO MHAC MHC-RAONULL NA CEAPAICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mi 'm shuidhe air bruaich torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire na Cleithe;

Ged nach 'eil mo chas crubach
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine,

Gar nach 'eil mo bhian aracte,
Tha fo m' aisé mo chreuchdan.

'S cha 'n e curam na h-imrich
No iomagain na spreidhe.

No bhi 'g am chur do Cheanntaile,
'S gan fhios cia 'n t-aite dha 'n teid mi.

Ach 'bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh,
'S tric 's gur minic leam fhein sin.

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd Beurla.

Cha b' e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibhteadh 'sodraich gu feilltean.

No geum do bha torrain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laigh.

No uisge nan sluasaid
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh leam d' uaisle
'Thigh 'nn an uachdar ort eudail.

Sa liuthad sruth uaibhreach
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n còud la.

Ceist uam fear-thu bho 'n Fhearsaid
Is bho Cheapaich nam peuran;

'S bho cheann Daile na mine,
Gu 'Sron-na-h-Iolaire leithe.

'Se bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe
'Bhi 'gan tathaich le beusan.

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnaidh
Far 'm biodh na sonnanaich gle mhor.

Le 'm morgha geur sgaitheach,
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

Tha mo choill' air a maoladh
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,
S' cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchainn:

'S nach 'eil agam dhiu tuaileas
Dh 'fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

ORAN.

Do Mhorair Ghlinne Garadh.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S e mo chion an t-og meamnuach
'Bu shar cheannard nan cèudan;
Fhuair thu urram fir Alba
Le do dhearbh aofhuinn ghleusda.

Mac Mòire 'dhion d' anma
 Anna gach aona bhall 'san teid thu;
 'S na rachadh do mharbhadh
 Gun oircheas Mhà De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich
 Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal,
 Le acfhuinn mhath 'sreine,
 'S d'a reir sin do stiorap,
 'N uair a rachadh, tu 'leum air
 Cha bu reirh dol gad thilleadh;
 Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort,
 'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,
 Gu 'n robh sinne umad eolach,
 Nach gabhadh tu giorag;
 'N aile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.
 Bhiodh an t-iubhar 'ga lubadh
 Mar-ri fiubhaidh 'chinn storaich
 Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh
 As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghais oig Ghlinnich,
 Cha 'n 'eil sinne innad suarach,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt
 Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.
 Gu bheil cuid diu air linne
 'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn;
 Ceud connspunn gun ghiorag
 Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Cha 'n fhuil fhodach no prabair,
 Cha 'n fhuil graisge no tuatha,
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl llich
 A ta 'direadh ri d' ghruaidhibh,
 'S car thu mhilidh nan cathan

A thaobh d'athar coig uairean;
 Dh'fhag sid cruadal a'd' lamhan
 Gus an claidbeamh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoin air do naimhdean
 Gu do champ" mar bu mhinic;
 Gu'm biodh cuid diu 'nan laidhe
 'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan.
 Ach an uairchiun ri sileadh.
 'Sgaitheadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muisag 'san crath so
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailein.
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,
 'S nach leigendh cladhhaire thairis.
 As an d'thug thu do chasan
 Gu coiseachd a dh'aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar churam
 Anns an uair so 'ga eisdeachd
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;
 Dia 'gan tilleadh gu reite.
 Air bhur tighinn gu fallain,
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisid 'san abhainn
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheirt e:
 Gu 'n do chuir e orm gruaman
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.
 'S ann a-dh'eirich iad comhl
 Leis a mhor fhear so bh' againn.

E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas,
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,
Dhuit fhein mara ta e,
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaoghol,
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuin a tharsainn,
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;
Cha 'n 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,
Cha 'n 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,
'N am caismeachd na h-uaire.

Gura farsuinn do ranntachd,
Agus teann sa ri 'cheile iad;
Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuiteach
Mu Ruta na h-Eirinn,
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa;
'S bu cheud fearrd thu iad agad
An am tapadh nan gear-lann.

Mac-Pharlainn 'sa chinneadh
Gu leat sin an am d'fheuma;
Is Clann-Donnachaigh bho Atholl
Ged is grathunn bho cheile iad;
'S gura leat Mac-an-Aba,
Le aitim mhoir mheadhraich,

'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheantadh camp cruinn leibh
'S ncart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,
Co a b' urrainn d'eadraibh
'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein o'
Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair
'N c'iu 'g ur buaireadh bho cheile
'Se 'n t-aon a'oc as na ghluais sibh,
Fuil uasal Chuinn cheud-chathaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,
No ni stath dhomb air domhan?
Ma nitear leat m' fhagail,
Tha mi baite 'n muir dhomhainn.
Cha 'n teil neach d'beanadh m' eucuir
No 'shaltradh ceum ann am ghnothach,
Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach
Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant
'N lathair barta no bine
Ach Tighearn og Ghlinne-Garadh,
Mo dheagh charaid glan riomhach.
Sgeul 's mo 'tha mi gearan,
'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich.
Gun do shlic'hd a bhi 'J' aite
Dh' fhios an la theid ceann crìch ort.

Oircheas—pity, clemency. Innean, a
hill or rock also an anvil. Prabar, the
rabble. Uairchinn—side of the head.
Muiseag—a threat, threatening. Rann
relationship, ancestry, pedigree, gene-

alogy. Barant—a support, surety, safeguard, reliance. Dh fhios—unto, to, literally to the knowledge of.

Angus Macdonald, of Glengarry, was a son of Alastair Dearg, son of Donald Macdonald, of Glengarry. His mother, Jean Cameron, was a daughter of Allan Cameron, of Lochiel, by his wife, a daughter of Stewart of Appin. He succeeded his grandfather as chief of the Macdonalds of Glengarry in 1645. He was a devoted follower of the Marquis of Montrose, "an mor fhear so 'bh'againn." He crossed over to Ireland to support the Earl of Antrim against his enemies in 1647. He was elevated to the peerage in 1660, by the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross. He tried to get himself acknowledged as chief of all the Macdonalds, and thus caused the disturbance referred to in the poem. He was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat. He died in 1682.

The Lord of the Isles was frequently termed Rìgh Fionna-Ghall, or king of the fair strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill, or fair strangers, were the Norwegians, who had settled among the Celtic inhabitants of the Western Isles. They were called

Fionna-Ghoill to distinguish them from the Danes, who were spoken of as Dubh-Ghoill, or black strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill married Keltic wives, learned the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress. They became in a short time thoroughly identified with the native Keltic population.

The earldom, "iarlachd rìgh Fionna Ghall," that Iain Lom would give to Lord Macdonell, was that of Ross. It belonged at one time to the Lords of the Isles.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Cha b'e bas mo cheann-cinnidh
'Chuir mi-fein gu trom iomairt
Ach gun d'oighre bhi 'd' ionad 'n uair dh
eug thu.

Fear mor euranta laidir
Bh'ag gach duine mar sgathan;
Geda tha e gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gu 'n do chaireadh 's an talamh,
'M fear a chonnsaich Mac-Cailein;
Co a b'urrainn an easadh na sreinn' riut!

Thug thu Cnoic-eart dheth 's tuilleadh,
'S lugh an righ air do mhuineal;
Cha do chonnsaich e Muile 's an d'eug thu.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheamtaile,
Is Mac-Shimi na h-airde,
Garh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil'ort.

'N uair a chunnaic an cairdean
Nach deanadh iad stath dhiot,
'Se gu mor leo a b'fhearr a bhi reidh riut.

MARBHRANN DO DH'AONGHUS OG, MORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'liathadh
'Si so 'bhliadhna bhuail brog orm.



'N diù 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid
'S trom 'a thathaich do bhron orn.

Gu'n do chaochail mi cruitheachd,
Dh'fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi

Gur h'è dileab na dunaich'
'Tha mi 'buntuinn 'a' m' phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mi d' mhuineal,
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orn.

Dh'fhag mi taisgte 'n Duneideann
Na sgar o cheile mo mhorechuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan slios-bhord
Fo lic nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriegaig;
Gur b-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a chog thu 'n tur dealbhach
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Iubhir-Gharaidh
Muirneach, aighearach, eolmhor.

Bhiodh an cupann ad chearr-laimh
Is e dear-lan gu dortadh.

'N uair a chuir' an lan strachd air,
Gu 'm b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhuart.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach
Gun solus coinnle, gun cheol ann;

'S Jo sheomraichean geala
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

ORAN AN AGHAIDH AN AONAIDH
EADAR ALBAINN AGUS
SASUNN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ge b'e thogas an lasair
An am fadadh na smuide,
Theid an cuibhreach. mu'n chaj ull,
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh;
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar
Mar eun clomhach an ruchain.

Bhrist thu luirg anns a chraan sin,
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd:
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarraim.
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsach'
Is an tionndadh le an-ichead,
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd
'Bhrist do luban a dh'aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach
Diuca firinneach Atholl,
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluagh e
'Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair.
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-eise
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn;
Ach fagaidh mis' iad gu h-ìosal
'Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhan.

'S mòr 'tha 'ghliocas na rioghachd
Deagh sgriobht' ann ad mheomhair,
'Bha thu foghlum as d'oige
'Chur na corach air adhart
'N aghaidh Bhaunntarreaun misgeach

Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;
 Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'
 Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na bioc'h ort-sa bonn airtneil,
 Tha fir Athoil nan seasamh;
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;
 Mar sid 's do dheagh bhraithrean
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saighead,
 'Sa ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;
 Corr mor is deich mile
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,
 'Mheud 's a bhuinnig e 'phris dhuit
 Chaidh e sgrìobhte do Lnnnamn:
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Alba
 Gu'n robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe
 Bha mi-fein ann is chummaic;
 Bha na trupan an sreìn' ann
 Bha na cendan a' cruinneach.
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam
 Gu'n robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann.
 Gu'n rachadh saighead na airnibh
 Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

Mhorair *Dupplin*, gun fhuireach,
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:
 Dh'eirich roscal a'd' chridhe
 'Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud:
 Shluig thu 'n aileag do'n gheanach,
 Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,
 'S lasaich greallag do thona.

Cha b' ioghnadh sid dhuit a thachairt
 Ogha bhaigeire Liunnsaidh,
 'Sa liuthad dorus mor caisteil
 Ris 'n do stailc e 'chnaimh tiompain.
 Cha d'fhag e baile gun siubhal
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach
 Gu ruige baile Iarl Antrum.

Ogha baigeir na luirich
 Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla,
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,
 Mar bba 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.
 Cha d'fhag e ursann-gun loeradh
 Eadar Ros is Ceann-Taile;
 Bhic dh a dhiosg-san gle ullamh
 An am cromadh fo 'n fhar-dorus.

Tha *Queensbury* 'n trath so
 Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis,
 Eis' a' tarrainn gu direach
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;
 'S luchd nam putagan anairt
 Lan smear' agus geire;
 Nam bu n'hisc an ceannair',
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan
 Gle chloiste 's iad duinte,
 Air an sgriobhadh gu daingeann,
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris,
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin,
 'Toirt a chruin bhuainn le ceannach,
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann
 Gle luaineach 'na bhreathal,
 'Se mar dhuine gun suilean

'Giarraidh juil air feadh ceathaich;
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd
 'Chum an Diuc, ma 's i bheatha,
 'S bidh a shannt 's a mhi-dhurachd
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a *Seaforth*,
 Cha bhi sith-shaimh ri d' bheo dhuit,
 Gu'm bi ort-sa cruaidh fhaoghaid
 'N tadh a staigh do 'n Roian-Eorpa.
 Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn
 'S dearbh gu 'n leaghainn an t-or dhuit
 A stigh air faochaig do oilaiginn
 Gus an cas e do bhotuinn.

Spleadhan, falsehoods—Cairt—a charter.
 Ròscal—joy. Greallag—a swing in the
 8th verse, or according to the Highland
 Society's Dictionary, a gut, a swingle-tree
 in the 11th verse. Putagan anairt—pock
 pudding. Ceannaire—a driver, a leader
 of plough horses.

The Union with England, which took
 place May 1st 1707, was exceedingly
 unpopular in Scotland. It was carried
 however, in the Scottish parliament by a
 hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine.
 Many of those who voted for it were
 bribed by English gold, or by promises of
 rank and office. James Douglas, second
 duke of Queensbury, was the most ac-
 tive agent in bringing it about. Thomas
 Hay, viscount Dupplin, was in favor of
 it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh,
 fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor

of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have prevented it if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first duke of Athol, opposed it with great zeal.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH AGUS IAIN LOM.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pòg uèala,
S nan gorm-shuilean meallach;
S ann a tha mo chion-falaich
Fo m' bhanan de m' ghradh.
A bhean &c.

Cha 'n 'eil mi 'gad leirsinn,
Ach mar gu 'm biodh reul ann
An taic ris a' ghrein so
Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
'S gur coltach ri grein i,
'S og a chàill thu do leirsinn
Ma thug t'fù 'n eisg ud do ghradh.

Bola lh uilleadh an sgadain,
De dh' urlainn na h-apa;
'S i 's cubaiche faicinn
A tha 'n taice ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach.

Do 'm b'ù cheird a b'hi 'gadachd,
Nach co-ion da 'bhi 'caig rium
Is ri cabaire baird.

Am busaire ronnach.
Fear nam pluit-chasan cronna;
Tha na cuspan air lomadh
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.

Am pluitaire busach,
Fear nam brnsg-shuilean musach;
Cta 'n fhasa do rhuigsinn
Na plubartaich eail.

Ge! tha thu 'm fhuid dhirich.
Naile, cumaidh mi sìos thu;
Cha b'hi coille gun chrionaich
Gu dilinn a 'fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,
Cha 'n fhiach le each ac 'thu;
Chaill thu d' ingnean 's a' Cheapaich
S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

IAIN LOM.

Fios bhuamsa dhuit, 'ille,
Chaill thu dualchas co chinnidh;
Gu b'hi thu air maire,
Lan de dh' inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de na ronnan
Ri aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;
Naile, rinn thu breug shuilleir
Ann am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhimeas,
Ghabh thu 'choill as a crionaich,
Iarr an doire na 's isle
Bho iochdar do chlair.

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac d' athar,
 Is ann da 'tha mi 'g athadh.
 Naile, chuirinn ort athais
 A tha faiste 'na chail.

Ba triuir mhac aig Iain Bhoth-
 Fhionntain, Alastair, Domhnall Donu,
 agus Domhnall Gruamach. Bha Domhnall
 Donu 'na bhard fìor mhath. Tha e
 coltach ris nach robh Domhnall Gruamach
 a bharr air dheireadh air.

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

John Macdonald, commonly known as Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, belonged to the Clanranald branch of the Mac Donalds. He was born about the year 1665. He received a good education. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He received at Grulean in the island of Eigg. He fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He lived in comfortable circumstances. The time of his death, like that of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, seems to be unknown. At any rate we have never seen it mentioned. There are three of his poems: "Oran nam Fineachan Gaidhealach," "Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," and "Marbhrann do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," in Mackenzie's *Sar-Obair nam Bard*. The other poems ascribed to him in that work. "Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain" and "Crosanachd Fhìr nan Drimnean" were composed by Iain Mac Ailein, of Mull.

AONGHAS OG MAC SHEUMAIS.

Oran do dh' Aonghas Bhaile Fhionn
Iaidh.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIU AILEIN.

Aonghas oig mhiu Sheumais,
'Fhir ghleusd' an aigne mhoir,
Ma dh'fhalbh thu siubhal reidh feat,
Deagh sgeul ort leamsa 's deoin;
Thu fhein 's do bhrathair gle mhath
A ghlac an fheil' air dhorn;
Cha dean mi tuilleadh pleide ruibh
Bho 'n 's beng oirbh fein an bosd.

Leamsa zur seol eigin e
Nach d'fheud mi 'bhi 'n 'ur coir,
'S gu 'm faighillin sealladh eibhinn.
Le toil De na'm bithinn beo,
Air aghaidh Ailein mhuideartaich,
Bho 'n 's e san grunnud mo sgeoil,
Is fradharc sul' an tanaisteir
A bhrathair, Raonull og.

'S gu 'm faicinn an ros fìor uasal
A's prìseile na 'n t-or,
'S an t-eumhann gasda riombach sin,
'S a dhreach air fianh an lo,
Lèug nam buadhan fìrinneach
'S an fheinic's fìor-ghlan chòrr;
'S air lionmhoireachd nan reultaichean
Gun cheist 's tu fhein am pol.

Gur muirneach, cliuiteach, eireachdail
Penelope mar ainm;

Gur niarachas tu da'n goirear o,
 Mar leanas i do lorg;
 Do ghionmharian 's co soilleir iad
 'S tha 'n geal a bhios air dearg;
 'S i 'n ti so tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh
 An t-sic bhànaid gun fheirg.

Penelope 'bha'n Ghreugach sin,
 Gur buan a sgeul aig each,
 A chionn gu 'n robh i fìrinneach
 Is tior sheasamhach 'na gràdh;
 Ach Penelope dhuibh ghle-gheal so
 Le a ceutadh choisinn barr;
 Cha ruigeadh bean Uilicis i
 Mar 'n deicheamh, cuid 's gach eas.

tochd is gràdh is fuighantaa
 An triuir a bha 's a' ghleann,
 Is creidimh, ciall, is umhlachd,
 Na cruintean 'bh air an ceann,
 Fuigse, baidh, is faighidinn,
 'S gun agaitichd ann an cainnt;
 Bha 'n deicheamh sin cho pùda riut,
 'S tha 'n uirri friamh nan crann.

Beir sòraidh bhuan, ged dh'fhuirich mi,
 Gu taigh nan uinneag ard;
 'N taigh buadhach, stuadhach tuireid ch
 Nach uireasbhach ri daimh;
 'N taigh ceolmhor, olmhor, aighearach
 'S air faighear cuirm le failt;—
 Gu'n gleidheadh an Rìgh a cheannard
 dhuinn
 'S a' bhain-tigh'inn 's math ghathas.

cted dh'fhan mi air bbur eulthaobh
 'S ann leanas tha chuis ro chaitl',

Nach d'thug mi greis de'n Juldachid
 Anns a chuir 'am biadh an danns'.
 Ach tha n seanfhacal 'ga urachadh.
 'Ge luthor an cu cam,
 'Ge titheach air an smodal e,
 Cha bheir e bhos is thall.

Pleid or bleid—a wheedling a cajoling.
 Eumhann—a pearl. Feinics—the phoenix—a mythical Egyptian bird. Pol—the north pole. Ceutadh—pleasantness, elegance. Penelope, wife of Ulysses, is regarded as a model of conjugal and domestic virtue. Her praise was sung by Homer. Smodal—crumbs, fragments of meat, sweepings.

Ailean Muideartach was married to Penelope Mackenzie, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, of Tangiers. She was possessed of beauty, wit and sweetness of temper, and was highly esteemed.

AM BRUADAR.

Oran air cor na rioghachd 'sa bhliadh-
na 1715.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIIC AILEIN

Luinneag—

Hei ho, tha mulad air m' inntinn,
Cho trom ri claich mhuilinn
Air lunnnaibh na sineadh,
Bho nach h-eil a h-uile rud
'Chunnaic mi sgriobhte,
Cha bheo air a chruinne
Na's urrainn an innseadh.

Hei ho!

Chunnaic mise 's mi 'm' chadal
(Ghe de dh'aisling ro fhuath'sach,
Ghabh mi 'leithid de dh' eagal
'S gun do theap mi 'bhi 'm' uaigh leis.
'Thug mi sealladh 's ua speuraidh
Is ghlac maoin mi le uainhann.
G'a'n robh Mars auns an leum sin
'Na lan eic eadh geal cruadhach.

Ann an toiseach na cèmh-stri
Chaidh Bellona air ghluasad;
'S neachd sinne, 'thoirt caismeachd bhuainn.
Ar bratach gu h-uallach.
Bha sluagh cois' agus marcachd
A dol seachad mu 'n cuairt duinn;
Bha run feirg' air gach gaisgeach,
'Se dian lasadh gu cruadal.

Thug mi suil air an fhuirge,
 S'cha bu dearmadach m' inntinn,
 'Nuair a chruinnic mi 'gharbh luaidh
 Is tiannachadh gach milidh,
 Thainig mi a' m' eanchainn,
 Ma bha 'n fhuirgeadh 'na fhirinn
 Gu 'm b' eadh eogadh is marbhadh
 A bhiodh gailbheach 'an rioghachd.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad uile,
 Sluagh gach lunge 's luchd tire,
 Bu phailt biadh ac' is lannan,
 Cha robh gainne 'thaobh si-orr'.
 Bha iad namhaideach fuileach,
 Is dian guineach 'chum strithe;
 Bho la Fhinn cha do chruinnich
 'Tric an uiread de mhiltibh.

Bu dluth chluinnteadh 'na campa
 Guth na Gall tromb' 's fuisim pioba,
 Fairgneadh suondach na druina
 'Cur gach curaidh gu dian theas.
 Fhuair gach fear 'bha 'n comann da
 Ordagh teann thun a ghnìomha,
 'S theann an armailt ri marsadh
 'Thoir gach namhaid fo ehis dhait'h.

Labhair guth rium na briathran s';
 "Ged's cuis-fhiamha na chi thu
 Cha dean son diu bonn lochd' ort
 Mura coisinn thu 'm miorun;
 Is an neach tha thu 'g iarraidh
 Na bi fafraich os 'n iosal
 Gus am faic thu 'mhuc iasaid
 'Ga sior stialladh aig miolchoin."

Chunnaic mise mu 'n d' dhuilg mi

Ni chuir curam air m' imtinn,
 Toine 'bruchdadh a canain,
 'S bristeadh bhallachan dìona,
 Leagadh 's leadairt mu 'r bailtean
 'S iad 'gar glacadh os 'n ìosal
 Paisdean 's mnathan a' caoincadh
 'S luchd an gaoil ann an prìosan.

Lunn—the pole of a litter or bier, a skid or pry. Mars—the God of War. Bellona—the Goddess of War. Taingreadh—a prophecy. Fairgneadh—bentling, hacking. Fiafraich or fiafruigh—enquire, ask. A mhuc iasaid—King George I.

The Jacobites, who took part in the insurrection of 1715, expected help in men and money from France. The standard of prince James was raised at Castletown, in Braemar, September 6th, 1715. The battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on the 13th of the following November. The Highlanders, who were cooped up in Preston, surrendered on the same day. The poem was composed shortly after these events.

ORAN DO MHAC-SHIMI.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

An deicheatsh la de thus a' Mhairt
 A ghluais an staca 's mensail aite;
 'S ait le chairdean beo.

An deicheamh la, &c.

Ged chuir naimbdean thu le annheart
 'Null do 'n Fhraing bhuainn, neo-ar-thaing
 dhaibh,
 Fhuair thu 'm ball fo d'bhroig.

Fhuair thu cuirt an sin o Luthais
 Ghabh e curam dhìot o'n b'fhu thu
 Chionn do ghiulain chorr.

'S iomadh fuaran glan gun truailleadh
 De 'n fhuil uaibhrich 'ruith mu'd ghual-
 libh,
 'Fhir a's uaisle feoil.

Cainnt gun aicheadh, ceart ri 'radh e,
 'S tusa 's cairdiche 'm measg Ghàidheal
 'Bha riamh air d'aite beo.

Tha fuil Stiubhartaich a' chruin
 'N-deigh a dubladh a'd' chorp cubhraidh,
 'S Iarla Weem 's Mhic Leoid

Tha fuil phriseil Iarla Seaforth
 Air a sioladh a'd' bhallaibh rioghail,
 Glac nach crìon mu 'n or.

Cairdeas fal' thu 'Mhac-Mhic-Ailein;
 Du nair daingeann ri Gleann-Garadh;
 Car thu 'Mhac-Gilleoin.

An t-armunn Sleiteach; Mac Shir Scumas
 Nan arm geura, dhuit 'sa'cheum ud.
 Dha 'm biodh na ceudan sloigh.

Ceannard aigeantach nan Abrach.
 Gura fagus dhuit am fear sin;
 Dh'eireadh leat na seoid.

Dreagan feardha 's nath'rail searbh thu;
 'S tu bu ghaitheche fo d'arnaibh,
 'S d' fhuil 'na tailbheum mor.

Leoghann ainnneil 's neimheil calg,
 A bheithir ana-meineach gu marbhadh
 'N uair 'chasadh fearg a'd' shroin.

An laoch garg 's ain buinne borb,
 Is deacair fhoireigneach, triath na cal-
 machd,
 Le 'm miannach mordhail chorr.

'S muirneach foirmeil an ceann airm thu,
 Cuis a dhearbhadh o d'aois leanabais
 'Bhi gun dearmad gleois.

Fhuair thu d'ghlacaibh ceile leapach,
 Deagh Nic Ailpein glaidhteach sgapach.
 Beul o'm blasd thig glair,

Bain-tighearn dhiadhaidh, shocrach, chial-
 lach;

Cridhe fialaidh le deagh riaghailt,
 Gnuis gun iomhaigh reot'.

An neamhain shuilleir 's an leug nach
 doilleir,
 'N ti gun choire mar sgathan gloine,
 Lan eireachdais gu leoir.

Gu ma buan do 'n lanain uasail,
 'Dh'fhas gun uabhar, air aon chluasaig
 An seiré 's am buaidh gun leon.

'Dheagh Mhic Shimi nan arm innealt',
 Slan thu philleadh gu d'dheagh ionad,
 Sid mar shirinn do.

Tailbheum, properly tuil-bheum—a tor-
 rent Neamhain or neamhnaid—a pearl.
 Ana-meineach—stubborn, furious.

Hugh Fraser, 7th Lord Lovat, married Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athol, by whom he had Simon, 8th Lord Lovat. Simon married Catherine, eldest daughter of Cailean Cam, 11th MacKenzie of Kintail, and had by her Hugh, 9th Lord Lovat. Hugh married Isabella Wemyss, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Wemyss, and had six sons, Thomas of Beaufort being the fourth. Upon the death of Hugh, 11th Lord Lovat, in 1696, Thomas of Beaufort became the representative of the family. He was born in 1631, and died in 1698. He was married to Sybella, daughter of John Macleod, of Macleod, and had six

sons. Alexander his eldest son having killed a man by accident at a wedding near Inverness, had to leave the country. He fled to Wales, where he died. Simon, his second son, was the famous Lord Lovat of history. Simon's mother, Sybilla Macleod, Sir John Maclean's mother and Ailean Muideartach's mother were sisters. Thomas of Beaufort was actually the 12th Lord Lovat. It seems, however, that his right to the title had never been properly acknowledged; hence Simon was invariably designated 12th Lord Lovat. Simon was born in 1667. He studied at the university of Aberdeen, where he highly distinguished himself. He was treated very unjustly by the Earl of Athol, who endeavored to deprive him of his estate. He married Margaret Grant, daughter of Ludovick Grant, of Grant, in 1717. This is the "Nic-Ailpein" of the poem. He was beheaded in London, April 9th, 1747. He was a man of ability. He was pleasant in his manners when he liked, but selfish and full of duplicity. But whatever his character was, his execution, in the 80th year of his age, was a shameful and cruel act.

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, or Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, is entitled to a very high rank as a poet. He belonged to the Ard-gour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, sixth Maclean, of Ard-gour, was married to a daughter of Stewart, of Appin, and had two sons, Allan his heir and successor, and John. John was married and had a son named Allan. The poet was a son of this Allan. He was thus a great-grand-son of Maclean of Ard-gour. He lived in Mull. His place of residence was not far from Aros. His poems were taken down by Dr. Hector Maclean, who lived about a mile from Tobermory. Dr. Johnson and Boswell called to see Dr. Maclean, when travelling through the Western Islands in 1773. The doctor was not at home, but the visitors were entertained by his daughter Mary, a highly accomplished young lady. She read and translated some of John Maclean's poems for them. Boswell makes the following reference to this fact:

"Miss Maclean produced some Gaelic

poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them, one a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Gaelic seemed charmed with the original. There may perhaps be some choice expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translations."

Dr. Johnson's reference to Miss MacLean's translating Iain Mac Ailein's poems for him is as follows:

"There has lately been in the islands one of these illiterate poets, who, hearing the Bible read at church, is said to have turned the sacred story into verse. I heard part of a dialogue, composed by him translated by a young man in Mull, and thought it had more feeling than I expected from a man totally uneducated; but he had some opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people."

We scarcely think it probable that Iain

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Mac Ailein was not able to read. His father, we may take for granted, was in fairly comfortable circumstances, and could afford to give him some education. The poet shows a good acquaintance with the traditionary history of Ireland. It is evident that he was well versed in the bible. He was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. These facts, however, do not prove that he could read.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently in his prime in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. He composed a magnificent elegy on Sir John Maclean, who died in 1716. His *Imric Fear Threisinnis* must have been composed about the year 1738. There is no reference in any of his poems to the events of 1745. It is probable that he died about that time. He was an old man at the time of his death.

ORAN.

A rinneadh n' uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-
Gilleain, Triath Dhubhairt, ann
an Carnabrugh.

LE IAIN MAC ALLEIN.

Beir fios leat bhuan do Carnabrugh
An deagh Shir Iain nan armann gasd,
An rinn mi caochladh maighistir
An feaird' mi mu mo mhiadh e.

Ge tric a dol a dh' Aros mi
 A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,
 Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist dhomh,
 Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thall an sin,
 'N uair a bha camp Mhic Cailein ann,
 'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad,
 Ach b'aindeonach an gnìomh e.

Na'n cluinninn fhin an Bacath
 'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acfhuinn-
 each,
 Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh, orn
 Gu 'm b'fhear *protection* riamb mi.

Na'm faicinn duine firinneach
 A chomhdaicheadh na dh'innseadh dhomh
 Gheibhteadh 's an Leth Iochd-raich mi
 'S mi comhdach mo phios iarunn.

Ged nach robh mi riamb cho tapaidh
 'S gu 'n deanainn sealg no tacar leis,
 Is leoir leam fhad 's a chaidil e
 Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar—provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Kernburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protections from Argyll. He remained in Kernburgh until 1692.

SGEUL AN EIBHNEIS;

Oran a rinn am Bard 'n uair a chual e
gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,
Sgeul dearbhte so,

Bu mhire mi-fhin
Na caitean beag mios'
Nan digeadh gu crìch
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug
Am barail gach leigh
'Thigh 'nn thugainn
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar theice ri 'r cul
'Sa' chath mar cheann-iuil,
Gu 'n togamaid suil
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gu 'n eireadh deagh fhonn
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh oinn chroim
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gu 'n tilgeamaid clach
Ri 'r nabaidh cho coart,
Gus an ruigeamaid slàn
An t-seann duine.

Gu 'n cuireamaid balla
Air oiribh ar cas,

Chà' tearadh an drap
De 'r drannan ruinn,

'S gu'n tilleamaid breug
Air ar coimpire fein,
'Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir
Dhalmar' cinn.

Le fabhar a chruin
'S le rathad an Diuc
Na'm faighinn do chuis
A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fos
Chit' iongantais mor,
Gu 'm bu mhacanaibh og
Na seann daoine,

'S na agriotachain inbhis
'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad
'S bhiodh iad aithghearr air linn
An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric
Clann nìghean mar ahlid
Gu 'm biodh aca mic
Gu toirbheartach.

Màr nach d'fhas e 'nad dheigh
An airdead no 'm meud,
'S ro mhath chinneadh am fear
'S na garbh-chrìochaibh.

'S bu lionmhor na feidh
Nam frithear'aibh fein
'Dh' aindheoin tapachd is treinid
Shealgairan.

Dheanadh machair is coill
Gair' lachainn ri d' ohloinn,

'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh
Ainmealachd.

Tha mi guidhe gu dur
Air an Ti 'th' air an stiuir
'Ur eur sabhailt' o'n chunnart
Chaillteach so.

Gu cala gun ghuais,
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,
Gun trioblaid, gun luagan
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nois
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,
Far nach tuisg'neadh an roid
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-shin
Na caitean beag mios',
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior sgeul
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd — prediction. Guais—
danger. Laimhrig—a landing-place, a
wharf.

NA'N DIGEADH SIR IAIN.

Oran a rinn am Bard 'nuair a chual e
gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain
ann an Sasunn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Luinneag—

Na'n d' thigeadh, na'n d' thigeadh,
Na'n d' thigeadh do sgeul,

'S gu 'm faodainn 'bhi cinnteach
 As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,
 Gu'n tilginn as m' fhochair
 An cochull gun fheum,
 'S gu 'm faicteadh mi fhathast
 Air athartach gleus'.

Na'n digeadh Sir Iain
 Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
 Gu 'm b'eibhinn ar n-aigheadh,
 Mar bhradan a' leum.
 Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach
 'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,
 'S gu 'n digeadh do m' ionnsaidh-s'
 Mo shugradh beag fhein.

Do channadh 's do dhualchas
 'Bha cruadalach treun,
 'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh
 Mu 'd ghualailbh 's an fheum.
 Tha 'nis 'n am fath truaighe,
 Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;
 Ged gheibh iad am bualadh
 Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,
 Mar mholtaibh mu chro,
 Aig naimhdean fo bhaogh'l
 'Toirt dhuinn aobhar air bron.
 'S luchd-spùillidh ri tair oirnn
 Mar thrail na spain bhrog.
 Cha'n aithneicht' an teas la sinn
 Aig airded ar croic'.

An ealta ro ghleusd'
 An robh eifeachd gu leoir,
 'Bhuidh' nheadh geall air gach tulaich,
 Far an criunniceadh eoin,
 Le'n itean corr sgeithe,
 Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,

Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh
Na cromanaig-loin.

Na'n tilleadh a chuibhle
Bharr iomrall a seoil,
S gu 'n iompadh i deiseil
N taobh deas mar bu choir,
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhaiseag,
'Sa cheann lubte 'na sgrob,
'Chuireadh baile air a chasaibh
An taisbeanadh shron.

Na 'm biodh iad dhomh fagusg
Na bheil fad o laimh,
Sir Iain nan caisteal
Is Bacach a bhlair,
'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaob-
hach,

Mar chaora mhaoil bhain,
Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,
'S m' ordag 'na shail.

'S leoir truimead bhuir cadail,
Ma thachair sibh slan!
Mur suidhich sibh cairtean
A ghlaosaid chaich,
Bidh sinn fo gheur sgrios
Le feileadh a' chlair;
Mur faic sibh fo dhien sinn,
Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an iargain
Le siabhras ro ard;
'S faide la leian 'g an pinadh
Na bliadhna 's sinn slan.
Am bruidhear an fhaochaidh,
Tha daoine ag radh,
Gur tearc leigh a ni aithn' air
Seach teannair a' bhais.

'S mor am fannad a th' agam-s'
 Ri d' aid is ri d' chleoc;
 'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise
 Ri glacadh an soigh.
 Na 'm b'e m' fhortan sa tuiteam
 'N riochd buclan do bhrog,
 'Se 'h' fhearr mar shogh muintinn
 Na criochan righ mhoir.

Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run
 Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath
 Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thus thu
 'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlath,
 Cur muinghin mo dhochais
 'Na throcair ro ard,
 Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasap
 Thun ar 'eagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire—an awkward, slovenly man.
 Baoghal—peril, danger. Corr—excellent.
 Faobhaich—despoil. Faachadh—the
 point in sickness at which one is begin-
 ning to get well, relief. Teannair—any
 instrument to squeeze with.

NAIDHEACHD AN AITEIS.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n
 Bhard a chluinntinn gu 'n robh e
 a' tighinn dhachaigh.

. LE IAIN MAC-GILLEIN.

An ayeula so 'th' aca
 'Ga innse le aiteas,
 Na'm faighinn fear-ceartais

A dhearbha 'lh am, mach e,
 B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigneadh
 'S mar gu 'n leumadh am bradan
 Bho dheabhadh an aigeil le luth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal
 Thar fograidh 'thigh 'nn dachaidh
 Gu mor bhaile Shasunn,
 'S a bhanruinn 'ga ghlacadh
 Le caomhneas bu cheart d'i;
 'S cha bu traoiteir air aitim
 Do dh' oighre no 'fhaction a cruin-s' e.

S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca
 De dh' earasaid fharsuing
 Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;
 'N Inbher-Cheiteinn thuit Eachann
 Is nìle mu 'bhrataich
 Gun tiomaid, gun taise;
 Foill Holburn 's nam marcach 'thug cuis
 diu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainn air bhadha!
 'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,
 'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabbar
 Thug rìgh Seumas d'a grathunn.
 Threig e 'chinneadh mor fathail
 Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,
 Ragh e 'm fdgar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh le brughach
 Bha do reisimeid subhach
 'S tu-fhein maille riubha;
 'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlañ rughadh
 'Dol 'n ar n-armaibh 's 'n ar n-uidhim
 Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,
 'Thoir fios fuathais gu buidhinn an
 diomba.

Ged a b'og thu 'n Dun-Chailleann
 'S e do ghuimh nach robh clannan
 'S ann a dhearbhu thu 'bhi fearail,
 Chuir thu geard a chuill chlannaich
 Ri aodann a bhaile;
 Ged thuit pairt diu gun aonam
 Chuir iad aitreabh man Gallaibh na
 smudan.

Cha chualas gu minic
 Ann an seanachas no 'n filidh
 Gu 'n robh duthaich no cinneadh
 Riamh 's a chas 's a bheil sinne,
 Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh
 Ann an aite no 'n ionad;
 Sinn gun rìgh, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun
 duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal
 Gach fear treun a chur catha,
 A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheamh—
 Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhatan
 Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,
 'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo 'throm eallaich;
 Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiùiridh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,
 'S sinn mar luirich a' bhaigeir,
 Air a tilgeadh air cladaich,
 'Na cuis bhuirt agus mhagaidh,
 Is gun chluad d' i, 'ga pailtead,
 Gun choig fìchhead fear-tagraidh,
 'S iad 'ga reuladh, 's'ga sgapadh, 's'ga
 spuinneadh.

Ged is tròm leinn an strac sin,
 Thoil ar peacaichean barr air,
 Gu 'n robh pobull 's an Eiphit,
 'Bha fo bhruid aig rìgh Faro,

'S 'n uair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach
Is a chaochail iad gnathan
Fhàir iad comhfhurtachd adhbhor bho'n
sgiuirsadh.

Na'm pilleamaid fhathast,
Le cridheachan matha,
Bharr icmraill an rathaid
Bu shoirbh do Rìgh Fhlaitheis
Gach smal a th' air laidh' oirnn
Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,
'S gu 'm b' ionmhuinn le' n athair ar
n-umhlachd.

Ged tha sinn fo aimheal
An deigh Mhic-Gilleain,
'S beag an t-ainm e' r'a labhairt
Seach fogradh nam flaithean
Dna 'n robh crun agus cathair,
Beairt a's uamharr' r'a amharc,
'S gur a seirbhe e na' n gabhann r'a
iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri labhairt,
Gur h-e Seumas a's athair
Do na Phrionnsa a th' air faighinn,
Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithnean
'Chur air og anns a chreathail,
Tha mi 'n duil gu 'n dig lacha
A bheir luchd a ghnìomh' ghrathail gu
cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a tharlas
Nuair thig diogh'tas a phaigheadh
Luchd na foille 'san ardain;
Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach
Air fìor bheagan de dh' abhar
Chuir iad Seumas air anradh.

'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an
ionnsaidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan
'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid
Gur h-e fein dha'n robh cas dhiu;—
Chaochail siantan is laithean,
Bhruchd gach torran gu saibhir,
'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth
Bho na thachair do 'n Bhanruinn so
'crunadh.

Earasaid—a square of tartan cloth worn
over the shoulders. Badhal—wandering.
Clannach—hanging in locks. Aimheal—
vexation. Gabhann—gall.

It was commonly, but erroneously sup-
posed that Prince James was not the son
of James II. and his wife. The Prince
was born in 1688, a few months before
his father's abdication. Queen Anne was
crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean re-
turned from France in 1703. Queen Anne
conferred a pension of £500 sterling a
year upon him. This pension he enjoyed
during the remainder of his life.

AN SUGRADH.

LE IAIN MAC ALLEIN.

Their fios bhuam gu Anndra,
'S na dearmaid 'innseadh trath,
Mo chompanach uasal

Ro shuairc is bu chubhaidh dha,
Ma's fath leis gu gruaman
An suairceas a dhol mu lar,
Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis
Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bais.

Bha uair ann 's bu chliuiteach
'S an duthaich so anns gach ait,
Macnas gum droch dhurachd,
An sugradh 's an fheala-dha,
A mheadhail is a mhuirn
O'm bu shunndach an duine slan;
'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir uidh dhaibh
Air a churintas mar dhume bath.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,
Bha uair a chunnaic mi e,
Bhiodh còmh-theanal uaislean,
'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n trath.
Bhiodh Sir Ailean 'sa chluain sin
'S a shluagh fhein am fagus da,
'S bhiodh an oidhche 'b'fhuaire
'S a chuantal sinn leinn ro ghearr.

'Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,
An cuil cha chuireadh iad iad
'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach
Fagus d' an comraichean ard.
Bhiodh meas ao' air na h-orain,
'S bu sholasach deth na baird;
Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann
Gle ghleidhte le foil' an lamh.

'Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh
'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,
Rachamaid thar chuantan
Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.
Rungeadh iad Sir Seumas
An Sleit o'n 's e 'b' fhaighe air laimh,

'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn
Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna
Aige fhein 'gheibhteadh mar ghnaths,
Comhlain 'is long ghleusda
Leis an reubt' sruthan 'is sail;
Bhiodh a bhrathair fhein ann,
Gille-sbuig 'bu gheir na each;
'S geol thigeadh na ceudan;
'S e fhein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fliomadh an luchd-sugraidh
An aon aite fad an tamh
Gu 'm b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e
Gluasad an uin' cho gearr:
Ruigeadh iad Mac Ruiridh
Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,
'S b' i mhal a gun ghruaman e,
Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair
Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaiths;
Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain
Gu soirbh bhuath gean math is daimh.
Cha 'n fhaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus
Le doilgheas 's biodag 'nan laimh;
'S ann bhiodh iad subhach so-ghradhach
Le moran comuinn is graidh.

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;
Gach neach le neart a ghaoirdein
Tha saothrachadh arain do ghnath.
Tha da thrian de 'n t-saoghaol
A'saoil-sinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;
Ach Caiptein Chlann Raonaill
Cha d' chaochail gu barail chearr.

Tha iognadh air na ceudan
 Cia 'n reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh
 Do na leannain bheusachs'
 'Tha deidheil trioblaideach dha,
 An naire agus an fheile
 Le cheile 's' am pailteas laimh';
 Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach
 An teirm bhi 'togail a mhail.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair
 D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird
 Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh
 A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,
 Bho 'n tha Sir Iain air fogradh,
 Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thamh,
 'Sgun oighre Mhic-Leoid
 Ach ag ol a bhrochain a spain.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad
 Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,
 'S bha iad fo mheas gle mhor
 Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.
 Dh 'fhag cach e 'na onrachd
 'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,
 Mar bha Oisean 's na cleirich
 'N deigh Fheinn an tir Innis Fail.

The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailean Muideartach, Capitein Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

SIOL OLAGHAIR.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

'Shil Olaghair gun ainnis,
 B' ann d' 'ur cliu 's d' 'ur deagh alla
 'Bhi caoinhneil d' ur caraid
 'S 'bhi earrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.
 Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich rium
 Aithn' agus carail dhomh
 Mi 'dh' iomchar am beannachd
 Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.
 Gu'n robh e orr' aithnicht'
 Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,
 'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine
 Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.
 Ged tha na brait ura
 Ro sgiamhach le suilibh
 'Se 'm brat air a chludadh
 'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh
 Gu giulan am beannachd
 A dh'ionnsaidh an leannan,
 Ge tamull leo uath iad;
 Gu comunn gun aineolas,
 Caomhneasach, carthannach,
 Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,
 Gun eharraid, gun tuasaid.
 Tha sean-fhacal laghach
 'Thuir na daoine gu seadhach,
 Nach facas riamh meadhail
 Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;
 Caint eile cho fìor ris,
 Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhin e,
 Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachdain
 An imric ro uaibhreach.

'N uair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,
 'S rinn mi caileigin stada,
 B' fhath ionndrainn do'm' phearsa
 Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
 Na bha mi a' seachnadh
 De shaibhreas 'ur pailteis
 Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam
 Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad;
 'S an ri canran gun chaidrimh
 Ri ceile mo leapa,
 'Cur an ceill gur h-e staid-se
 'Thug dhachaidh mi uatha;
 'S nam bithinn air fuireach
 Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh
 Gu'm bithinn gun mhulad
 Gun uireasbhaidh fhuathas

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan
 'S gu 'm fuasg'leadh iad fearann
 'S ann chuirinn gu deamhainn
 Le dealas gu tuath iad.
 Bheirinn aithin' agus earail dhaibh
 Taghal an Talascair
 Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm' ainne
 Gu carthannach, uasal.
 'S an ceile tha maille ris
 'S beus d'i 'bhi mathasach,
 'S feile na mala,
 Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.
 Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i
 Le surd is le dealas
 'Thoirt feusda gun aithne
 D'fichd ealain is cuairt

ORAN DO MHAC-LUCAIS.

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gu'n
cumadh e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
'S mairg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan
Is ann dhe d' abhaist daonnan
'Bhi blaomannach, caochlach, carach.
Thug misè mo sheal fheim as
Mar dheideig a bhiodh aig leanabh
Is chunnaic mi le m' shuilibh
Gu 'n deachaidh mi dluth 'am mearachd.

Na'n tuigeadh tu mo nadur,
'Fhìr ghraidh cha 'n 'eil thu 'nad airidh:
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan
Ri' stiubhart gun suilbheachd ra mhath:
Gu 'n toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,
'S air leam gur h-ole an seol sin
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lucàis,
Cha sugair e mar mo bharail;
Cha robh e riamh cho gorach
'S ga'n deanadh e oran no ealaidh.
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,
'Nuair theannamaid gu croilean .
'S e-san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gu 'n robh mi latha 'm Blath-bheinn
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,
Far am biodh luchd-dan 'ga leanachd.

75
Gu'n deanaínn fhin is fíneamh
Duannagan beag' de rannail
Is gheibheamaid deoch bhríghmhor
B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bponnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sroine
Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;
'Sa chuideachd bha na sair sin,
Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceannas,
Sir Iain is Sir Dòmhnall
'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-'Ie Ailein,
'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraim,
Alastair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu camp
Le 'r ceannardan meannnach, meara,
Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,
'S bhiodh solas a' comhnuidh mar-ruinn.
Gu 'm faighinn fhin le m' rabhart
Mo phairt de na bhiodh 's ant-searraig;
'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin
A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal
Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;
Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean
A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;
Gu'n robh mi mar-ri daoine
'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a charr-
raid,
'Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,
A'd' bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blomannach—inconstant. Deideag—
a toy. Sugair—a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick
Morrison, an Clarsair Dall.

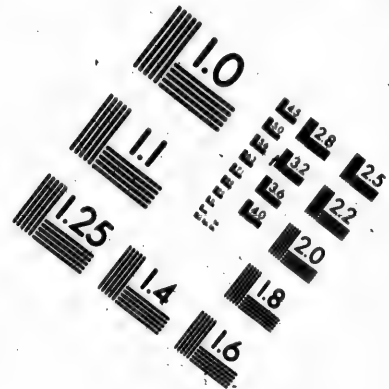
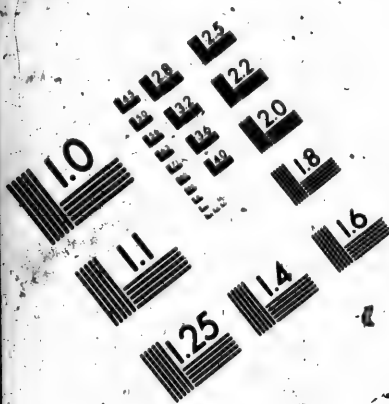




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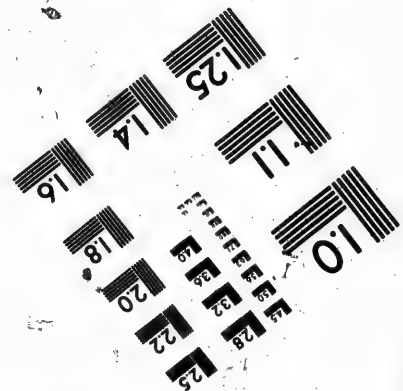
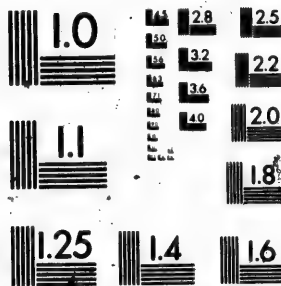
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EACHDRAIDH THUATHA DE DAN-
ANN.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Skythia. The name of their leader was Nemidh or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomerians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona, Anglesey. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from Greece to Germany, from

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Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick, and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail, or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Daghdha Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorians and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the christian era, were the Milesians or Gael. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Skythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharoah, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Skythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gael went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet:

Thanaic Clanna Milidh as an Spain do
 dh' Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh.
 Air do sgioba naoidh longan diubh teachd
 gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do
 m' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comh-
 dhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad
 ri Clanna Milidh nach robh anna ach
 geultairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh
 is gu'n danaic iad air tir gun fhios.
 'Fhreagair Clanna Milidh gu'n digeadh iad
 air tir le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De
 Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus
 naoidh tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir,
 agus na'n digeadh iad air tir an dèidh sin
 gu'm faigheadh iad leth Eirinn, tuil-
 leadh cògaidh. An deigh do Chlanna
 Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as
 am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De
 Danann air achd's nach robh iad a' faicinn
 ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh
 muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gu'n goirear de
 dh' Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha am measg
 Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh
 dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha
 nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrìgh
 is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur
 h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gno-
 thach; gu'm b' i a' chreag a bha iad a'
 faicinn Eirinn agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin
 gu'n biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna
 Milidh an sin uchd nan naoidh longan ris
 a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach
 a' bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n cinn
 iuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach
 a triuir dhiubh. B'e ainm nan triuir
 Eireamhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Calpa
 'Chlaidheimh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a
 nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann.

Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhi aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gu'm bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd; gu'm b'i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhi oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhao-tuinn mar gheasaibh do fhuasgladh orra gu'n leigeadh iad breith na cuise a dh'ionn-suidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deigh dhaibh falbh le cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agus do Thuath De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a' cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an-Daogha, righ Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha agadsa r' a dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam r'a dheanamh an diugh?" arsa 'n druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad r'a dheanamh" arsa Aonghas; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn'na da leth." Na'm biodh sibh air gach taobh toileach, arsa 'n druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh'aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gu'n robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa: "Bho 'n a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh' Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuath De Danann o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bidhidh a nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus

dhuitsa, Aonghais Mhic-an-Daogha, bho'n is tu rìgh Thuatha De Danann; tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a' faighine bruighne dha fein." An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh'fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghas Mac-an-Daogha gu'n dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadarmhanadh; gu 'n rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gu 'n gabhadh e-san air fhein a bhi 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bho 'n is ann as a sin a thanaic Clanna Milidh; agus gu'm biodh Eilidhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd brann-daidh 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an rìgh a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh' Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill - Anndrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tiritheadh.

Tha sliochd Earmuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear na cinn-fheadhna a thanaic bhuaithe mar so:—

Ghin Earmun Mor Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin

Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin
 Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Cas-
 gairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aig-
 neadh-Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach
 Sruladh-Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan
 Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-
 Tanach Cas air Bhraghad. Ghin Fiach-
 raidh Blialum-Blialum, ghin Blialum-
 Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seas-
 amh-Miapaidh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin
 Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach,
 agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-
 Nollaig.

FOGRADH THUATHA DE DANANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann
 A crich an ceannais, a Fodhla:
 'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula
 A bhi a Eirinn 'g am fogradh.

Chaidh Aonghas og Mac an Daogha,
 'Na fhion braonach 'chum taladh,
 Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd
 An crich uasail na Spaine.

Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor
 Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,
 'S rinn deoch bhrioghmhor do Chliodhna
 Do'n ainm staoilidh a' bhranndaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir
 A crìochaibh Fhodhla do dh' Alba,
 Gu 'bhi dioghailt a 'm fogradh
 Air aliochd Scota nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle
 An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,
 Air an dig sliochd ruatharach
 Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach
 Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill'-Anndrais;
 Leis an t-sliochd a thig bhuaithe
 Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deigh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh
 Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrich Fhioghabhaidh;
 'S tha shliochd aig tobar Bafanaid
 'Nan cuis chanrain is iorghuill.

Na tri fineachan loghmhor s'
 'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhuilt;
 Ni iad bog an ti 's cruaidhe
 'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuinn.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach
 'S ni iad fiat am fear narach;
 Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach
 'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,
 'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;
 Bheir iad fionn-fhuachd gu so-ghradh,
 'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shamhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhuigein,
 'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.
 'Sin na buadhannan falaich
 'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas—a charm, a spell. Fo gheasaibh
 —under spells. Fodhla—an ancient name
 of Ireland. Cluaidh the river Clyde.
 Ruatharach—making a sudden or violent
 attack. Eadar-mhanadh—enchantment.

CATH ALPHUIRT

Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass was sheriff-depute of Argyll and James Campbell of Stonefield, sheriff-substitute. The latter held a court at Aros, the Alfort of the poem. He spent three days at Duart Castle, the Dun Dubhlinn of the poem. Upon his return he reported his doings to Sir Colin. The Mull whiskey is the Tuath De Danann that himself and others destroyed.

SEUMAS

Failt' ort, a Shir Cailain reachd-mhor,
 Saoidh na feile;
 Fear ionadais rìgh nan Gaidheal,
 Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILAIN

An t-aon ceudna dhuit-sa, Sheumais,
 An deigh do chomhraig;
 Feuch gu'n robh do thuras buadhach
 An tìr nan Dreallainn.

SEUMAS

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,
 Ghlaodh mi sìochaint
 Eadar ard Thuath De Danann
 'S Clanna Milidh.

SIR CAILAIN

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an iorghuill,
 Deandhomh aithris,
 Chum 's nach bi an duais a's miosa
 Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud
 Le ceol labhar,
 Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le cheil'
 Gu borb 'cur catha.

SIR CAILAIN

Air gràdh t' einich innis, a Shìew nais,
Air snas nìrinn',
Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe laith
An ar nam miltean.

SEUMAS

Cormac Saorchridheach na Maighe,
Le sar dhichioll,
Mharbhadg leis-san de ehliochd Ruaimle.
Tuairmeas mile.

An Donn Dochaisg ann san iorghuill
Bu gharbh doineann;
Chuir e as do dh-fhine Fhiachraidh,
'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;
Mac rìgh Dreallaigh,
Mharbh e ceud gach la catha,
'S e-fein an comhlan.

Eoehaidh amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,
'S Doidim dana,
Chuir iad as do fhine lionmhor
Chois'-air-Bhraghad.

Laogh rìgh Lorc, rìgh nan abhcaid
Fhuair e tair ann;
Mharbhadh'leis bratach no dha
Air Milleadh-Tanach.

An sonn solta bho Dhun Annla
Le 'lainn ullaimh,
'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann
Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonaeh,
Connspunn eile,

Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh
chomhrag
Stoirm a laille.

Cailein Socair a Port Onaghail,
'B ann de'chleachdadh
'Bhi 'na nambaid do shliochd Ruairde
Ri uair aiseig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alpuirt
Cas no cunnart
Seach an deannal a thug each dhomh
Air lar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann,
Ealamh cuirteil,
Ach mar mhaighstirean iad suarach,
Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdínhoir,
Cean an deigh so,
So mo lunnh gu'm faigh sinn seol
Gu'm fogradh 'dh'Eirinn.

Ineach--hospitality, generosity. Eadar-
mhanadh--enchantment, sorcery. Na tri
caoil--the neck, the wrists and the ankles.
Eingeach--a good name, bounty, genero-
sity. Comhlan--a hero. Abheaid--a jest.

CROSANACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreallainn,
'S coir dhuinn aisneis;

Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn an bitheant'.
 Ri gnaths Shasuinn.
 Ni bheil duin' uasal no iosal,
 No fear fearainn,
 Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,
 Ceird a bharrachd.
 Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimmean
 'Th' air leinn cronail;
 B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite
 Mhaighstir-sgoile;
 An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum
 Le glair Laidinn,
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
 'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a
 thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a
 mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-fogh-
 luim, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimh-
 sicheadh an t-oide-foghlum i; oir, an uair
 a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhal-
 tachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na lean-
 abanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir
 sanntach so air na daoine arsaith; agus an
 uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a
 dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na
 ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoi-
 leir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is
 ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—“Saoilidh
 am fear a bhios 'na thamh gur h-e e-fhein
 a's fhearr lamh air an stiur;” ach cha mho
 gur h-e.

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Cros
 more
 Bith-
 relate
 Giort
 pain.

Cha'n ionnsaich é clann no leanabain,
 Mar bu choir dha,
 Gus an bi iad 'nan daoine' arsaidh
 Fo 'n lan fheosaig.
 Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-cheallaig
 Breith 'bu chlaoine
 Na 'n ni 'rinn an ceann a b' airde
 'M mas 'ga dhioladh.
 Gabhail le crios an aois arsaidh
 Air mas sean-duin',
 'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gníomh sin
 Ciall do theanga.
 Ge b'é labhras ris an fhear ud
 Coir no eucoir,
 Gabhar air a ghiort le stracaibh
 De éhrios leiridh.

Agus b'fhíor do'n duine sin. Cha d'
 fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh
 teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na
 gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na
 teanga agus an teanga bhi tuigsinn gur
 h-ann na h-aobhar-se e fhuair am mas am
 mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a
 ciall na bu mheasa cha deanadh e idir na
 b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
 "Am fear nach ionnsaich lámh-ri glun cha
 'n ionnsaich lámh-ri uilean."

Crosanachd—a poem in which two or
 more persons are represented as speaking.
 Bith—custom, habit. Aisneis, aithris—to
 relate, to make known. Arsaidh—old.
 Giort— buttocks. Leireadh— inflicting
 pain.



This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. We have given only the first half of it. The rest of it will be found in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*.

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubhairt e riann an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a' cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e 'na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair a' cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a' Phrionn-sa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-ìomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—"Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti

teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunn-
 aic e dithist dhe a chuid mac air an leon
 agus chaidh innscadh dha gu'n robh an
 treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar.
 "Cha bhi sin gu'n dioladh, ars' e-san,
 agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is
 nach robh roine fuilt air a cheann, ruith e
 air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon
 trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an
 tiotadh an deigh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh
 tuilleadh le lainn thri trupairean sathte
 'na chorp." S i nighean do Thearlach
 nan Drimnean 'bu mhathair do dh'Ailein
 an Earrachd.

CLEIRSINNEACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh' ionnsaidh Thearlaich
 Gu tom taimh na da pheighinn deuga,
 Gu bheil mis' air mo narachadh
 Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.
 Gu'n iomairadh fear aosmhoireachd
 Tigh'nn a nis gu caochladh ceille;
 'S gun bhi' leanntuinn air na gnathaichean
 'Rinn brathair do Mhaic-Leig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird air 'n do thoisich e
 Bho 'n la a b' oigear gleusd e;
 Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,
 'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.
 Bhiodh an ciontach sabhailte
 Cha bheanadh cas no beud dha;
 Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e
 Le stracaibh de chrios leiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghníomharan
 Cha deid mi fhin a dh'eigheach,
 Mu'n gabh e fearg no míothlachd rium
 'S mi titheach air bhí reidh ris,
 Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n íosal air,
 Gu 'n cuala míle ceud e,
 'S gu'n d' theap e dhol 's na gasaidibh,
 A-ghníomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gu'n d'thionnsgainn e,
 Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,
 Air lámh a chur le danadas
 Am pairt de chuid na cleire.
 Gu'n d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais
 An umhladh Mhíe-a-Chleirich,
 'S gun bhí de chomhdach cuise ann
 Ach gu'n d' bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rumail
 Gu ceartas cuirte eubhach,
 Is foirbhíoch ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann
 *Gus a chuis a reiteach'.

Thuir *parson* na Leith Iochdaraich
 'Mo mhíle beannachd fein air
 A chionn gu'n robh e dioghaltach
 Mu'n ghníomh a bha 's an eucoir.

Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air
 Na fhirinn is nach breug e,
 Ge b'e 'bhios ann am míorun ris,
 Cha bhí mi-fhin 'an deigh air;
 Bheirinn pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuafin,
 Ge priseil mi mu dheibhinn,
 'Chionn coslas fear a ghníomharan
 'Bhí agam fhin 'na chleireach."

Umhladh or ubhlá—a fine, a penalty.
 Foirbheach or foirfeach—an elder.

TU

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TURRAGAN FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN-MAC' AILEIN.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine
 An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,
 Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile
 'Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.
 'Thuirte oglach a thachair shios rium
 Cha 'n 'eil thu crionnta 's tu d' sheanduin';
 'S docha dhuit amas ri turraig
 No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirte mi ris gu 'n robh e miomhail,
 'S nach robh bonn firinn' na bharail;
 Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadur
 Eadar bhi arsaidh 's 'na leanabh;
 Gu'n dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh
 Pairt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;
 Gu'm faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh
 A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shinnsreadh
 A'falbh fo gnìomharan allail;
 Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n cairdibh
 Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.
 Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san
 Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan a leanachd;
 'S b' fhearr leis na tamailt fhulang
 Dol an cunnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n 'eil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,
 Aon duil tha de shliochd a sheanar,
 Nach biodh e faighidneach reimeil,
 A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoine'.
 Ach thanaie iomadh rud 'na luib-san
 A bha 'g a dhusgadh gu carraid;
 Mur faireadh iad air bhi 'na dhuine,
 Mo mhionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann.

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,
 Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghallaibh,
 Iad a sgur de bhi 'ga sgriobadh
 'S gur sìochaint an nì 'bu mhath leis.
 Mu'm faigheadh iad leud na h-ara
 De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,
 Bu nì cho ciunteach 'sam bas dhaibh
 Gu'm biodh a charnan-sa mar-ris.

Turrag—an accident, a mishap. Ar-
 saidh—old. Allail—illustrious. Reimeil—
 even-tempered, persevering, authorita-
 tive. Bairlinn—warning, summons of re-
 moval, an enormous wave. Of course the
 first of these meanings is that of the word
 in the poem. Ar or ara—a kidney. Carn
 —a pile of stones raised over a man's
 grave.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leug
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;
 Bhuail e boosa air Mac-Leoid,
 S ruisg e mas an duine bhoehd.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leig
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor òle,
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;
 Bhuail e *boca* air Mac-Leoid,
 S ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

AN SALACHADH-FUINN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Chuireadh mi air chor eigin a chaidh a
 ghoid air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an
 dochas gu'n rachadh a choire a chur airsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt an diu 'tighinn
 Do'n chuid so de 'n tìr;
 Cha taoghail mi 'n Aros
 Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;
 Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi
 Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';
 Mur falbh thu gu tearaint'
 Bidh searsadh a'd' ni.

Ma 's e so an ceart milis
 'Thug an siorra do'n tìr,
 Cha mhor gura fearr e
 Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhin.
 Ma thogas e paigheadh
 'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,

Gur h-ìomadh fear toice
Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-mà-Cheallaig
'Ga leannailt gu nuadh,
'N uair chroch iad an gearran
Gu h-amaideach truagh,
'S Mac Cuair 'bha 'n Ulbha.
Gun chuibheirt, gun ghuaid,
'Dol 'dh' fhulang a chreachadh
Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is sìochaint 'ga nasgadh
'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh
'Bha shìos an Aird-Tuna
Lan chuireid is chuag.
'Sa's tric a rinn innleachd
'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,
'N uair 'mhathadh an nì dha,
Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faolt—delight, cheerfulness. Toic—
wealth, riches. Bracairneach—dusky.
Cuireid—trick, wile.

DO DH'ANN DRA MAC AN EASBUIG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa
Gu h-uaigneach do 'n lagan ud shìos;
Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuair
Ris na shuathadh am breannas tha 's tìr;
Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,
A bhi tilgeadh a chepaig an nìos;
'S nach bu choir dha 'bhi 'tathaich
Air an fheill air nach faigheadh e sìon.

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Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais
 A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;
 'Nuair bha sionnach na foille ann
 Dh'fhag e coir an fhir eile 's an lion;
 Dh'fhag e d'aghaidh ri conhrag
 'S gun do chladheamh air doigh gu do
 dhion;
 'S dh'fhag e sud air bun d' fheamain
 Mar nos mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhas thu;
 Bha mi treis air do chairdibh an run;
 Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,
 'S cha mhac Easbuig no sar-dhuine thu;
 Cheil a bhan-altrum dhan orr'
 An leanabh 'bha ailleachd 'na ghnuis;
 'S thilg i thusa 'na aite
 'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shuil.

Soraidh—compliments, a blessing, also
 a farewell. Ceapag—a verse or verses
 composed impromptu.

GEARAN AIR FEAR-TEAGAISG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt
 Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a' Phapa,
 'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh'anam
 An fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;
 Is cionnas is coir do'n fhear bheairteach
 A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,
 A bheil e laghail d'a bhi 'na mhuigean
 Is dorn duinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair,

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg
 'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 'sgach aite;
 'S cian bho 'n thoisich e ri m' thagar
 Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug each dhomh,
 'S eigin dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh
 Do sheanadh fìor-ghlic Earaghaidhead,
 Gu'n dug mo mhinisteir sgìreachd
 Dhiom mó chisean le laimh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinisteir pupait,
 Mara glutair air bheag naire e,
 'Bhi 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,
 Mar tha mucan is buntata,
 Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhi faicleach,
 'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhìor-namhaid;
 Cha'n 'eil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,
 Ged tha foghlum 's eolas ard ac'.

Faighe—an asking of aid in corn, wool,
 and sometimes cattle. Pupait—pulpit.
 Glutair—a glutton.

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,
 'S tha gach uchdan orm na mham;
 Tha fuifean air mo cheann-tiar.
 Le olcas diollaid an eich bhain.
 Fhuair mi ron an so mar bhiadh
 Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;
 'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh am bian
 An ni ciadna ri mo mhas.

Fuifean, or fuithein—a galling, a blister.

Fail
'Rin
Mor
Ead
Far
Fial
Ghe
Mar

Chu
'Dhe
Cha
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Cha
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Cha
B'fh
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Gun
Sid
'Nua
Gach
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na b

Is co

BEANNACHADH TAIGHE.

- LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Faillt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag
 'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich Mhic-Ailein;
 Mor-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh
 Eadar uinneag, -stuadh, is bhalla;
 Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh
 Fial gun chrine, gun ainnis.
 Gheibh iad ol le ceol 's le furan
 Mar ba dual dha o bheus ath'reil.

Chum a cheaird ris na chuir e
 'Dhol am buidhinn le gradh caraid;
 Cha chuir e dorn dhìot air uilinn
 Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;
 Ach na thionndas tu rium uile
 Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal
 Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;
 'S ro-mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a mathair an duileachd,
 B'fheaird' i-fein a beus a leanailt;
 Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine
 Gun a thuladh a bhi mar ris.
 Sid mara dh' iarras mi cuireadh
 'Nuair a bhios mo phoca falamh;
 Gach aon ni dh' fheumas mo mhuineal
 'Bhi 'ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard cuach de cheud leann
 na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

- LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Is coir dhuinn failte 'chur air an leann,

Meannna cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;
 Gu'n cuirinn gu h-innealt an suim
 Gur h-e 's ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram.
 An t-oganach so' thainig do 'n tir
 Tha corr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;
 'S math leam d'fhaicinn, an crann-coill
 'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard gloinne de dh' uisge
 beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Nach innis sibh dhomhsa 'chairdean
 Ciamar a ni mi so ceart.
 Tha'n gloinne so luchdmhor lionte
 Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.
 Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde
 'S aobhar naire sin air achd;
 'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle
 Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

IMRICH FEAR THERISINNIS.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Faile do bhur n-imrich Luain,
 Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;
 Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar
 Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh an nall.
 Thig so gu'r buidhinn ri uair,
 Cha 'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;
 Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaidh;
 Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

'S oil
 Do m
 Cuid
 'S cui
 Ma's
 A chu
 Cum
 'S na

Cua
 vexat

Ew
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 John,
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 cousin
 bold a

'S oil Meann sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuain
 Do nach bu dual 'bhi measta mall;
 Cuid de'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,
 'S cuid de 'n airde tuath an nall.
 Ma's cead leat, a Bhreithinnh an t-sluaigh,
 A chuidhtichens gach guais 'na am
 Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd' laimh fein,
 'S na fag sinn an meinn muinntir feall.

Cuain—a litter. Buar—cattle. Oil—
 vexation, grief, pain.

The Macleans of Treisinnis.

Ewen, second Maclean of Ardgour, had three sons: Allan, his heir and successor, John, the first Maclean of Treisinnis, and Hector, the first Maclean of Blaich and Achnadale in Lochaber. John, of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his only son, Donald, who died without issue. Hector of Blaich had three sons: Donald, known as Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, Ewen, and Hector. Ewen was the first Maclean of Cornaig in Tiree. Hector, Eachann Odhar, was the progenitor of those Macleans in Mull and Tiree who were known as Sliochd Eachainn Uidhir. Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, who was Captain of the Castle of Kernburg, succeeded his cousin Donald in Treisinnis. He was a bold and rough sort of man. He was

thoroughly faithful to his chief. He had six sons: Hector, Eoghan Uaibhreach, John, Lachainn Fionn, Lachlan, and Donald. Hector succeeded his father in Treisinnis. Eoghan Uaibhreach succeeded his grandfather in Blaich. John settled in Achmadale. He was chamberlain of the estate of Garbhdhabhaich in Lochaber, which at that time belonged to Maclean of Duart. Lachainn Fionn was the first Maclean of Heighnis in Tiree. He was a bold and resolute man. He was very wealthy. He had nine sons. John Maclean, Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, was one of his descendants. Hector, fourth Maclean of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his son, Ewen; Ewen, by his son, John; and John, by his son, Ewen. The seventh Maclean of Treisinnis was a distinguished warrior under Montrose. He was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, in 1651. He was succeeded by his son, Hector. Hector died in 1793, and was succeeded by his only son, Ewen. Ewen had four sons, Hector, John, John, and Alan. Hector was minister of the Island of Coll, and was one of those who received a visit from Dr. Johnson. The first John succeeded his father in Treisinnis. The second John was minister of Kilninian in Mull. He was an excellent poet. John, the tenth and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll, in 1738. Imrich Fear Threisinnis must have been composed at that time. John died in 1756.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Mac Fear
Bhrolais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein,
Is tu amaideach, gorach,
Mu 'n do ghlac thu 'n gnìomh fearail,
Is mu 'n d'rinneadh dhiot coirneal;
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi
Ann an faicheachd no 'm foghlum;
Bu mhath cumadh do shleide,
Is do bheil is do shroine.
Gu 'm bu cheannard air feachd thu
Thoir dhaibh smachd agus ordaigh;
'Fhir nach leughadh a' ghealtachd,
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shìr Lachainn,
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;
Sin a dh' fhaig sin cho galach,
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill;
Mhic an fhir-a fhuair urram,
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh—
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal

'N seombar clàraidh no 'n eaisteal,
Nach do sheas air a' chabh-sair
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

'N uair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhotus,
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra
Ach breacan is cota,
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball iomad
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,
Sid a chulaidh tha boidheach!

C'ait an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,
No an taobh sò de fhlaithneas,
Mac-samhail nan daoine ud?
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn,
Mach o ghathaibh na greine
Ann an speuraibh an adhair;
'S cha 'n iarrainn airson sgathain
Ach bhi 'n aite 'gan amhare.

Thuirteach morair a b'airde
Gun robh 'n ait 's an taigh-lagha:
Co a dhiobradh gu brath iad
Is gun ghraim air an aghaidh?
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan
'Bha 'gabhail taimh 'sa cheann-adhairt
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinu,
'S nach robh dh'adh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,
A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,
A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;
Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,
Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de 'n or orr',
Ach am mathadh d'a ghillean
'Dheanamh iomairt is oil leo.

Sin 'n uair chruinnich na h-armuinn
 Is na Gaidheil gu huile,
 Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn
 'S nan lann spainteach geur, guineach.—
 An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Bu leibh failt' agus furan,
 Is piob roimhibh a' marsadh,
 Is nach b'aill leibh an druma.

An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhquidh,
 Chluimnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,
 'S fion is branndaidh 'gan ol leibh,
 'S uisge-beatha nam feadan
 Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;
 'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh
 Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nam pios thu
 A bha 'n Ile ri stroiceadh,
 Lachainn Mor a bha priseil,
 Sin 'chuir mi 'gad shior fheoraich.
 C' ait a bheil iad an Albainn,
 No thall ann san Olaint,
 Leithid ciuneadh mo mhathar
 'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill ?

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain
 An drast eallach Fear Bhrolais;
 Co a sheasas ri 'ghuallainn,
 'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,
 Bho na dh'fhalbh bhuainn a bhrathair,
 An tús ailleachd is oige,
 Gun am mac 'theid 'na aite;—
 Leam is craiteach an dobheairt.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn
 Fo chul tlath nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
 Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,

Is na meall-shuilean modhar,
 A dh'fhas doas, foinnidh, fearail,
 'S 'b' fhad' a leanadh an toraclad.
 'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 A dh'fhag galach le bron sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
 'Chuir sinn tamull 'gad ionndraim,
 'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid
 A theannadh gu d' ionnsaidh,
 No gu d' charadh 's an anart
 'N uair a dhalladh do shuilean,
 Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar
 Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach na'm biodh tu 'n sin aca,
 Far an racht' air do thorradh,
 Ann an talla na h-Innse
 No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit.
 Ann an reilig nam Manach
 'Sa bheil na barantan mora
 'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,
 Cha bhiodh tu fad' ann ad onrachd.

Ach na'm biodh tu san tir so
 Far am biodht' air do thorradh,
 Ghluaiseadh Murchadh na Maighe,
 'S Mac-Gilleain nan ro-seol,
 Mac Mhic Eoghain 's mac Eachainn
 Bho shiol Arcaig 's bho Lechaidh.—
 Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!
 Is do mhathair 's i 'bhronag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an agrios oirnn,
 'S ann 'tha sin air a agriobhadh;
 Na crainn mhor' air am bristeadh
 Mu 'n do dh'fhiosraicheadh dhinn iad.
 Na crainn mhora bhi brist'
 Thug dhinn ar n-iteach a ar linnidh;

Thuit a
 'S fhroir

Mi mar
 Bho 'n
 Chaidh
 'Thoirt
 Ach a T
 'S a dh'
 Seall an
 'S mait

Clann-C
 Dh'fha
 Fhroise
 Gus an
 'S ann
 'S e gu
 Och, a
 Gu bhe

'S tric
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 A' sior
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Thuit a phaire 'san robh 'n t-abhall,
'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oiscan 'n 'ur deaghaidh,
Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' oirbh;
Chaidh gach aon mar a b'fhearr dhibh
'Thoir a fasach an t-saoghail s'.
Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,
'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sinn.
Seall an nuas oirm an trocair,
'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh.

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn mar an raineach;
Fhroiseadh ubhlán a' gharaidh
Gus an d'fhagadh e falainh.
'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fogradh
'S e gun seol aig air fanailt;
Och, a Mhoire, mo leon
Gu bhéil a choir aig Mac-Cailéin

'S tric a' faighneadh gach aon neach,
Ciod e t' aois, a nigh 'n Lachlainn?
Ciod am fath dhomh sin innseadh,
'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?
Cha 'n 'eil fiacail a' m' dheudaich
Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann,
A' sior iargain nan daoine
Ris an gloldhteadh na gaisgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart. He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabell, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of

Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John McLean's estate in 1676. They were received very kindly by James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

CUMHA DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Gur h-e mise th'air mo leonadh
Mu dheibhinn na h-oigrìdh!
An am dol do 'n taigh-òsda
Gu 'm bu leam na fir oga:—
Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na heistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar
'S e 'tha mis' an diu 'gearan;
'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;
Bu tu sgiobair na mara
Ged nach danaic thu fallain no gleidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!
'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,

'N uair
'S a bh
Bha mo

Och, m
Le do
Ri siub
'S nach
Og ur a

'S ann
'Chaill
Air nac
Bu ro c
Gu 'm

Mur bl
Is nach
Bheirin
Ach ch
Chur d

Gur a c
'Mhac-
Leis an
Is do d
Marcac

Tha do
Ri Mur
'S ri M
'S tu ro
Do chla

Tha do
Ri tigh

'N uair a bhristeadh do bhata
'S a bha blaigh air gach traigh dh'i:—
Bha mo dhiubhail mu 'n charn gun chead
eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh' i 's thus Eachainn,
Le do mbecheirigh mhaduinn,
Ri siubhal gach cladaich,
'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn:
Og ur a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire
'Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne,
Air nach d'fhuaras rianh deireadh:—
Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir:
Gu 'm bu mharbhadair eilid is feidh thu.

Mur bhi dhomhs' 'bhi og, leanabail,
'Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas
Bheirinn amad laz ionradh:
Ach cha b'fhulair dhomh aimsir
'Chur do ramtachd, oig mheamnaich, ri
'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa
'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach
Leis an eireadh na fiurain,
Is do dh' Iarla sin Antrum,
Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt
Ri Murchadh na Maighe,
'S ri Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar
Do chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh
Ri tighearna Mhuideart,

Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh
 Aig am biodh na fir ura,
 'S gur dearbh charaid mo ruo do Shir
 Seumas.

Gura cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
 Bho Ros riabhach nam badan
 Dh'fhag fir Ile nan cadal
 'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;
 Thug e dioladh 's na bhaca anns an
 eucoir.

Gur a h-ogh' thu do dh' Ailean
 'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein
 Ris an oidheche ghil ghealaich,
 Is a luchd innit' chrodh ballach,
 Ged nach b'ann gu cro earraich a gheum-
 raich.

ORAN.

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, Triath Dhu-
 bhairt.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH 'N LACHAINN.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a' smaointinn
 'S mi ri tigh'nn air na daoine
 Nach h'eil againn air faotuinne:
 Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fogradh.
 Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;
 Cha do dh'fhaodadh a chumail
 Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,
 No a feitheamh air furan righ Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,
 Thu 'bhi ardanach, beachdail,

'N uair a lionteadh le reachd thu,
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd'phoraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach
'Th'ann sa chiste chaoil ghlaiste,
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean
crodha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'
Mar ghaoir sheillean 'gad ionndrainn,
Tha iad iargaineach, tursach;
C'uin a thig thu 'gan ionnsaidh le comh-
nadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul-bhuidhe,
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chui-
neadh,
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is stòras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean
A thogadh e 'n cridhe
Na'n deanadh tu tighinn
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithist le solas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;
Cha b'e anaghlàs a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,
Ged nach h-'eil sinn cho muinte 's bu choir
dhuinn.

GED IS STOCHD MI 'N DEIGH CRIONADH.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleán.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH 'N LACHAINN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deigh crionadh,
Cha 'n 'eil miorun air m' aire
Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig orr',
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.
An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriseile
De 'n fhior fhuil 'bu ghlaine
As a' choill a b'fhearr cnuasach
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh ohas,
Tha iad truagh dheth 'gad ghearan;
'Bha iad roimhe so sar mhath,
'Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd' leanabh.
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh solas,
Ghabh thu fogradh a d' fhearrann;
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,
Lan de ghort is de dh'ainnis.

Gur h-e m'aighear is m' eudail,
Marcach ur nan steud meara.
Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,
Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich,
Laigh dubh-smal air na crìochan
O'n la 'strioched thu o'n bhaile.
Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal
Ann an garadh 's an dainginn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,
An fath ceanalta daichid;
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach
'Bhiodh mu d'chomhair an sgathan;

Ach gruag chleiteagach chleachdach
 Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;
 Fiamh an oir air a h-uachdar,
 'S i 'na cuachagaibh fainneach.

'Se do thalla 'bha rioghail,
 Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,
 Agus feadagan fiadhaich,
 Is gach ianlaith 'ga choir sin,
 Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha
 'Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail:
 Is le eagal an iota
 Bhiodh learn brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,
 Moch is feasgar 's trath-mòr;
 Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhneis,
 Rachadh eislean air fogradh.
 'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh
 Chuirteadh sid ann an ordagh,
 Ann am broinn nam fear fialaidh
 Nach do liath an deigh posadh.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhro-
 lais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Mo run an t Ailean, marcach allail
 Nan steud meara, 's nan lann tana,
 'S fad air d'aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd
 Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh ionnsaidh d'
 fhearainn dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,
 'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:

'S mairg a bhrosnaicheadh gu ole thu
An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air
urla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhorb thu,
Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,
'S a b'fhearr 's an am 'san robh iad ann;—
'N uair thogt' am fearg, a rìgh, bu shearbh
gach sugradh bhuap.

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir
A fhuair ait' am measg nan Gaidheal,
Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraihbh,
Measail adhmhor fhad 'sa bha iad curam-
ach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,
'S chosdteadh riubha mar bu chubhaidh;
An diugh 's dubhach mi 'gan cumha;—
Laoich na cumhachd, fath mo phudhair
spuinnheadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich
gheir
A' cur an ceill am mularid fein;
Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'
Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na
trein 'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghabhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;
Dh'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;
Thuit na h-ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn
Bha 'n ar garadh 's fhrois gu lar na h-
ubhlan diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;
Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine a'm'
laimh
Gu 'n d'fhas mi mall bho 'n chaidh ur call,

A threim nan lann, 's gun ghloir a'm'
cheann a dhuiseas sibh.

Pudhar—hurt, harm, loss.

Allan, 4th Maclean of Brolas, was the only son of Donald, 3rd Maclean of Brolas, who died in 1725. Allan was a long time in the army. He became chief of the Clan Maclean in 1750. He died at Insh-Kenneth, in Mull, in 1783.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Eachann Og Mac-Gilleain a Tir-
itheadh a bhathadh air a' chuan
Bharrach.

LE MAIRI NIC-PHAIL.

Gur h-e mise 'tha fann,
Tha mo shuil gu bhi dall,
'Caoidh an fhiurain gun mheang;
Chaill mi ubhlan mo chrann,
'S chuir sin buaireadh a' m' cheann ri m'
bheo.

'S chuir sin buaireadh, &c.

Cha bu sgeula gun fhios
Mu 'n dug m' eudail orm sgrìos;
Gu 'n do sgaoil e mo shic,
'S tha mo chridhe 'na lic,
'S e mo ghnaths bhi air mhisg gun ol.

Air an eadradh Di-mairt

Fhàin mi greadan mo chraidh;
 Sin a leag mi gu lar
 Is a leadair mo chnamh;
 An t-sleagh dhireach tha satht' a' m' fheoil.

'S ann aig t' athair 'bha ghibht,
 Aig na Gaidheil bha fios;
 Cha bu thacharan mic
 Nach deachaidh fo lic;
 Dh'fhag sin e-san na sgriot'chan broin.

A mhic aoibheil an fhiu,
 B' alainn sealladh do shul';
 'N uair a chrathadh tu 'null.
 Do ghruag dhualach, dhonn, chuill
 B' ard a thogadh tu 'ruin an t-sron.

A mhic mhaisich gun fheall,
 B' alainn cunnadh do bhall,
 Calpa cuimir neo-chann
 'Dhol a shiubhal nam beann;
 Bu tric buidheann gun mbeang a' d' choir.

Na 'm bitheadh tu thall
 Ann an coinninnh nan Gall,
 'Siomadh fear 'bhiodh mu d' cheann
 'S iad a tarruing ort teamn;
 'Righ, bu taitneach leo cainnt do bheoil.

Gu'n robh gabhail mhic righ
 Air deagh dhalta mo chich,
 Tus an latha 'dol sìos,
 Air a chuairt dhe nach till,
 Ann an trusgan caol, min gu leoir.

Gu 'n robh cuilein mo ruin,
 Fear nan camagan dluth,
 'S e a' seoladh ri d' ghluin,

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Gu's 'n do dhalladh a shuil,
'S an dug mire nan sugh bhuaith' 'n deo.

B'i Mairi Nic-Phail muime Eachainn
Oig. Chaidh a mac a bhathadh comhla.
ris. 'S ann uime a tha i a' labhairt 's a'
cheathramh mu-dheireadh.

ORAN.

Do dh'Eachann Mac-Gilleain, tlghearna
chola.

LE DOMHNALL MAC-GILLEMHOIRE.

Aithris bhuamsa gu soilleir
Gu Tighearna chola
Gu 'n do chaill mi le coraich mo sheol.

Aithris bhuamsa, &c.

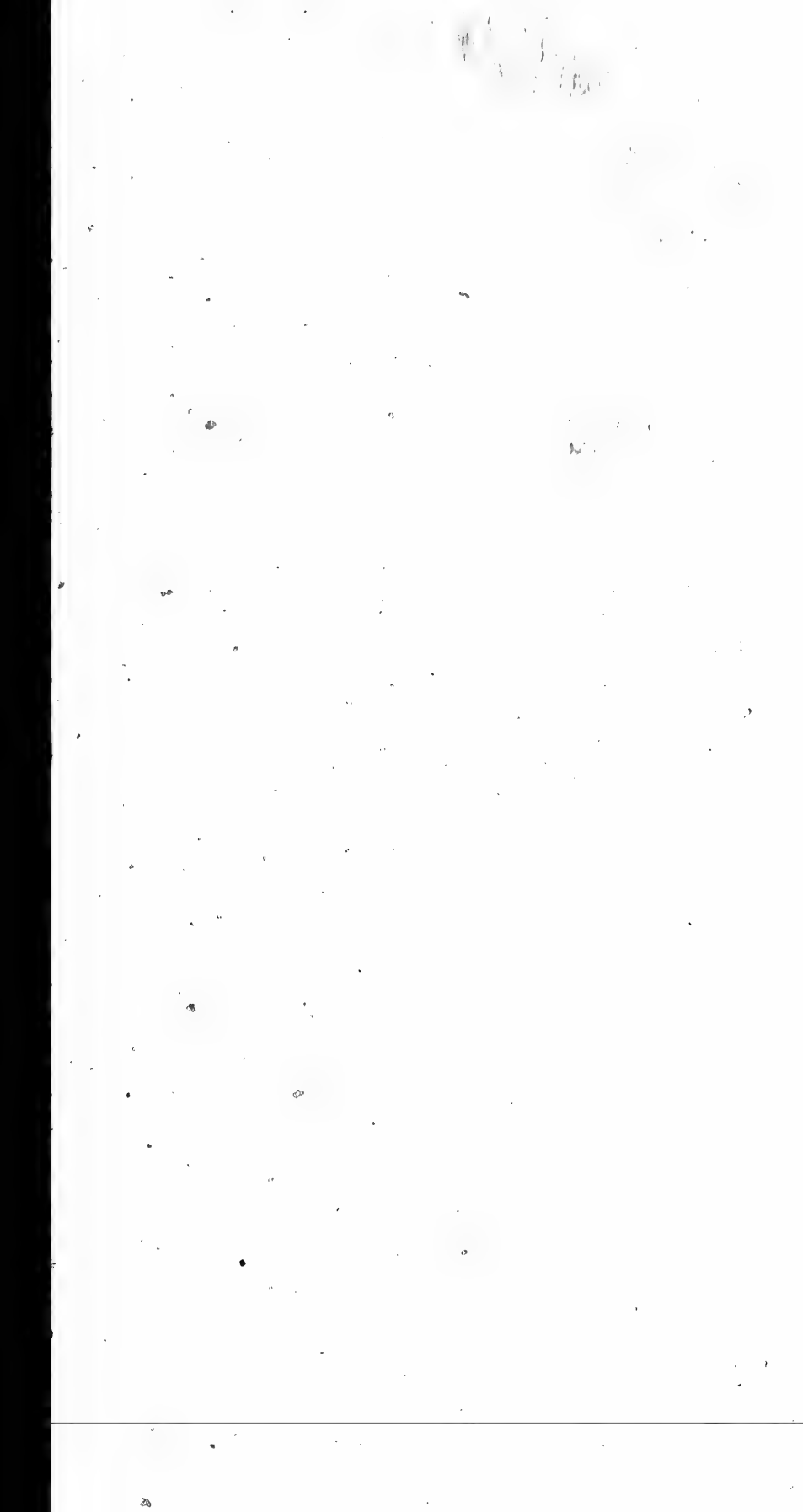
'S a mhic Iain na feile
Guidheam comhnadh Mhic Dhe leat;
'S tu nach deanadh an-eucoir le ti' dheoin.

Thug an duin 'ud dhomh bairlinn
Ann an lathair mo chairdean,
Mura fuiling thu tamailt bi falbh.

Thug mi corr is coig bliadhna
'Ga cur thui'g' air a fiaradh,
'S cha do ghiulain i rianh dhomh an cors'.

Gloir do Chrìosd mar tha cuisean,
Gean 'nam chridh' biodh a' dusgadh,
Tha mo thighearna duthcha-sa beò.

'Nuair a chaidh thu do Shasunn



Ann an cuideachd Shir Eachainn,
Ghabh an rìgh moran tlachd dhe do ghloir.

An am tilleadh o'n chuirt duit
'S iomadh morair is diuca
A bha 'labhairt mu d'bhiuthas mu 'm bord.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'measg cuideachd
'S tu ri ol air bol *puinnse*,
Gu 'm biodh each 's iad ri tuiteam mu 'n
bhord.

Ann an am dol air d' each dhuit
Bhiodh ort botuinn is casag,
Ad de 'n t-sìod' agus *les rithe* 'n or.

Gruag cho geal-ris a chanach
Air an urla 'bu ghlaime,
Air do chulaobh an ceangal le spors.

Gu 'm bu shlañ a bhean chiche
'Rinn do chuislean a lionadh,
Cha 'n fhacas riamh sgith thu 'n deigh oil.

'S tu mo choinneal an lainntear,
'S tu mo threise ri ainneart,
Ged a leiginn beum ann thar na coir'.

'S tu mo chadal 's mo dhusgadh,
Ann am laidh' tha mo shuil ort,
'Fhir a's flathaile gnuis a tha beo.

Hector, 11th Maclean of Coll, succeeded
his father in 1729. He died in 1754.

Donald Morrison lived in Tiree. He
seems to have been a native of Coll.

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Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad
Troimh dhàmh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;
Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach
Foinnidh, innsineach, tapaidh;
Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,
'S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d' fhaicinn;
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis
Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn?
Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun agrabadh
Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s
Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd.
'N uair a tharruingteadh do shith
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad,
'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn,
No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—a cudgel. Tacsá—support,
substance, solidity. Innsineach—sprightly,
lively.

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhomhnall Mac Raonail Mhoir,
Fear Thir-na-Drise.

LEIS AN TAILLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal gu geur
Is campar caisteal mo chleibh,
A chainnt' a bh' aca an de ag ol,
Mu 'n fhiuran sgiobalta gharg
'Bu mhath misneach is dealbh;
Bu neo-ghliogach fo d' arm thu 'sheoid,

Mu 'n leoghann chrìos-gheal gun sgath
 'Bha 'n Tir-na-Drise 'na thamh;
 Is mor am bristeadh do bhas thigh'na
 oirnn.

Bu tu 'n curaidh gun sgath
 'Dhol an cunnart nam blar;
 Bhiodh airm ghuineach a'd' laimh, fhir oig.

Bhiodh sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth
 Air gairdean gaisgeach mo ruin,
 'S paidhir dhag ort nach diult ri ord.

Bhiodh lann thana gheur ur
 'S i gun smal oirr' o'n bhuth,
 'Gearradh chlaigean is smuis is feol'.

Is cha b'e 'n t-iasad a bh' ann
 Ach fuil nan righrean o'n Spainn
 Dha 'm bu lionmhor sgiath 's ceann-bheirt-
 oir.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal 's mo ghruain
 Na cinn-fheachd' a dh-fhalbh bhuainn,
 Na fir ghasda 'bu chruidh 'san toir.

B' ann diu Alastair treun
 Bho Cheapaich nam peur;
 Bha e barraicht' thar cheudan sloigh.

Siol nan colla 'bha treun,
 'Stiuireadh luingeas fo bhreid;
 'S ard a shloinninn thu 'n ceum na dho.

Lean thu 'n duthchas bu dual,
 Dhol gu dluth ann san ruaig,
 Bho 'n t-sliochd chluitich le 'n gluais-
 teadh srol.

'S ann a'd' theaghlach nach crion
 Chluinnteadh gleadhraich nam pios;
 Bhiodh fir mhor' ann 'cur strith ag ol;

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Ag eisdeachd eachdraidh nam bard,
 Agus caismeachd luchd-dain,
 Gur h-e chleachd thu 'bhi 'd' laimh an t-or.

Donald Macdonald was the eldest son of Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, who was the second son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a major in Prince Charles' army. He was taken prisoner by accident at the battle of Falkirk, Sliabh a Chlamhain, January 17th, 1746. He was beheaded at Carlisle on the 18th of the following October. His head was stuck on one of the gates of the city, where the barbarism of the age allowed it to remain several years. He was married twice. By his first wife, a Miss Mackenzie, he had one son and three daughters, Ranald, Isabella, Mary and Catherine. By his second wife, a daughter of Macdonald of Killichonate, he had two daughters, Sarah and Juliet. Ranald was about eight years of age at the time of his father's death. He began studying for the priesthood, but died before completing his course.

Alexander Macdonald, of Keppoch was the eldest son of Coll of Keppoch, who was the eldest son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a brave and chivalrous man. He fought and fell like a hero at the battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746. Donald, his only brother, was killed in the same battle. The macdonalds, as a whole, won no credit for themselves at Culloden. The conduct of the noble chief of Keppoch was a brilliant exception.

CUMHA.

Do Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall a chaochail
'san Fhraing 'sa' bhliadhna, 1748.

LEIS AN TAITLEÁR MAC ALASTAIR.

A' cheud latha 'n bhliadhn' uir
Ni mi labhairt an tus
Air Sir Domhnall nan curs-each gorm.

A cheud latha, &c.

Fhuaras sgeula do bhais:
Sid an sgeul 'rinn mo chradh:
'S lionmhor fear air an d' fhag 'e deoir.

An t-og misneachail treun
Dh'an robh gliocas le ceill,
Chualas cinnteach gu'n d'eug 's nach beo.

An t-og uasal b' fhearr beachd,
Sar inharcach nan each,
'S tu gu'n dioladh gu pailt an t-or.

Leat a dh'eireadh an sgrìob
Da thaobh Lochaidh so shìos,
Fir a' chladaich gu d' dhìon mu'n chro.

Thig mu'd bhrataich gu dian
Fir Loch-Airsgig 's Lochiall,
'S thig bho 'n Mhorairne ciad no dho.

Thig fir Nibheis nan laogh,
'S Dhoch-an fhasaidh nan craobh,
Agus fir Ghlinne Laoigh 's an t-Sroin.

Thig bho 'n Bhraighe so shuas,
Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh,
Na fir reachdmhor a bhuaileadh stòic.

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Fo 'n cheann-feadhna nach b' fhann
 Dh'eireadh gaisgich nan lann;
 Bhiodh iad leat anns gach am 'sa ehoir

'S leat na h-Abraich gu leir
 'N am leat togail gu feum,
 Le 'n airm aisnich 's le 'n geur loinn ghorm.

Le an claidheanañ cuil
 'Gan iomairt gu dluth,
 'Ghearradh claignean le luths nan dorn.

'S maireg nochdadh riut strith
 'N taobh s' a dh'armailt an righ,
 'N uair a thogteadh leat piob 's breid sroil.

Thu air toiseach do shluaigh,
 'S toirm feadain 'nan cluais,
 'S maireg namhaid a bhuaileadh oirbh.

Cha 'n 'eil an t-achd so ach cruaidh,
 'N deigh na breacain thoirt bhuainn,
 Choir sinn briogaisean 'suas de'n chloth.

Gu 'n seol 'n Rìgh Mor thu 'n nall,
 Thu 'thigh'nn thugainn gun dail;
 'S mi gu'n oladh deoch slaint' 'phrionns
 oig.

Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel married Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and sister of Hector Roy, who fell at Inverkeithing in 1651. John, his eldest son by this marriage, married Isabel, daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Lochnell, and had five sons; Donald, known as Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall, his heir and successor, John, of Fassiefern, Alexander, a priest, Archibald, a doctor, and Ewen, a planter in Jamaica. John

died in Flanders about the beginning of the year 1748. Donald, of Lochiel was a man of noble and chivalrous character. He took a prominent part in the rebellion of 1745. He died at Borgue, in France, on the 26th of October, 1748.

ORAN.

LE DUGHALL RUADH CAMSHERON.

Tha mo leaba 's an fhraoch
Fo shileadh nan craobh,
'S ged a tha mi 'sa choill
Cha 'do thoill mi na taoid.

Tha mo leab' air an lar,
'S tha mo bhreacan gun sgail,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lochd cadail
Bho na spad mi Culcharn.

Tha mo dhuil ann an Dia
Ged dhiobair Lach-Iall
Fhaicinn fhathast na choirneal
'N Inbhir-Lochaidh so shios.

Bha thu dileas dha 'n Phrionns'
'S d'a shinnsearadh bho thus;
'S ged nach dug thu dha t'fhacal
Bha thu ceart air a chul.

Cha b' ionnan 's Mac-Leoid,
'Tha 'n drast aig Rìgh Deors',
'Na fhogarach soilleir
Fo choire 'n da chleoc.

A Mhic-Dhomhnaill gun sgoinn
'S ann a chomhdaich thu 'n fhoill;
Ged a gheall thu bhi dileas

'S ann a dhiobair thu 'n greim

Tha ball-dubh ort 'san t-sroin

A's misd' thu ri d' bheo;

'S cha 'n fhearr thu na 'm baigeir

'S a bhata 'na dhorn.

Cha b' ionnan 'san laoch

Bho Cheapaich nan craobh;

'Chaidh 'sios le 'chuid ghaigeach,

'S nach robh tais air an raon.

Na fir acfhuinneach chruaidh

Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh

Chiadh a sios fo 'n cheann-feachda

'B' fhearr a bh'ac' 'san taobh tuath.

'S cha b' e caigneachadh lann

Chuireadh bristeadh nan ranc,

Ach frasan nam peileir

'Tigh'nn bho theine nan Gall.

Ach 'n uair thig am Prionns' Og,

Is na Frangaich 'ga choir,

Theid sgapadh gun tainig

Ann an campa 'Rìgh Deors'.

Theid Diuc Uilleam a cuirt,

Theid a thilgeadh air dun,

'S cha 'n eighear gu brath air

Na 's airde na 'n cu.

'S ged tha mis' ann am froig

Tha 'm botul a'm' dhorn,

'S gu'n ol mi 's cha 'n aicheidh

Deoch-Slainte Phrionns' oig.

Sir Robert Munro, of Fowlis, chief of the Clan Munro, was a distinguished soldier. He was born in 1684. He commanded the Black Watch at the battle of

Fontenoy, May 11th, 1745, and won high honor for himself and his country. He fought on the side of King George in the rebellion of 1745. He was colonel of the 37th regiment. In the battle of Falkirk his men fled and left him alone. He was attacked by six of the prince's men. He killed two of them. One of the remaining four, Calum na Bìodaige, a Macgregor, fired at him and killed him. All the Highland chiefs deeply lamented his death. The gallant Keppoch purchased a coffin in which to bury him. Six pipers followed his remains to the grave, playing Cumha Fear Folaìs. Prince Charles and all the chiefs in his army attended the funeral. Captain George Munro, of Culcairn, was Sir Robert's brother. He was born in 1685. He was a very excellent man. He was the first Munro of Culcairn.

Dugald Roy Cameron was a native of Lechaber. He had suffered some grievous wrongs at the hands of a cruel officer of the name of Grant. According to one account, Grant shot his son in cold blood. According to another account he set fire to his house, and turned his wife and children out in the snow. Grant generally rode a white horse. On Sunday, August 31st, 1746, Captain Munro borrowed his horse. Whilst passing along the shores of Loch Arkaig Dugald Roy, mistaking him for Grant, fired at him and killed him on the spot. Munro was an excellent man. He was in the 61st year of his age. Dugald Roy was never arrested. He became a soldier in the British army.

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ORAN

Do dh-Alastair Domhnallach, Mac
Raonaill oig na Ceapaich; a bha 'na
oifigeach ann san arm.

LE PADRUIG CAIMBEUL, PARA PIOBAIR.

Ged is fad' tha mi 'm chadal,
'S mithich dhomh a bhi dusgadh.
Gur h e dh' fhag mi fo airsneal
Ceannard feachda na duthecha
Bhi gun oighreachd aig baile
Bho na chaidh thu a d' dhuthchas,
Ach na robaircan meallta
'Gabhail foill air gach tubh dhiot.

Mile buaidh do an armunn
A tha thall thar na linne,
Ann an cogadh na Frainge,
Gur h e tharmaich uo thrioblaid
A bhi cluintinn gach la
Gu bheil dail ri thu thiginn,
'S cian 's gur fada leinn bhuainn thu.
'S do chuid sluaigh air am milleadh.

'S mor an naidheachd tha 'n drasda
Ann 's gach ait a bheil fios air,
Mac Mhic-Raonaill o 'n Bhraighe
Bni o 'n aros bu dligeach.
Tha sinn uil' air ar bualadh
'S air ar gluasad na 's trice,
Bho na chaireadh 'san uir
Am fear nach lubadh a mhisneach.

Cha b' ann mar sgonsair no traoitair,
No mar shligheaire cealgach
Dh' eireadh suas air do chinneadh
Do an iomairt nan armaibh.
Nuair a thogteadh leith bratach

Fo fhraoch gaganach meanbh-bhreac
 'S mairg a tharladh 'sa bhaiteal
 Ri 'r n-aodann brass 's sibh fo r n-aimeas.

Siol nan Collanan rioghail
 Bheireadh sith as an aisith.
 C' air am facas no 'n cualas
 Riamh cinn fheadhna bu bhraise?
 Le an lannan cruaidh duth-ghorm
 'Sgathadh chruachdan gun athadh,
 'Bhiodh air deas laimh us buannachd
 Dol a bhualadh le claidbeamh.

An dream a 'thanaig le firinn
 A fuil rioghail na Spaine,
 Bha ur suicheantas seilleur
 Tigh 'nn le follais do dh-Alba.
 Long, leoghann, is bradann,
 'S lamh nach 'tais air thus blaraibh;
 'S bhiodh ur piob mhor 'ga spreigeadh
 Dol an coinninn an namhaid

'S og a rinn iad ort tailcean,
 'S tu gun taice mar leanaban;
 Ghabh iad cothrom le foill ort,
 'S gun do *ghuide* a bhi lathair.
 Cha b' i 'n eucoir bu dligheach
 Do dh' fhear ionaid do larach,
 Ach gach uair a' toirt ceartais
 Do chlann gun athair, gun mhathair.

Ole no math leis na Toisich,
 Ged tha choir air a bristeadh,
 Thug sibh latha 'gam bualadh,
 'Chuir an ruaig air an cinneadh,
 'S mor an call air an righ.
 An am a rioghachd bhi 'u trioblaid,
 Nach eighteadh bho Ruaidh thu,
 'S moran sluagh leat nach tilleadh.

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'S ioma buaidh ort le cruadal
 Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh,
 Gur h-i d' inntinn nach strìochdadh
 Dol a sìos air thus catha,
 'Toirt a mach an ratreuta
 'S tu nach eudadh aibhansa;
 Cha bhiodh iomral a' d' eolas
 Dol an oidagh fo d' bhrataich.

Gheibhteadh aid ann a' thalla
 Mar a b' fharasda ghraittinn,
 Pìob mhor nan toirm fheadan,
 'S beus a' frengairt a mannaidh.
 Bhiodh fir ur' ann is fleasgaich,
 'S b' ann de 'm beadradh 'bhi 'g abhachd,
 'Tigh 'nn gu d' bhalla le aighear
 'N am bhi 'gabhail mu thamh dhuit.

Teaghlach mheadhrach ro phriseil,
 Bu mhor eis d' ur luchd-lamhain
 A bha fuighantach, fearail,
 S' cha b' i 'n ainnis ur n-abhaist.
 Bhiodh daoine uaisle 'g ur tathaich
 Tigh 'nn a steach as gach aite;
 'S bu cheann-uighe nan ceud sibh
 'Dol mu oidheche gu 'r n-àrns.

AN T-SABAIÐ SHALACH.

Air do Dhomhnall Mac-Aonghais, tail-
 lear a bha ann an Cola, an daorach a
 ghabhail aig tiodhlacadh. chaidh e-fein
 agus fear-cumidh dha a leum air a cheile.
 Bha an daorach air an fhear eile cuideachd.
 Bha Brìg Chocte aig sluagh mar fhrith-
 ainm air an taillear. Rinneadh an t-aran
 le Alastair Domhnallach. Air do 'n
 Chubair Cholach a chluinntinn chuir e

na ceithir cheathrannan mu dheireadh
ria.

Bu ghraimeil an clenchdadh a bhi ag
aig torraidhnean. Tha e 'na aobhar
taingeanachd gu bheiltear air agur dheth.

— Fonn. — Mo run geal og.

Ach a Dhomhnaill Mhic Dhughail
Bu tu 'n diunlach 'bha treubhach;
'S iomadh aite 'n robh ainm ort
Eadar Albainn is Eirinn.

Mur a digeadh ort Ibhrig

Bhiodh tu striochdte air dhroch ghreidh-
eadh;

'S ann a dh' fhaig iad thu 'd' shimeadh
Air Cnoc-sgriob ann a' feithe;

Mo Bhrogag Chron.

'S math 'thig brog dhuit an coeadh
Agus osan air fhiaradh,
Ann am meadhan na coisgais,
'S tu nach b' ole mar fhear-riaghailt,
Sar dhrobhair nam mart thu
'Theid do Shasunn gu h-easgaidh;
Agus sgiobair na mara
Ri la greannach, fliuch, fiadhaich.

'S iomadh gomag is bideag,
Agus sgiobadh air shronaibh,
Agus glanhadh le fiallaibh,
Is eir ingnean an ordagh,
'B h' agad fein is aig Aonghas
Ann an iorghuill na doruinn,
'S sibh a leum air a cheile
Mar choin dhreineach gun eolas.

A Chlann-Aonghais na Morairne
Gu 'm bu gharbh sibh 's a chomhrag;
Bha sibh foghainteach, calma,

Laid
Bha
'Chu
Ged
A th

N
Bha
'S m
Ann
Ged
'S a
Mu
Bidl

Ged
Tha
Gu
Mur
Ma
Gu
'S g
Aig

Ach
Gu
Gu
Agu
Chi
Agu
Tha
'S la

'N
A c
Gu
Fo
Gun

readh
ag ol
bhar
heth.

Iaidir, ceann-bheirteach, dornach;
Bha sibh math ann an Sasunn
'Chur bhur neart le Rìgh Deorsa,
Ged a theabas bhur tachdadh
A tìgh 'nn dachaidh bharr torraidh.

idh.

Nà' n robh thusa fuar, sìonnar,
Bha do spionndh mar b'abhaist;
'S mairg a thachradh roimh t' aodann
Ann an caonnaig nan armuinn
Ged fhuair Aonghas le bunthadh
'S an droch uair ris an lar thu,
Mu 'n dig deireadh na cuise
Bidh e dubailte paighte

Ged tha 'chuis ann an teagamh,
Tha mor eagal air m' inntinn
Gu 'n deid Aonghas a bhreabadh
Mura a teasraig mi-fhìo e.
Ma bhios Iain an lathair,
Gu 'm bi tlamadh ann 's cìreadh;
'S gu 'm bi cnapadh air shuilean
Aig a Chunradh 's aig Ibhrig.

Ach thoir thusa fios bhuama
Gu Ruairidh 's gu 'mhathair
Gu bheil a bhrogag air agaoileadh
Agus feomach air caradh.
Chinn i farsuing 's-an uachdar
Agus chuag i 's na sailtean,
Thanaig toll air na fraochain,
'S laigh an t-aobran air lar aisd'.

Cuid a chubair a toiseachadh.

'N raor a chuala mi 'n taisgeal
A chuir gaiseadh a 'm' leirsinn
Gu 'n robh drobhair nam mart aca
Fo 'n casaibh 'na eiginne.
Gur e 'fhuair dhaibh an t-urram



'S a bhuidhinn an streup dhaibh,
Do chul 'bhi gun taice,
'S mac-na-bracha 'bhi 'leum ort.

Bha thu 'n fhine nach strìochdadb,
Dhaindeoin mi-run luchd-Beurla,
Bha iad ainmeil 'an Sasunn
'Chut an neart le Rìgh Seumas;
Luchd nan geur lannan glasa
'Chuireadh bras an ratreuta:
An am bualadh nam buillean
Gu 'm bu bhuidhinn 'bhi reidh riu.

Bu tu sgiobair a bhata
'Chuireadh bailinn fo sliaaid.
'S gur tu 'n gionanach gunna
'Dhol do 'n mhunadh a dh' fhiadhach
'N uair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach
Bhiodh do ghillean 's do thriall leat;
Bhiodh do mhial-choin air lodhainn,
'S cha bu ghuothach tigh 'nn fiar-ort.

Bu tu iasgair na h-abhann,
'S cha b' i chabhail 'bu bheus dhuit.
Ach am morgha geur sgaiteach.
'S crann snaidhte air a reir sin.
'S i do lamh nach deid mearachd.
Mur dean goinnead an leis e;
Bradán tarr-gheal 's glan lannuir
Cha bhi 'chion air do cheile.

ORAN.

Do Niall Caimbeul Dhun-Stathlennis, le
Seumas Caimbeul an I-Chalum-
Chille.

LUINNEAG.

'Tha na gillean grinn fo'n ar-naibh;
'S gur boidheach leam fhin

Thig

Biod

Sein

Cliu

Dha

'S e

Nan

Ni-t

Ann

'N u

A'd

B'e

Each

'Rig

A fl

Dun

Ann

Do

'S d

'S i

'Fh

Do

No

No

A b

'S e

Gu'

B'a

'S l

tala

Thig an t-ordach dearg dhaibh.

Biodhmaid sunndach, eutrom,
Seinneamaid gu h-eibhinn
Cliu an fhiurain ghleusda
Dha 'm beus a bhi ri armachd.

'S e mo run sa marcaich,
Nan each cruithesach tart'rach;
Ni-thu 'n t-cr a sgapadh
Ann sua bailtean margaidh.

'N uair rachadh tu 'mharcachd
A'd' dhiollaid mar chleachd thu,
B'e do mhiann 's do thaitneas
Each aigeannach meanmhuach.

'Righ, gu'm meal thu'n oighreachd
A fhuair thu mar staoileadh,
Dun-Stathinnis chaoimhneil
Ann am boinn neo-chearbaich.

Do shuil mar na dearcas,
'S do dheud mara chailce;
'S i do cheile leapa
'Fhuair am-mairist' ainmeil.

Do cridhe mar dhaoimean,
No mar reul 'san oidheche,
No mar ghrein gu caoimhneil
A boillsgeadh 'san anmoch.

'S e mo dhochas cridh'-sa
Gu'n dean t' oi hre cinntinn;
B'aighearach lean fhin sid
'S leis na ni ort leanmhuinn.

TORRADH IAIN LUIM.

'N uair a chuireadh Iain Lom fo 'a
talumh shubhairt Alastair Domhnallach,

Alastair Mac Aonghais, agus e 'n a
sheasamh aig ar uaigh:—

Chunnaeas ceann-crich' air m' fhear-
cinnidh,

'S e 'n deigh a phasgadh an Tom-Aingeal;
Ughdair nan dan, a rìgh nam filidh,
Gu 'n deanadh Dia sìth ri t' anam,

An Rìgh Mor thoirt mathanas dhuit
Airson fhad 's a dhioladh tu 'n t-olc;
Thr gaol an leoghainn 's tuath an tuirc
Aun san uaigh 'sa bheil do chorp.

B' fhuath leat Uilleam, b' fhuath leat
Mairi,

B' fhdath leat na thanaig de shìol Diar-
maid,

'B fhuath leat gach neach biodh rioghail,
'S gu'n ionseadh tu-fhein e gun iarraidh.

GED THA 'N OIDHCHE 'N NOCHD FUAR.

Ged tha 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,
'S beag air cadal mo luaidh;
'S cha 'n e tainead no fuairlead m' eudaich;

Ged tha 'n oidhche, &c.

Ach an nàmhachd so fhuair
Mi 's a mhadainn Di-luain;
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhoinh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,
Far an goireadh a' chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,
'S iad m'ar cheluinn gun cheann,
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,
Is nach faicear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,
Cach mu t' fhearann a' trod,
Is nach suidh thu air cnoc g' 'an reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron
Mu mo mhaighistir coir.
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,
N deigh a sparradh le ord.
'Ghraidh, cha duisgear le ceol nan teud
thu.

Chunnaic mise do thur,
'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,

Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deigh-
laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord
'S e gun iomairt, gun ol,
Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,
Ach na fhiadhairean bana, fearach.

Piob sgallach nan dos
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mhach,
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boireid o 'n bhuth,
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,
'S cota Lunnaineach dubh-thorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruic,
'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuillbheir chaol ghlas,
Nach diuñadh an t-srad,
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gu 'm b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' olc
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,
Bhiodh do shaignead 'sa' phloc 'g a reu-
badh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr
Nach b' fhuasad idir a leon,

'S ann a bhrist thu le t'ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur
Gu 'm bu fhradharcach thu,
Chà bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghalt,
Far an eisdteadh do chainnt,
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis
Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir
Dh'fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,
Ann an caibéal nan turaibh gle gheal.

'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleòc,
Dh'fhag mi a-ra-mo lòn;
Leat bu duilich e, 'Dhòmhnaill Shleitich!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil
Do 'm bu shuaicheantas fròch,
'S e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu
eirigh.

In the manuscript from which we have copied this work it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Murchann, le gille a bha aig fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonaill Oig, le Iain Lom."

BIODH AN UIDHEAM SO 'TRIAL.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's'ur bu mhiann le
seoid;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crìon

Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan fiamh;
Cuirte ghreadhnach bho 'n rioghail stoirn;

Gu Aros mo ruin
'S an cluinnt' clarsaichean ciuil
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh
'Gabhail dana le teud,
Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so 'null
'Shealltainn oighre Dhun-tuilm,
Gu 'm meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri
d' bheo.

Iuchair ghliocais nach bath,
'Chuir a fhradharc thar chaich;
'S tu gu 'n taghaidh de 'n al s' tha beo.

Mach bho Mhorair nan steud,
Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,
'S tu a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,
'S leat Clan-Domhnaill, na laoiach;
Sid a bhuidhean nach maom 'san toir.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan,
Le luingeas daraich lom luath;
Luch nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Alastair fheil'
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug;
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat fir Eirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad gun 'n eireadh le strith mu d' shrol.

Thig C
Ort, o
'S iad

Gur le
Le d'
Roimh

Macan
Faich
Marca

Bhiod
'S iad
'S fir

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treun.
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Chuir
Le dh
Fath

Thig Clann-Chamshoin an nall
 Ort, o bhraighe nan gleann,
 'S iad cur fhiudhaidh 'n a' deann am feoil.

Gur leat urram gach seilg,
 Le d' cheol-druma 'g a sheinn,
 Roimh d' gheard Muileach nach meirbh
 san toir.

Macant, maigdeanail, ur-
 Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin;
 Marcaich greadhnach nan crudheach gorm.

Bhiodh eich aheanga 'nan leum,
 'S iad nan deannaibh cur reis,
 'S fir a sreamadh na sréin ri 'm beoil.

~~We~~ We have copied this poem, except the
 12th verse—the verse about the Cam-
 eron—from Dr. Maclean's manuscript.
 The 12th verse is not in the Doctor's
 work. We have taken it from Turner's
 collection.

Turner's version of this poem will be
 found at page 111 of his collection. In
 the third line of the first verse Turner
 has, Far 'm bu shubhach's 'm bu mhiad-
 hail seoid; in the second line of the sixth
 verse, he has, Chuireadh adharc thar
 chaich; and in the first line of the ninth
 verse he has, 'S thig Aonghas ardanach
 treun. Then Turner has three additional
 verses. We have given one of them al-
 ready. The remaining two are these:

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,
 Le dha leanabh san uaigh;
 Fath mo theannaidh 's mi fuasgladh
 dheoir.

Fuireach Raonall a' ris,
Cuis a's misde mi m' dhith,
Chuir sid m' aigheadh a' sìos trath-uoin.

Dr. Maclean, contrary to his general practice, gives no heading. It is probable he had no information to give about the poem. Turner styles it *Iorram le Eachann Bacach*. We have no doubt that *Iain Lom* was the author of it.

In September, 1675, Angus Macdonell, of Glengarry, then Lord Macdonell, of Lochiel, and Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch, went over to Mull, with an armed force, to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. It is altogether probable that *Iain Lom* accompanied them, and it is possible that it was during the journey to Aros in Mull that he sang "*Biodh an uidheam sa triall*." If this was the occasion on which the poem was composed, we might expect that it would be partly about the Macleans of Duart, and partly about Glengarry, "*morair nan steud*," and other chiefs. Still, no matter what the occasion was, the poem, as we have here given it, must contain some verses that do not really belong to it.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Bidh an uidheam-sa triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan ciar,

Far 'm b
'r se

Gu tur u
Am bi ci
A chuir

Mi fada
Gu'n lion
Cha chad

Theid mi
Air nigh
Gu 'm m
bheo

Gu mnao
Cir de 'n
Agus coir

Gur tu 'n
'Chuir do
'S tu 'tha

Mach o M
Nan orga
'S tu b' fl

Theid eic
Dol 'n an
'Fhir a th

B' fhear
Le d' chia
'Urla mha

B' ait lea
Creach 'g
Le mac ai

Far 'm bu chubhaidh 's 'm bu mhiann le
'r seod.

Gu tur meadhach nach crìon,
Am bi cinn fheadhna 's glan liomh;
A chuir ghreadhnach 'an rìoghail gloir.

Mi fada mu theath,
Gu'n lion fadachd mi 's gruaim,
Cha chadal dhomh uair air choir.

Theid mi shealltainn a munn
Air nigninn Sheumais nan tur,
Gu 'm meal thu 'n stoidhle sin puid' ri d'
bheo.

Gu mnaoi aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh;
Cìr de 'n airgiod 'g a reir,
Agus coimlean de 'n cheir 'g a coir.

Gur tu 'n iuchair nach bath,
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chach;
'S tu 'thaghainn de 'n als' 'tha beo.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,
Nan organ 's nan teud,
'S tu b' fhoirmeala beus tra-noin.

Theid eich sheanga 'n an leum,
Dol 'n an deannaibh 's an reis,
'Fhir a theannaicheadh sreim mu 'm beoil!

B' fhearail 't fhaicinn air sraid,
Le d' chiabh-fhalt cleachdach gu lar,
'Urla mhaisich, 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

B' ait leam torman do phiob',
Creach 'g a togail le strith,
Le mac aignidh bho 'n rìoghail stoirm.

Leat dh' eireadh na laoiach,
 Clann Dòmhnail an fhraoich.
 Sid na connsbuinn nach faoin 's an toir.

Bu leat Banaich o thuath,
 Clann-'Ill-Andrais nan tuagh,
 Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Thig Mac-'Ic-Aillein o'n chuan.
 Le 'loingeas daraich dubh luath,
 Buidheann bharrail le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Buidheann alloil mo run,
 Cha laigh smal air an cliu,
 Leis an Alastair uiseil-og.

The above poem is taken from "The Scottish Celtic Review," a valuable work, especially in Keltic philology, by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL. D. It will be found at page 77. Dr. Cameron states that it was from a MS. collection of Gaelic poems transcribed from an older MS. by Ewen Maciachlan, of Aberdeen.

It is evident that the 4th verse cannot be correct. Lord Macdonell was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat, not his daughter. If the whole of this poem is addressed to Glengarry, who is Morair nan steud? Mackenzie, of Kintail, was Earl of Seaforth in Iain Lom's day, and there was no Lord Macdonald of Sleat until 1766.

ORAI

Biodh
 Gu ce
 Far 'c
 s

Gu tu
 Nan c
 Cuirt

Gu ta
 'S an
 'Fhir

Ann a
 Chluin
 'S ion

Fuain
 Toirm
 Fion

'S uis
 'Rach
 Chit'

Bhiod
 'Gabh
 'Sior

Coinn

ORAN DO DH-AONGHAS MAC RAO-
NAILL OIG.

LE IAIN LOM.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,
Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhiadhail
seoid;

Biodh an uidhean so, &c.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan fiamh,
Cui rt ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghail stoirm;

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fheil'
'S an cluint' toragan nan teud,
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,
Toirm air piob 'bu mhath blas,
Fion spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pios
'Rachadh ' airgiod g' a dhiol;
Chit' an glain' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh
'Gabhail dhana le teud,
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

Coinnlean aca de 'n cheir

'S iad an lasadh gu gear;
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eigh' an t-ol.

Macant, maighdeanail thu,
Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin,
Mareach greadhnach nan cruith-each
gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'n an leuin,
'S iad 'n an deannaibh 'cur reis'.
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreinn ri 'm boeil.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach
'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-
Leoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan
Le loingens daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,
'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laoiach,
Sid a' bhuidhean nach maom 's an toir.

Thig Clann-Iain an nall
Bho dhubhar nam beann,
'Chuireadh iubhar 'n a deann am feoil.

Thig fir Eirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath

Bh'aig fear t' aite-a rianh,
'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,
Fir a' Bhraighe so shuas,
'S deagh Mhac-Griogain bho Ruadh-struth
chno.

'N uair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig
Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;
Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eieg le leis:

Agus coisiche 'chairn
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg.
'Bheireadh fuil air caadh nearg nan e oe.

'N uair a ran-aig mi 'Chruach,
Bha mi t' ionndraichim bhuan;
'S e do mhulad 'bha tuair gneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein
Fo mhulad a' d' dheigh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'Sann an torachd nan each
'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fheurr dreach;
Cha do dhiobair a' ehlach an t-ord.

'Sann 'n a Shineadh 'san allt
Bha clann-taighe mo ghraidh,
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Cha bu spuilear air tuath
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
Bho mo dhinbhail air ghuailluibh sluaigh.

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh
Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;
Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

In the year 1640 the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Macdonalds of Glencoe entered Breadalbane and carried off a large number of cattle. As they were passing Stron-a'-Chlachain on their way back, the Campbells attacked them, but suffered a severe defeat. James Menzies of Culdres, who happened to be with the Campbells at the time of the fight, got a stronger bend of them together, and pursued the victorious Macdonalds up Glenclochay. He overtook them, defeated them, and brought back the cattle that they were taking away. Menzies was a brave and experienced soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus. He was known by the nick-name of "Crucair Ruadh nan Cleare." Macdonald of Keppoch and Macdonald of Glencoe were both killed. It seems, from the line, 'Sann an toradh nan each, that it was in the second fight the former fell.—*The Killin collection of Gaelic songs, with music and translations,*" page 54.

MARBHRANN.

Do Ehir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill, a
Chaochail 'sa Bhliadh 1778.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gur a fad' 'tha mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tann 's mi beo.
'S e do thuras do 'n Dun
A dh'fhag snigh air mo shuil,

'S a bhà faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich 'gam modhadh le sreim;
Dh'fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,
'Lionadh dìbhe 'b'fhearr blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg ac' is beoir.

'S nìsge-beatha nam pios,
'Rachadh t' airgid g' a dhiol,
(Gheibht' an gloin' e uair ghriog 'an or.

Bhiodh nàathan og 'n fhiult reidh
'Gabhail dhan daibh le 'm beul;—
Ann ad thalla gu 'n eisdteadh ceol.

Coian'ean geala de 'n cheir
Bhiodh an lasadh gu geur;—
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eigh' an t-ol.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth
Ann an armait an tigh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-cach gorm.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'mach
B'ard a chluimiteadh do snachd;
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-
Leod;

Thig Clann-Chamshroin an nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
'Chuireadh iubhar le srann an teoil.

Thig a Atholl an nios
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finéult', &c.

'S leat Mac-Farlain nan chlar,

'Bh' aig fir t' aite-sa riamh,
'S Mac an-Aba le chiad nò dho.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliu,
Thig le Alastair sunndach, og.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia
Do mhae air an t-sliabh
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas,
'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu brath 'n ar coir.

'Nis bho 'n sgithich mo cheann
A' sior thuilreadh m' r call,
Bidh mi sgnr ann san am is coir.

This poem was originally published in Turner's collection. We have omitted the following verses:—

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnaill a ris,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Crunair gasda nan righ-bhrat soil.

'S ann 'n a shineadh san allt
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil
Dha 'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d' fhaod iad bhi
beo.

Mil-each, a war-horse; not to be con-
founded with mile each, a thousand
horses—Cliar, a brave man, a poet, an
ecclesiastic, a society, a troop.

CUMBA

Moch D
Ghluais
'S tric l

Tha lea
'Chuir
Ged is

Mo che
Dha 'n
Tha 'n

An cist
An de
An taig

'Nuair
Gu 'n
Mar a

Bha d
An de
Ris an

Cha b
Dha 'n
Bha n

Tha d
Lan t
'Mhic

A Ch

CUMBA GHILLEASBING NA CEAP- AICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Moch Di-Sathairn', mo bhead!
Ghluais claidh-amh fo m' sgeith;
'S tric leám caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Moch Di-Sathairn' &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo chradh,
'Chuir mo shugradh gu lar,
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feun,
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill,
Tha 'n a shineadh fo dheile bhord;

An ciste ghiubhais chaoil, bhain,
An deigh a h-uidheam aig each,—
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord,

'Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,
Gu 'n robh t' aigneadh air leinn,
Mar aigneadh 's mar inntinn Iob.

Bha do lánhan a' suas,—
An deigh do labhairt 'choirt bhuait,—
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na glóir'.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuailnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir
Lan tiom' as do dheigh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig-an-fheoir.

A Cholla, cuimhuich 's gach gníomh

Clu do shinnas e bho chian;
Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a' choir.

Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch died
in 1682, and was succeeded by his eldest
son, Coll.

ORAN.

Atr feachd Rìgh Seumas a' gluasad gu
Blar Raon-Ruairidh.

'S mithich dhuinn marsadh as an tìr
Bho 'n chuir sinn dìth air feoil nam mart;
Tamull an ordagh dhuinne 's d' ar mor-
shluagh

Dh' imich ar n-oigridh bhuainn am mach.
A chuirein ghrinn oig, ma tha thu leointe.
Gu 'n seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach
beart;

Air madainn Di-mairt rinn sinn mar-
sadh,
'S facal gach seirdsin a' ruith oirnn mu
seach.

Aig leith-tabh an t-saile tharruing na h-
armainn

'Suas 'n am bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;
Mu bheul an anmoich shuidhich sinn
campa,

'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am
mach.

Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—
"Na leigibh bonn dail' a' seasamh a
'gheaird

Is ennaibh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am
mach."

Bu fh
b

'S a ch
d'

'N uai
a

Is cha
sa

'S bu
a

'N uai
s

Bho c
t

'S 'n
s

Aig L
La ro

d

Chru
'S the

I

Bu bl
'S gu

a

'Chea
a

Cha c
l

Labh
'Chla

Toga

'S m

Bu fhliuch a' mhadainn a thog sinn ar
breacain,

'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh
d' an robh chairt

'N uair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn
ar n-eideadh,

Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan-
saic.

'S bu lughaid ar n-airtneal 'n uair 'thana-
sig an feasgar.

'N uair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu lionmhor
stad;

Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu 'n d' rinn sinn
triall,

'S 'n uair chrom a' ghrian gu 'n d' rinn
sinn stad.

Aig Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,
La roimh Dhi-domhnaich 's da la 'n 'a
dheigh;

Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic
Dhe.

Bu bheag a' speis do dh-airgid no speidh,
'S gu 'n d' fhad sinn 'n ar deigh ar mnath-
an 's ar clann;

'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chiurt'
againn corp,

Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar
leinn Goill.

Labhair an Greumach a b' fhearr nadur,
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhur
gruaim;

Togaibh 'ur n-inntinn, thanaig an tinn
dhuibh,

'S mithich dhuinn marsadh do 'n tìr bo
shuas.

Dh' fhalbh sinn am mach lunnisteach,
 stàitail;
 Gach do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-
 Uisge;
 'Mach 's 'sannuraid 's monadh 'sin
 Dh'innis;
 Dh'innis gach duine, 'bha guineach 'san
 ruag.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh'
 imich na h-uaislean
 A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag agios;
 'N uair 'ranaig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair
 sinn ach mnathan;
 Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh
 dhiu eis.
 'N deigh mheadhon latha 's sinn a 'falbh
 air ar n-athais
 Air leith-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn
 a sios;
 Thanaig marcach a steach air beulaobh a
 phass
 'Dh-innis gu 'n danaig am prasan 's an
 Coirneal Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr a' sgeilidh rinn muinntir
 Rìgh Seumas,
 Leith-taobh an t-sleibhe ghabhadh e;
 Bu lionn fallus a sios leis ga' e;
 A' dìreadh a bhealaich an t-sleibhe mu
 thuath;
 Ceann na cuimhne dh' imich e
 'mhuinntir,
 Pairt d' ar n-iondrainu e bhi bhuan;
 B' aigeannach sporsail aigeadh chlaun-
 Domhnaill,
 Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo
 'n uair.

Chluais
 Gu' sga
 fein
 Chaidh
 nan
 'S cha t
 fhe
 Aig deir
 sim
 Bha toi
 do
 'Cheart
 laic
 Gu 'n c
 n'
 A chear
 sa'
 'S bu s
 ual
 'S e do
 tro
 Chuir
 sn
 Bu bhe
 be
 An cog
 lei
 Ach
 R
 Tha si
 bh
 Coirne
 Ann sa
 Bha si
 na
 Greim
 A Cho

Chluais gach fìne gun tlatha, gun tiomadh,
 Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'n an ionadaibh
 fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail am broilleach ar
 namhaid.

'S cha tilgreadh crann sathte an la sin gun
 fheum.

Aig deireadh an leth a gu 'n d' tharruing
 sinn claidheamh,

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe
 do 'u ghrein;

'Cheart aindecin an sparraidh, ge bu
 laidir am barail,

Gu 'n chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam
 n' a dheigh.

A cheannaird an aigh gu 'n d' thuit thu
 sa' bhlar.

'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danaig an
 uair;

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa
 trom lighe,

Chuir toll ann am chridhe 's dh' fhag
 snigh' air mo chruaidh.

Bu bheag airson eirig na thuit de na
 beinnean.

An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich
 leinn buaidh;

Ach sgapadh nan chileag air muinntir
 Rìgh Uilleam,

Tha sinne fo mhulad ged chuir sinn iad
 bhuainn.

Coirneal Ramsaidh na mhor anntlachd

Ann san am ud a' dol a steach;

Bha sinne cho aingear 's guineach gu 'r
 naimhdean.

Greim air Gall cha leigeamaid as.

A Choirneil Bhaileir, a dhuinne gun diu,

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh
tu 'n chath;
Bhrìst iad do chrùn is t' ad air do shuilean,
'S ghearr iad do bhùtainn air culaobh do
chas.

This poem was composed either by Iain Lom or by his son. The author speaks as one who had taken part in the battle Iain Lom of course was not in the battle, but his son was. We are upon the whole inclined to think that the latter was the author. Iain Lom's son was killed in a duel fought with Domhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiuntain, about the year 1690. They were both poets. The duel took place near High Bridge, an Drochaid Ard.

IAIN LOM AGUS MUIREACHAN.

Bha Iain Lom uair air thuras ann san Toiseachd. Chaidh e a' staigh do thaigh ann san robh e dol a dh-fhuireach ri a dhinneir. Bha balach ann san taigh da 'm b' ainm Muireachan. Cha robh tlachd aig a ghille so ann an Iain Lom. agus cha robh e ag iarraidh gu 'm fanadh e ri 'dhinneir. Dh' iarr Iain Lom air dol am mach a shealltainn air na h-eich aige. 'N uair a thanaig e a staigh dh' fhaighneachd am bard dheth am fac e na h-eich. Fhreagair Muireachan e mar so:—

Chunnaic mi 'n t-each ban
'S a cheann 'san fhodar,
'S chunnaic mi 'n t-each donn
Air 'n do tholl am bod-chrann.

Thu
a Mhu
dhan
anhat
Fhrea

Iain L
'S mor
Dh' it
Leis a

Boo
of a g

RAN

Bh
Lom
Labh
Iain L

Th
Gu
Is
'S
Ch
Ri
'S
'D

Ch
ach t
neac
doch

C
neac

Thubbairt Iain Lom,—A Mhuireachain,
a Mhuireachain 's ann a gheibhteadh d,
dhan gu h-ullamh 'n uair a bhiodh do
mhathair a' fuineadh nam bonnach.
Fhreagair Muireachan e,—

Iain Luim mhic Dhomhnaill mhic Iain,
'S mor do dhiol bidhe is cadail;
Dh' itheadh tu uibhir ri dithisd
Leis an amhaich fhior fhada,

Bod-chrann—a crupper, the tail beam
of a girt saddle.

RANN LE DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Bha Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain
Lom gu searbh an agaidh a' cheile.
Labhair Domhnall Gruamach mar so mu
Iain Lom:—

Thugadh greis air Greumaich leit
Gu 'n euchdan a chur suas;
Is thugadh greis air Duibhnich leat,
'S air muinntir an taoibh tuath.
Cha 'n fheil fad do Dhomhnallach
Ri bheo bhi d' fhuilidh;—
'S do donnal a' choin bhadhail ud
'Dh' fhag bodhar mo dha chluis.

Cha chuala sile a fragairt Iain Luim uile;
ach thoisich e mar so,—“A shean chraidh-
neach mhor nan smugaidean.” ‘S e a
docha nach robh a' chuid sile ro mhath.

Cu badhail—a wandering dog. Craidh-
neach—a skeleton.

MARBHRANN.

Do Shik Seumas Mor Mac-Dhomhnaill,
Triath Shleite, a Chaochail 's a'
Bhladhna 1678,

LE GILLRABUIG DUBH MAC MHIC-DHOMH-
NAILL.

An nollaig air 'm bu ghreadhnach sinn
Ormsa rug an dith 's an call;
Tha m' iulchairt 's na clair fo dhion,
Ceann-sithe fir Iosse-Gall.

Gun fath toireachd air an ti
'Chaidh dhinn an feasda nan trath,
'A n gorm thulaich eadar dha thir
Tha pailte gun chrìne 'n tamh.

'S mor mo smuaintean chach cha leir,
Leam fhein 's mi 'gail nu thamh;
Dhe 'n t-saoghail so 's beag mo speis,
Thigeadh an t-eug 'n uair a 's aill.

Cha 'n iarraiun latha gu brath
De leasachadh thrath theachd orm,
Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n deonaicheadh Dia
Mi dhol gu dian air do lorg.

Cha 'n iarraiun tuilleadh dhe 'n t-saoghail,
Laghinn ri daolaibh na foid;
Ann an leaba chumhaing, chaoil,
Sinte ri taobh do chuid berd.

Chaidh mi iomrall air an aois,
Am muinghin an namhaid tha ini;

'S bea
'S tu

Ormsa
Chaidh
Mo sg
'S ni

Dhion
'S leir
Ormsa
Gun

Cha r
No b
Nach
Mo t

Taigh
Gun
Gun
Mo d

Gun
Gun
Gun
Euch

Gun
Gun
Mo l
Fo

Gün
Gun
Gun
Gun

'S beag mo dhochas a bhi ard,
'S tu 'n claraibh druidte ga mi' dhith.

Ormsa rug an an t-annrath cuain,
Chaidh mo riaghailt bhuam air chall;
Mo ageul duilich 's mo chas cruaidh,
'S mi buan gun bhuinnig 'tha ann.

Dhìol sa thog an t-eug a' chis;
'S leim dhuit, a Rìgh, mar a tha;
Ormsa rug gair thonn nan sian,
Gun sìth ach doruinn gu bas.

Cha robh stiùir no seòl, no slat,
No ball beairt 's bha ri crann
Nach do thruis an aon uair bhuainn,
Mo thruaighe—sa 'n fhras a bh' ann.

Taigh mor a thathaicheadh na sloigh,
Gun ol, gun aighear, gun mhiagh,
Gun chuirn 'g a caitheamh air bord,—
Mo dholas, 'Athair nan sian!

Gunchaismeachd, gun chomh-strith theud,
Gun dan 'ga leughadh air clar;
Gun fhilidh ri cur an ceill
Euchd do chinnidh—sa gu brath.

Gun treun-fhir ri dol an ordagh,
Gun taileasg, gun chorn, gun chuach;
Mo bheud dhuilich 's mo chreach mhor,
Fo 'n fhoid a thuirich an duais.

Gün eirigh moch thun nan stuchd,
Gun chu 'g a ghlacadh a' m' laimh,
Gun mheanmna ri clastinn ciuil,
Gun mhuirn, gun mhacnus ri mnacoi.

Gun oigridh ri siubhal shliabh,
 Gun mhiagh 'air iarraidh an roin,
 Gun mhialchoin a' teannadh iall,
 Is samhach an nochd fiadh an stoir.

S' iomadh beinn is gleann is cnoc,
 Ceann obain, loch, agus traigh
 A shiubhail mise leat fo mhuirn,
 'S luchd-ciuil ri aighear gun phramh.

Iul-chairt—a mariner's chart. Ceann-
 nithe a pacifier, a peace-maker. Riagh-
 ailt, in 7th verse—a mariner's compass.
 'Athair nan sian—father of the elements,
 an expression of the same nature as a Dhia
 nan dul. Oban—a small bay or creek.

The Archibald Macdonald who com-
 posed this elegy seems to have been the
 Ciaran Maboch. It is true he is called
 Gilleasbuig Dubh, whilst in a poem by
 Iain Lom the Ciaran Mabach is called
 Gileasbuig Ruadh. But the one or the
 other of the two words, Dubh and Ruadh,
 may have been written by mistake.

The Ciaran Mabach was a brother of
 Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, not his
 son. That he was his brother is evident
 from a poem by himself and also from a
 poem by Iain Macailein.

Do Gh
 Gh
 na
 168

LE

Tha sg
 Dhuibh
 Gu 'n c
 he
 Au sta

Co 'ch
 'S e 'n
 No 'ch
 'Tha t

Co 'ch
 Dh' fh
 No 'ch
 Ris na

Co 'ch
 Suas g
 'S nacl
 An tai

Co 'ch
 Gu bu
 'S nacl
 'S an

Rogha
 De 'n
 'Dhaol
 'S beu

CUMHA.

Do Ghilleasbuig Caimbeul, Iarla Earra-
Ghaidheal, a chaidh a dhith-chean-
nadh an Duneidheann 'sa bhliadhna
1685.

LE IS AN AOS-DANA, MAC-ITHICH.

Tha sgeul agam, 'a cha chuis ghaire,
Dhuibh r' a innseadh;
Gu 'n d' chuireadh ceann-taichd nan Gaid-
heal
Au staid iosal.

Co 'chumas coir ris an anfhann,
'S e 'n a chruadhaig?
No 'chumas casg air gach anagnath
'Tha teachd nuadh oirnn?

Co 'chumas coir ris an eaglais?
Dh' fhas i dorcha;
No 'chumas a suas luchd-taighe
Ris na borbaibh?

Co 'chumas an creideamh catharr?
Suas gu treorach?
'S nach d' fhuair Gilleasbuig cead eisdeachd
An taic corach.

Co 'chumas taigheadas greadhnach
Gu buan, faoilidh?
'S nach fadhail an t-Iarla Duibhneach
'S an Dun-Aorach.

Roghainn nan Albanach uile,
De 'n ard fhine!
'Dhaoinne, na 'm biodh speis de dhuine,
'S beud a mhilleadh.

Iarla duaismhor Earraghadhual,
 Gargan ioghann!
 Bu mhor an cridhe 'dh fhearaibh Alba
 'Fhuil a dhortadh.

'Dhaoiné, ged a fhuair sibh aite
 Os cionn rioghachd,
 'S ole a chuir sibh gliocas Alba.
 Gu surd millteach.

Ged a strac sibh coir gun cheartas
 'N taic bhur inioruin,
 Theagamh gu 'n dig la nach fhasa
 Dhuibh 'g a dhioladh.

Mo thruaighe 'n nochd do luchd-lean-
 mhuinn,

'S faoin an seasamh!
 Tha gach duine 'gabhail geill dhiu.
 Dh' eug Gilleasbuig.

Dh' fhalbh an tuigse, dh' fhalbh an aithne,
 Dh' fhalbh an ceannsa!
 Dh' fhalbh an crann dligheach treun,
 talmhaidh,
 Dh' fhalbh an ceann math.

Beannachd le t' anam am Paras,
 'S fiach do chuimhne:
 Gu 'n togadh Dia suas bhur n-alach,
 Adhreim Dhuibhneach.

Dream bheadarach, bhualach, bhaghach,
 Mheadhrach, mhuirneach,
 A labhradh gu foistinneach, fionnadh,
 Brìgh gach cuise.

Sid a' chlann a' s uaisle fine,
 Na trein urrant;
 Reidh-bheartach an iul 's an aithne,
 'Chlann ud uile.

Ge b' c
 Le mi
 Co 's m
 Na Cl

Blath a
 Gniomh
 Ceann c
 An leib

'S ioma
 Is cèan
 De 'n t
 ma
 Mhio C

Bho D
 Sean a
 Clann
 A ch

'S ioma
 Rosg t
 Luchd
 Tha 'n

'S ioma
 Air d
 'S mna
 'S cric

Bhasa
 Co 'n
 Cha 'r
 Chaid
 'S rui
 Ghlu
 'S rui
 Bho

Ge b' e dh' aithrisea an seanachas
 Le mion chuimhne,
 Co 's m' tuigs' air dhruim talmhuinn
 Na Clann-Duibhne?

Blath a dh' fhas os cionn gach fine,
 Gnìomh gun ghainne;
 Ceann cèille, cleir', agus sgoile
 An leibhidh uile.

'S iomadh leoghann, is triath duineil,
 Is cèann buidhne
 De 'n t-sliochd Iarlail à shliochd Dhiar-
 maid
 Mhìo O' Duibhne.

Bho Dhiarmad a thanaig sibh uile,
 Sean am fìne!
 Clann a b' fhearr a b' fhiach am moladh
 A chluca sinne.

'S iomadh cridhe bras 'tha bronach,
 Rosg tha deurach,
 Luchd-oifig 's am bas ri bualadh,
 Tha 'n creach deunte.

'S iomadh brath soluis fo thùrsa,
 Air dreach meirgte;
 'S mnai ghreanta gun ghean, gun ghair,
 'S cridh' fo thromachradh.

Bhasaich luchd-ciùil gu buileach,
 Co 'ni 'n farraid?
 Cha 'n fheil stath dhuinn bhi ri foras,
 Chaidh 'n taom tharainn.

'S ruathasach a' ghaoth so 'thanaig,
 Ghluais i 'n fhiubhaidh,
 'S rug i na h-eoin le stoirm ghabhaidh
 Bho 'n choill dhunhail.

Ach tilleadh na h-eoin uiseil, aillidh,
 Da 'n coill chaomhail.—
 Gu 'n togadh Dia 'suas bhur n aireamh
 An staid naonha.

Is cruaidh an cas seoil 'bu phailte
 'Shearg' gun chionta:
 Cha d' fhuaradh abhar 'n 'ur n-aghaidh
 Ach meud b'ur tuigse.

Thanaig braghadh oirbh gun fhios duibh;
 Leam is duilich;
 Ma dh' fhalbhas a' chlann so buileach,
 'S marg a dh' fhuirich.

Cuiribh-s' bhur dochas 'san Ard-Rìgh,
 A chlann cheillidh;
 'S e sid an Breitheamh gun fhallsa,
 Nach dean eucoir.

An Ti 'chruthaich sibh an toiseach
 An staid cheuraich,
 Tha E fhathast dhuibh cho grasmhor
 'S a bha 'cheud uair.

'S iomad maraich luthmhor, laidir,
 'Thuit gu h-ìosal,
 'S a dh' eirich gu socair, sabhailt
 Suas 'n a dhiollaid.

Mar stiuir Maots a mhor-shluagh lionmhor
 'S iad 'n an eigin,
 A mhac-samhuil tarladh dhuibhse
 Rì uair feuma.

Rì uair feuma tha Dia neartmhor,
 Ceann gach cuise,
 A dheanamh d' ur naimhdean treuna
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Cruadhag—distress. Catharra—strenuous, earnestly contending. Ceannsal or ceannsgal—rule, government, authority. Baghach—kind, friendly. Foistinreach—calm. Reidh-bheartach—harmonious, agreeing. Leibhidh—a race, a generation. Rosg—the eye, an eye-lash. Greannta—near.

THE CAMPBELLS.

According to the valuable manuscript of 1467, the Campbells are descended from a Highlander named Duibhne, who lived about the year 1050. They are thus properly Clann-Duibhne, or the descendants of Duibhne. The Macarthurs belong to the same stock; indeed they claim that they are an older branch than the Campbells. Every Campbell is a Mac-Duibhne; so is every Macarthur. Duibhne resided at Lochow.—*Collectanea De Rebus Albanis*, pages 54 and 360. *Skene's Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III, page 458.

The later traditions of the highlands confounded Duibhne of Lochow with Diarmad O' Duibhne. Hence we find the Campbells called Siol Diarmaid and Clann O' Duibhne. Diarmad was a nephew of the famous Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was the best-looking man of his day. He was, like Achilles, invulnerable in all parts except one spot on the sole of his foot. He killed a wild boar that no one else would venture to attack. Unfortunately, whilst measuring the length of the boar, some of the bristles entered the vulnerable spot, and he bled to death. The in-

vulnerable Diarmad is of course to be classed with the heroes of the Arabian Nights. At the same time it is probable that there was a man named Diarmad O' Duibhne. He must have lived, however, as far back as the year 283. *Prof. O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, page 313. All the fabulous stories about Diarmad will be found in the late J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*.

According to some modern writers the Campbells are descended from a Norman warrior, who was known as the Knight of Campo Bello, or the beautiful plain, and who came over to Britain in the time of William the Conqueror. This knight wandered up to the Highlands, married Eva the only child of Paul O' Duibhne, and got the lands of Lochow, Loch-Odha, with her. This absurd theory has not a particle of foundation. Opposed to it are the facts that there was no Norman family of the name Campo-Bello, that there is no reference to a knight of that name in any historic document, that the earliest mode of spelling the name Campbell was Cambel or Cambell, and that the author of the manuscript of 1467 had never heard of Paul O' Duibhne or any other Scottish O' Duibhne.

We have no doubt that the origin of the Campbells is correctly given in the MS. of 1467. Duibhne, their ancestor according to that manuscript, had a son named Gille-Calum, or Malcolm, who was known as Gillecalum Mac Duibhne. Gille-

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calum had a son named Gillensbuig.
 Gillesbuig had a son named Duncan.
 Duncan had a son named Dougald. This
 Dougald who was known as Dougald
 Cambel was the progenitor of the Cam-
 bels or Cambells, or, as the name is now
 spelled, Campbells. Why he was called
 Dougald Cambel we do not know. It
 may be that he had a cam bheul or crook-
 ed mouth, or that he lived in a place
 called Cam-bel or something like that.
 Duncan Mac Duibhne it is said had a son
 named Ivor. He was younger than Dou-
 gald. The Macivors claim him as their
 ancestor. Gillespie Cambell, Dougald's
 son, is a witness to a charter in 1265,
 Cailean Mór, Gillespie's son, was knight-
 ed by Alexander III. Sir Neil, Sir Colin
 Mór's son, was a brave and patriotic man,
 and was fortunate enough to obtain the
 hand of Mary Bruce in marriage. Sir
 Colin, Sir Neil's son, got a charter of the
 lands of Lochow and Ardskeodnich, from
 his uncle, King Robert Bruce in 1316.
 In this charter he is designated Colinus
 filius Nigelli Cambel, militis.

ORAN.

Do Lachainn Mac-Gilleán, le a ph-
 iuthar, agus i a cùmha a h-ighinne an
 deigh a bàis.

Gur a cianail bochd m' adhart,
 Chaill mo shuilean am fradharc,
 'S mi 'm onrachd a' feitheamh do ghruaige
 Gur a cianail bochd &c.

Tha i dualach tiugh cleachdach,
 'Na snomhainean casa,
 'S leir do m' Rìgh gu' m' bu tlachdmhor
 do shnuadh-sa;

Suil 'bu mhiogaiche sealladh
 Fo chaoile na mala,
 Mar gu' m' biodh an t-ol leana air na cua-
 chan;

Beul tana dearg daite
 Mu'n deud 'bu leoir ceartais,
 Suil chorrach ghorm ghlas gun bhi luain-
 each.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'n chlachan
 Is a shileadh an sneachda,
 Bhiodh t' aghaidh bhrùich mheachair gun
 fhuachd oirr'.

Cha 'n fheil leine mhic tighearn
 A chuireadh e uime
 Nach deanadh mo nighean-sa fhuagh-
 eal.

Gur h-e mis' 'th'air mo churadh,
 Tha do phobul lean sumhal,
 Nach robh tional na dùthcha 'dhaoin
 uaisle ann.

'S mise chaill na deagh bhrathrean,
 Chuir mi uile gu traigh iad;
 'S i 'n aon nighean a chraidh mi 'san uair
 so.

Gur a lionmhor dhuit caraid
 Ann am blàr sin na fala,
 'Bheireadh giulan gu h-allail gu uaigh
 dhuit.

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Ach a Lachainn a Muile,
 'S cian 's gur fada leam t' fhuireach;
 'S ann a ghlaodhadh iad curaidh roimh
 shluagh dhìot.

Dh'fhag thu 'm marcaich san fheithe,
 'S e 'na chlachan fo cheulan,
 'S gu'm bu bheag sìd dhe t' euchd mar a
 chualas.

'N uair a chaidh thu 'san achdair,
 Cha do choisinn thu masladh,
 Bheireadh Ruairidh nam bratach do luach
 ort.

'Chaidh thu 'n lathair Mhic-Cailein,
 Fhuair thu airm 's gu'm b'e t' airidh;
 Sin an t-Iarla rinn aithne air do chruadal.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'n ghaigeach
 'Rinn an Eirinn an tapadh,
 'Thug a chreach ud gun fhaicil bho
 thuath as;

'Rinn a chreach air Mac-Guine,
 'Chuir a cheann ann an cunnart.
 Agus moran de' mhuinntir an cruadal.

ORAN GAOIL.

Is ann feasgar Di-haoine
 'Dh' fhalbh mo ghaol thar a mham.
 'N uair a ghabh mi mo chead dhìot,
 Bha m' aigneadh fo phramh,
 Ort a bhrudair mi 'm chadadal
 Air lota 's taigh bhan;
 'S nuair a dhuig mi sa mhadaidn
 Bha thu fad' bhuam, a ghraidh.

Ach ged chaidh tu orm thairis
 Gur mor mo bharail 's mo dhuil
 Gu 'n till thu rium fhathast
 Le aighear 's le muirn,
 Gu 'n doir thu bho 'n chleir mi
 Le ceutadh 's le cliu;
 'S nach doir thu cion falaich
 'Nighean barain no diuc'.

Cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'm barail
 Gur h-e do fharantas cuil,
 Rheireadh dhomhs' a bhi 'm barail
 Gu 'm bu leannan dhomh thu,
 Ach thu bhi 'shiol nam fear mora,
 'S tu cho boidheach 's cho cuimt';—
 'S mi gu' n deanadh do phosadh
 Ged bhiodh do stòras air crun.

Ach mur h-eil do ghaol agam
 Tha mi fad' ann an call;
 'S mor is misde mo phearsa
 'N gaol beachdaidh so 'bh' ann.
 Ged bu leamsa de bheairteas
 Siorrachd Pheairt 's Ianse-Gall,
 B' fhearr leam cumhnanta t' fhacail
 Na gach pailteas fo m' laimh.

'S ma 's a beag leat mo thochradh
 Gu bheil mi' fhortan aig Dia;
 Gur a lionmhor mo chinneadh
 Gus na shireadh tu 'dhiol
 Ma 's e lughad mo nichean
 A bhrist orm do ghradh,
 'S mairg mis' thug cion falaich
 Dhuit-sa thairis air chach.

'S daor a cheannaich-mi 'n grinneas
 Bha air inneal do lamh;
 'N uair a chunnaic mi 'n gille

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Chaidh mi 'n iomairt mo bhais.
 Le rannheud 's thug mi thlachd dhuit,
 Leig mi seachad orm each;
 'S tha mi 'g ius' ann am chomhradh
 Gur 'tus', 'Dhomhnaill, mo ghradh.

Chunna mise do chinneadh
 Anns gach iomairt a bh' ann,
 'S bu neo-choltach ri gillean
 Na fir ghlinneach gun mheang;
 Ged a bhiodh na *dragons*,
 'S an rann dubailte, thall.
 Rachadh sgapadh 'sa chleith
 An am dhuit eigheach adbhanns.

Tha 'm fear bho 'n d' fhuair sinn an t-
 oran so ag radh gur h-ann do Dhomh-
 nall Donn Bhoth-Fhiunntain a chaidh a
 dheanamh, agus gur h-e nighean do
 Thighearna Ghlinne-Moireastan a rinn e.
 Tha e ag radh ruinn cuideachd gu 'n do
 thogach Dornhall Donn an teaghlach,
 Dhiuc Gordan, gu 'n robh e 'n a chlarsair
 fìor mhath, agus gur h-i a chlarsach a
 tha air a ciallach le inneal a lamh.

ANN' EUDMHOR NIGH'N AILEIN.

LE MR IAIN MOR MAC-DHUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

Ann' eudmhor, nigh'n Ailein,
 'S neo-bheusach a' bhean i:
 Ann' eudmhor nigh'n Ailein,
 'S i-fhein 'thog an all' oirn.

Cleas na muic' air dhroch bhiathadh,
 Rinn a bhiast air an leanabh,

'N uair a mhuch i fo 'cot' e,
'S e gun deo ann de 'n anail.

Ach na 'm faighinn san Ròimh thu
Ann an seomar nan cailleach,
Naile, chumainn ri d' bheo
An cainbe throin thu ri aithreach'.

Cia mar gheibhinn bho nadur
Gun bhi 'nigheil ri Anna,
Nighean brathair mo mhathar?
'S bean a' bharach a' bhean i.

Tha i banail, ciujn, ciallach,
Tha i fialaidh, glic, ceanalt,
'S ris gach bochd tha i pairteach;—
'S bean gun naire 'thog all' oirr'.

Tha da Anna air an ainmeachadh san
oran, Anna nighean Ailein agus Anna
nighean brathair mathar Mhr. Iain.

ORAN.

Do Dhonnachadh agus do Ghilleasbuig
Caimbeul, Clann Baillidh Thirith-
each.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-PHAIL.

FOUN.—*Mo ran geal og.*

Gu bheil sinne fo churam
'S neo-shunpdach a ta sinn,
Bho 'n la 'dhealaich ruinn Domhnall,
'S Baillidh og 'thigh'nn 'na aite,
Tha ar nadur ro mhuchte,
'S bagradh ur 'h-uile la oirnn
Bhi 'g ar cur, feadh an t-saoghail,

'S gun fhios cia 'n taobh ann san tann
sinn.

Mo rua geal og.

Bha sinn roimhe so socrach,
Lan cothroim 's toil-iuntinn,
Fo 'n deagh uachdaran aghmhor,
A bha blath-chridheach, direach
Aon a bheireadh dheth 'n t-urram,
Anns na b' urrainn e 'dhioladh,
Cha robh b'ichiont' r' a fhaotuinn
An measg dhacine 'san rioghachd.

'S iomadh aon a bha dolum,
'Sa thoisich am bochdainn,
Gun bhi aige de stòras
Na cheannaichadh brogan no stocain,
A dh' fhaig sibhse gle shabhailt',
Gun churam mal 'thoirt a stoc air;
Bhiodh an t-airgid nam poca,
Is iad solasach, socrach.

Gu 'm bi sinne le durachd
Air ar n-urnaigh mar 's gnas duinn,
Gu 'm fuireadh do theaghlach
Ann an saod mar a tha e,
Gu 'm biodh agh air do shliochd-sa.
Le deagh mhisnich 's na blaraibh.
Gu seasamh ri cruadal,
'S a thoirt buaidh air an namhaid.

Gur h-e Donnachadh 's Gilleasbuig
Na fleasgaich a 's aille,
'S fearr a sheas air balt broige
Le an cotaichibh sgarlaid.
Sibh nach leughadh a ghealtachd,
Bha sibh cleachdte ri blaraibh;
'S an am leanailt na ruaige
Gu 'm biodh leibh-se buaidh-larach.





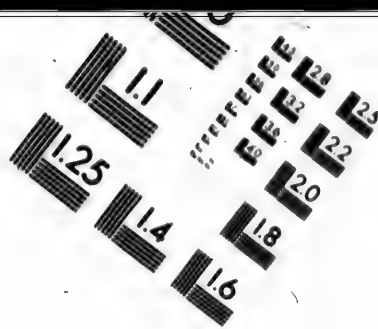
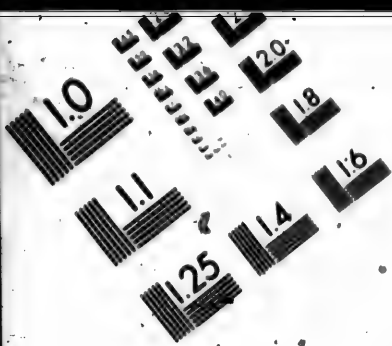
A dh ionnsaidh a chairdean,
'S gu'n do rinneadh a charadh
Ann an ciste nan clàraibh,
An taigh athar's a'mbathar,
Bh' ead a' chluinn a' chluinn a' chluinn

A sgiobair Lachain
Lamb a' dhiobradh
Tha clu' s' gach ait

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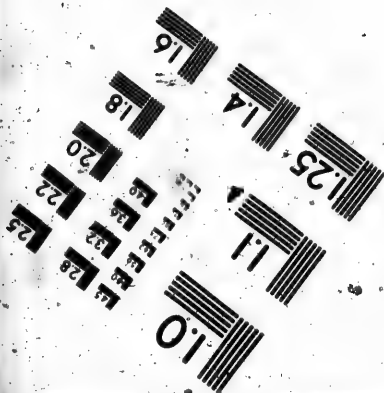
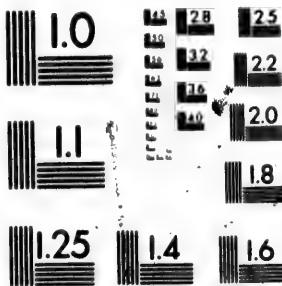
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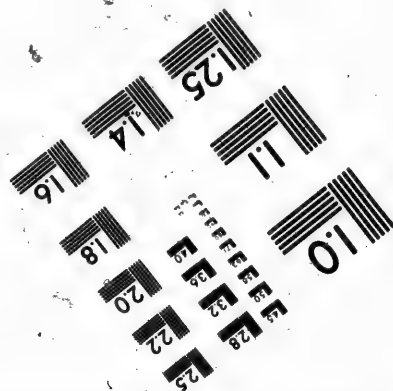
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A sgiobair Lachainn og tha fìor nath,
Lamh a dhiobradh stuadh!

'Tha cliu 's gach ait 'san duthaich

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Ach a Dhonnachaidh oig Chaimberl,
 Gu 'm bu cheannard roimh cheud thu;
 Is gu 'm b' airidh air mil' thu
 'Dhol do stri nan gnìomh euchdach
 Claidheamh caol a chinn airgid
 Bhiodh gu garbh a toirt bheuman;
 'S' lionmhor corp 'bhiodh gun anam
 'Call na fala lan chreuchd bhuait.

Mar ghaoith ghuinich a' seideadh
 Bharr nan sleibhte an gu laidir,
 Bhiodh tu dian ann sa' bhaiteal
 A cur as do gach namhaid;
 Mar threun sheabhag 'feadh eal'ainn,
 'S tu 'gan sgapadh 's gach aite,
 No mar pheileirean teine
 'Gan sior leagadh 'san araich.

Na 'm biodh agad 'san teas sin
 Gilleasbuig do bhrathair,
 'S e a chuireadh gu dian leat,
 'S e ri gnìomharan dana,
 Ursann-chatha 'n am cruadail
 'S tric a bhuannaich le 'chabhlach;
 'S ann aig *Admiral Nelson*
 A bha 'm meas os-cionn chaich air.

Gu 'm biodh Frangaich is Spaintich
 Fo do shailtean 'nan sineadh,
 'S iad a gladhach riut dail 'thoirt
 Daibh o 'n bhas, gu 'n do stirochd iad.
 Cha b' fhiach leat a radh
 Gu 'm b' e sin la an ceann-criche;
 'S ann a bheirteadh le adh iad
 'Staigh an lathair an righ leat.

'S iomad naidheachd r' a h-innseadh
 Mu do ghnìomharan sgairteil,
 Bho 'n la chaidh thu thar saie

Do nàr blair a bha sgaiteach.
 Bha thu sgairteil, treun, meanmnoch,
 Laidir, calma, fìor bheachdail;
 'S tu nach tilleadh gun sìochaint
 Is nach strìochdadh 'le gealtachd.

Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh lean fhìn sìd,
 Buaidh na strìth bhi 's gach ait oirbh;
 B' fhiach an ìre as 'n do bhuaineadh
 Na h-armuinn uasal 'bu chairdeil;
 Bha Loch-nan-Eala air thus leibh,
 Agus Diuc Earraghaidheal;
 'S sibh do 'n chrun 'cheart cho dìleas
 'S a bha 'n ing ris a phaipeir.

CUMHA.

Do Mhairearad Nic-Cnuimhein. Bean a
 Chaolais Cholaich.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

Gur h-ann annoch Diardaoin
 Thanaig sgeul thar a chaol 'b' oil leam
 fhìn,

Nach bu bheo Bean a Chaolais;
 Dh' fhag sìd iomadach teaghlach gle
 sgith.

Chuir e mnathan gu cagineadh
 'S fir gu mulad na d' dheibhinn 's tu
 b' fhiach,

'S iad ri caoidh na mìna uaisle
 A bha fiughantach, suairce, ro-ghrinn.

Bha thu fiughantach, flathail,
 Ard an cliù is gach maise ort thar chaich;
 Baigheil, dleasanach, diadhaidh,
 'S b' e bhi tabhartach fialaidh do ghnaths.

Gur tu dh' aithnich an saoghal
 Fhad 's a bha thu air faotuinn le gradh;
 Cha do choisinn thu fuath ann,
 Bha gach tlachd air do ghluasad ri d' la.

Fhad 's a rinn mi de dh' astar
 Feadh na duthcha cha 'n fhaca mo shuil,
 Aon bhean idir 'thug barr ort
 No a lean a' d' dheagh ghnathachadh thu.
 Gu 'n robh buadhan thar chaich agad
 Is eireachdas naduir mhaith, chiuin;
 Is na' in faigheadh tu laithean
 Bu leat urram 's gach cas os an cionn.

Agad fhein bha phears' alainn,
 'S bu ghlan soilleir an agathar do gh;
 Gorm shuil mheallach. chiuin, bhaigheil,
 Fo d' chaol mhala gbil aillidh gun ghuig;
 Beul binn, sugach a mhanrain,
 'S deud mar dhinean geal, cnamha,
 cruinn, dluth;
 Cha do choisneadh riamh grain leat.
 'S iomad aon 'bha gle chraiteach 'gad
 thurs'.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do cheile
 A bhi dubhach fo eislean gach la;
 Chaill e 'chlaisteachd 's a leirsinn,
 'S gu 'n do thuit zuid de dheudach gu lar,
 Leis a chrith 'chaidh 'feadh fheola
 'N uair a righeadh air bord thu gun chail;
 'S cruaidh an eas an robh 'chridhe
 'N uair nach b' urrainn thu bruidhinn
 thoirt da.

Bha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,
 'S bha do bhraithrean a' suathadh nan
 dorn;
 Is a bhean a rinn t' arach

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Gur h-e 'h-obair gu brath 'bhi ri bron,
 'S e so gnothach a 's cruaidhe
 'Thanaig oirre ged fhuair i gu leoir;
 Dh' fhag e toll goirt na cridhe
 Nach gabh leigheas le lighich' 'tha beo.

Tha do leanaban og alainn,
 'Nan cuis bhroin is am mathair fo 'n fhoid;
 Ged tha acasan saibhreas
 Gu 'm b' fhearr ise 'bhi' 'n lathair gu mor.
 Ged b' le Murchadh an saoghal
 Air a sgriobhadh le 'mhacoin dha an coir,
 'S luath a liubhradh e bhuagith' e
 Ach an te 'chaich' air ghléasad 'bhi' beo.

Ged a theid e do 'n leaba
 'S gaon gu 'm faigh e priob chadail no
 tamh;
 'S ann bhios smaointinnean bronach
 'Tigh 'nn fainear dha 's ga leon anns gach
 ait.
 'S bochd nach b' urrainn e 'u diobradh,
 Gur h-e gnothach gu cinnteach a b' fhearr;
 Am Fear a fhuair i 's leis coir oirre,
 'S gu bheil ise ann an solas nan gras.

UMHHA.

Do dh-lain Domhnallach, a bha 'na
 Mharsanta an Tiritheadh.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

FONN. -- *Cumha Fear Ile.*

Léam is duilich, a Dhomhnaill,
 Am bron so 'th air t' inntinn
 Ri ionndrainn an oganaich
 Bhoidhich, ghlain, shiobhalt,

A bha ceanalta, caoimhneil
 Gun fhoill 'na laimh-agriobhaidh;
 Bu deagh fhear-ceartais ri tuath e,
 'S e a' gluasad 'san fhirinn.

Cha chualas do chunntas
 Riamh a dublachadh ainbhfhicil.
 No 'dol' mearachd air duine,
 'N aon ni b' urrainn e sheanachas.
 B' e do chleachdadh an ceartas,
 Gun dol seach air le dearmad.
 Gur h ann agad tha 'bhuannachd,
 Tha deagh dhuais air chionn t' anna.

Tha sinn uil' ann an dochas
 Laidir mor ann ar n-inntinn
 Gu bheil t' anam am paras
 Ann am fardach na Trionaid,
 Comhl' ri ainglean an eolais
 Is an t-solais nach crìochnaich;
 Ann an comunn an t-Slanaigheir,
 Sin an t-aite 'tha prìseil.

Gur a dubhach do mhathair,
 Tha i craiteach mu d' dheibhinn
 'Caoidh an laòigh 'rinn i 'arach,
 Culaidh stath' agus fheum' dhi.
 'Nuair a dhealaicheas an t-og ruinn,
 Bidh sinn bronach fo eislean;
 Gur h-e 's coireach a ghoraich';
 Nach robh coir aig Mac Dhe air?

Cha bu chunatasan cearbach
 A bhiodh cealgach no foilleil,
 'Chuireadh Iain gu daoine,
 An t-og aoidheil 'bu loinneil,
 Bha thu measail ro ehliuiteach
 'Feadh na duthcha, 's gun choire,

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 Leis
 'Sgain
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 'S ion
 A ro l

Cha robh duine air an t-saoghal
'B' urrainn t' fhaotainn 'san doille.

Fhad 's a bha thu air faotainn
Gur h-e Jaemhan 'bu ghnaths dhuit
A bhi tarruing luchd-gaoil ort
As gach taobh le d' dheagh nadur.
Bha thu ruigseach, ciuin, tlachdmhor,
Aoidheil, taitneach, ro bhaigheal,
Bha thu carthannach fialaidh;
Co nach iarradh do chairdeas?

Gur h-ann shìos aig a Bhaca
'Fh' air thu 'n acaid a leon thu,
Cha robh cèbhair a'd' thaic ann
Is bha 'n sàchd agad lodail.
Sgaoil do chuislean is t' theithean
As a cheile fo d' chòta,
'S fhuair an bas thu fo 'churnhachd,
Fath ar cunha 's ar dorainn.

'S truagh nach mise bha d' thaice,
'S mi gu 'n cleachdadh mo dhìchioll
'Dheanamh cuideachaidh leatsa
Leis an t-sachd sin a mhìll thu.
'Sgain an cridh' 'an robh 'n daonnachd
'S bha t' fhuil chraobhach gad dhiobradh;
'S iomadh aon leis 'm bu chruaidh e,
A ro luath 's a chaidh crìoch ort.

ORAN.

Do dh-Eoghan Mac-Gilleain, Ceannard
da fhear dheug, 's an treas reisimeid
de Mhilisi Earraghaidheal.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNÁLLACH

FONN.—*Gur h-i bean mo ghaoil an spain-
nteach.*

'S math a' s aithne dhomhsa 'n t-oigear
'Tha sunndach, solasach, eibhinn,
Eoghan Mac Eachainn an Corraig,
Fear an eolais is na ceille.
Tha thu fearail mar bu du dhuit,
'S mor do bhiuthas, 's math do bheusan;
Ni mi facail dhuit de dh-oran,
'S mar is coir dhomh cha 'n ann breugach.

Freagraidh sin air fear do naduir,
Fear do thalantan 's do cheutaidh;
'S mor an onair dhomh ri raitinn,
Gur h-aithne dhomh pàirt dhe d' bheusan.

Tha thu cliuiteach far an tamh thu,
Tha thu narach gus an eigin;
Sgoilear measail, fìorach, daicheil,
'S misneachail 's gach ait an deid thu.

'S math leam gu bheil agad misneach
Agus fìorachadh d' a reir sin,
Is comas thu fhein a ghluasad
Am measg uaislean is luchd-beurla.
Gu 'ma fada fallain slan thu
Anus gach sas is cas 'san deid thu;
Chuireadh tu loinn air na miltean;
'S thogadh tu inntinn nan ceudan.

Togaidh
'N uair
'S tu cu
Mar is
Their g
'Sin fa
'Chuir
Co ris

Na fir
Gheibh
Ged dh'
Dh' fha
Bhiodh
Le 'r cu
'S an an
'Sibh na

Fhad 's
Sheasad
Sheasad
Bhiodh
'Sole a f
Dad a ra
Gur a b
Ann sau

Do Gh

FONN.—

A Ghille
'S iomad

Togaidh tu inntinn gach duine
 'N uair a chluinneas iad thu 'geigheach,
 'S tu cur do chuideachd an ordagh
 Mar is coir dhaibh glan fo 'n eideath.
 Their gach ceannard ris a choirneal
 "Sin far 'bheil an comhlan eibhinn,
 'Chuir Mac-Gilleain an ordagh;
 Co ris nach cordadh na treun-thir!"

Na fir chaitna sin dha 'm buin thu
 Gheibheadh urram ri am feuma;
 Ged dh'farrtheadh a dhol do 'n Spainn sibh
 Dh'fhalbhadh sibh gu laidir gleusda,
 Bhiodh sibh misneachail, deas, ullamh,
 Le 'r cuid ghunnachan, fo 'r 'n-eideadh;
 'S an am dol ri uchd 'ur namhaid
 'Sibh nach faillicheadh an speireach.

Fhad 's a bhiodh 'ur leth an lathair
 Sheasadh sibh gu dana treubhach,
 Sheasadh sibh as leth na rioghachd,
 Bhiodh sibh dileas anna gach ceum d' i.—
 'Solc a fhreagrach e do gharlach
 Dad a raitinn ruibh le breugan;
 Gur a b' urram sibh do 'n aite
 Ann san d' araicheadh gu leir sibh.

ORAN.

Do Ghilleasbuig Mac-Neil, Fear na
 pacaide ann am Muile.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—'S i deoch-slaigte'n righ a' s fearr
 leinn.

A Ghilleasbuig, fhir na pacaid'
 'S iomadh tlachd a th' ort r'a innseadh;

Gur a trile a fhuair thu urram
 Eadar Muile agus an t-ir so.
 Le d' shar-mhaisnich 's le d' dheagh nadur
 Gheibh thu chu 's gach airt am bi thu;
 Ged a rinn thu 'n rioghachd fhagail
 Thil thu sabbail', 's math lean thu sin.

Tha thu 'nis a'd' sgiobair 'bata
 Cliuiteach anns gach aite 's eolach,
 'S cinnteach gur leat gaol gach duine
 'Chunnaic thu no 'chuir 'ort eolas.
 Tha thu seirceil, caoimhneil, baigheil,
 Mar ebleachd thu an laithibh 'oige;
 Deas lannh a stiuradh a' bhata
 Am bog-bhairlinn 's am barr croice.

'S ann agad tha 'm bata cliuiteach,
 An aon chuis chu d' fhuair i tamailt,
 'S gur tu fhein an 't-oigear dileas
 'Chur gu finealt' rithe 'b-asaig;
 A siul chaola 'sa buill fhallain
 'S tu 'g an teannachadh le d' lamhan;
 'N uair' ghlacadh tu 'n ailm a' d' achlais
 'S i gu'm naslaicheadh gach bata.

Mbaslaicheadh i ad gu buileach;
 Bu ehlis ullamh i 'n a gluasad;
 Airson gu 'm falbhadh i direach
 Cha 'n fheil ann ach guimh 'tha suarach.
 'N uair 'theannas tu air a ghaoith leath'
 'S c oimh-dheas leath' a taobh na 'gualann;
 'S mi bhiodh cinnteach as a toiseach
 Ged bhiodh ochdnar an taobh shuas dhi.

Bho 'n a fhuair i 'n t-oigear cliuiteach
 Air a h-urlar, lannh a' chruadail,
 A chumas a ceann ri gabhadh
 'S iomadh aite 's a bheil buaidh oirr'.
 Cha 'n fheil rochd no sgeir no bogha

A dh' f
 Nach h
 'S cha l

'S ann
 An am
 Cha 'n i
 Ged thi
 'N uair
 Dh' fha
 Bheir th
 An agha

Cha 'n e
 An agha
 No gun
 An agha
 Ach thu
 Mu gach
 'S nach
 Gus am

'S mi bl
 An am a
 'N uair
 'Se do m
 Tha thu
 Dh' fha
 'S ullam
 A h-acu

'S math
 'Chionn
 Tha thu
 'S misne
 Fhuair t
 'S deas a
 Gu ma fa
 A sheola

A dh' fhas fodha no tha 'n uachdair
 Nach h-airidhe dhuit sa gu su-mhath,
 'S cha leig thu le d' bhata bualadh.

'S ann 'chumas tu i aig astar
 An am do seachad air ficeail.
 Cha 'n iur thu abhsadh no seapadh,
 Ged thigeadh seideadh gle dhion ort.
 'N uair 'bheadh tu siul na h-ardraich;
 Dh' fhaodadh each 'bhi barruing dìreach,
 Bheir thu 'mach gach eala sabhail'
 An aghaidh traghaidh no lionaidh.

Cha 'n e 's aobhar' thu bhi 'neartuhoi
 An aghaidh feartan an lionaidh.
 No gun dean thu gnothach sèomach,
 An aghaidh gaoithe no side;
 Aeh thu bhi fiosrach le d' fhaoghlum
 Mu gach taobh p' 'n dig na slantan,
 'S nach fog thu snathainn de h-eadach
 Gus am faod i 'taobh a shineadh.

'S mi bhiodh carbsach as do thurn
 An am a' cur a dh-ionnsaidh 'n t-soirbheis,
 'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n stiuir' a' d' bannan
 'Se do nàdar nach robh tolgach.
 Tha thu eolach anns gach aire
 Dh' fhaodadh i 'shnauh ri ro dorchas;
 'S ullamh ealamh gu toirt bhuaipe
 A h-acuinn 's luath 'ni thu charachadh

'S math a dh-fhaodas mi do mholadh
 'Chionn gur h-i 'n onair a-ni thu;
 Tha thu caoinhneil agus baigheil
 'S misneachail 's gach cas 's i m bi thu.
 Fhuair thu ionnsachadh mac Gaidheil,
 'S deas air saile no air tir thu.—
 Gu ma fada fallain slau thu
 A sheoladh do bhata riomhaich.

CUMHA.

Do Niall Mac-Gilleain, am Maor Ban
ann an Tiritheadh, a' chaidh a
bhathadh. 's e 'tighinn a lle, 's a
bhliadhna 1809.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—*Gaoir nam ban Muileach.*

'S bochd tha sinne, Neill Bhain, dheth,
Bho 'n la 'rinn thu ar fagail,
Gun tighinn dachaidh mar h'aill leinn
A dh-ionnsaidh do chairdean.
'S ann a fhuairadh air tragh thu
Gun chaid gluasad gu' fagail;
'S e mo dhiubhail mar bha sid;
'H uite h-aon ann san ait tha fò bhron.

Com na loinne 's a cheirtaidh
Leis an suidheadh na ceudan;
An ann ceartas a reiteach
Cha b' ann toaileasach breugach
'Chluinnteadh facal do bheil—sa
Ach le fìorachadh leughaidh;
Co a nis as do dheigh
A bheir dhuinn misneach no 'leughas a
choir?

Annas gach cuideachd am biodh tu,
Am measg uaislean no islean,
Bha thu suairce ro shìobhalt,
Is do chridhe gun mhioran;
'S goirt do 'n tuath thu bhi 'dhith oir',
'Thir nach deanadh an dìteadh
Ach a sheasadh gu dileas,
Air an cul ann san fhirinn 's a' choir.

Bha t
Co 'n
Chum
Sann
An t
Gur a
Bho 'n
'S goi
fe

Gu bh
Bho an
Sgeula
Gu 'n
'Ga shi
Leis m
Tha e
Am fè

Gur a t
'S beag
Ged a c
Latha f
Fear d
Is do ch
(Bho 'n
Gu 'n b
she

'S i do
Tamh u
Ach ri s
Gu 'n ro
A' faotu
'Feadh f
Bha do
'S iad le

'S iomad

Bha thu sìobhalt a' d' nadur;
 Co 'n n-each riamh a bha lamh riut
 Chunnais ort ach fiamh gairid?
 Samm a t' aghaidh a dh-fhas
 An t-eòil shoilleir 'bu blaithe,
 Gur a trèigh leam do mhathair
 Bho 'n la rinnadh do bhathadh,
 'S goit an t-àighead 'tha saithe 'n a
 feoil.

Gu bheil t' athair fo bhrùillean
 Bho an batha 'san cuala e
 Sgeula dublach an fhuathais
 Gu 'n robh corp a mhic usail
 'Ga shior iomain gun truas ris
 Leis na tonnaibh ard uaibhreach;
 Tha e muladach truagh dheth,
 An fear 'sheasadh ri 'ghualann cha bheo.

Gur a tursach do cheile,
 'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhi fhein sin;
 Ged a chruinnicheadh na ceudan
 Latha faidhreach no feille,
 Fear do ghluasaid 's do bheusan
 Is do choltais cha leir dhi;
 Bho 'n la 'fhuair i dhi fhein thu
 Gu 'n bu taitneach 's gach ceun dhi do
 sheol.

'S i do phiuthar 'tha cianail,
 Tamh uaire cha dean i
 Ach ri sùasointinnean tiamhaidh
 Gu 'n robh do chorp ciatach
 A' faotuinn a riasladh
 'Feadh fairge agus bhàstan;
 Bha do chairdean ga t' iargain
 'S iad le dìchioll ga t' iarraidh san rod.

'S iomadh aon 'tha fo mhulad

Bho 'n la chaidh thu 's na grunnaibh;
 'Tha iad deurach a' tuireadh
 Is nach faic iad thu tuilleadh
 'Tigh 'nn g' an ionnsaidh le furan
 Bha thu 'falbh leis gach buinne
 An mein fairg' agus buillean.
 Gus 'n do thilgeadh thu 'n Gunna air
 sroin.

Thugaibh cliu uile 'n Ard-Rìgh
 Ged a rinneadh a bhathadh
 Gu 'n do chuireadh gu traigh e.
 A dh ionnsaidh a chairdean,
 'S gu 'n do rinneadh a charadh
 Ann an ciste nan claraibh,
 An taigh athar 's a mhathar,
 Bho 'n do chuir a luchd-graidh e fo 'n
 fhoid.

'Fhìr a b' aoibheile chiteadh
 Gu bheil mise lan chinnteach
 Nach robh neach ann san rìoghachd
 A bha dhuit ann an mìorun.—
 'S mor an t-seirg a bha 't' inntinn;
 Bha thu onarach dìreach;—
 Ach gach buaidh a bha sint' riut
 Is le maise ga d' lionadh
 'S gann gu 'm b' urrainn mi innseadh ri
 m' bheo.

AM BATA RIOMHACH.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Bha Ailean Mac-Aonghais ann an
 Tìrtheadh uair ag iasgach air carraig,
 agus thuit e an mach air a mhuir. Bha
 moran de dhaoine, comhla ris, agus shin
 fear de na bha 's a' chuicheadh an tabh d'

a iosaic
 thairne
 ann le

FONN.—

An faic
 A shiubh
 Le coig
 A di' i
 'S a she
 'S i 's c
 A sgiob
 Lann a

'Tha cliu
 Air an s
 A taobh
 Gun mh
 De dh-f
 Is gur d
 Ged dh'
 'Se 'gair

'N uair
 Le do s
 Tagh oig
 'Bhios
 faic

Ro chn
 'S biodh
 A chum
 'N uair

Co e 'm f
 Ach an t
 'S e-fhein
 'S e teom
 Cha tric

a iosaìdh, no agus air dhasan breith air
thairneach gu tìr e. A reir a' bhaìrd 's
ann le bata a' thearnadh an taìllear.

FONN.—“A chomuinn rioghail, ~~rioghail~~,”

Am faic thu 'm bata rionnach,
A shiubhlas cinnteach cuan?
Le coignear ghilleas dileas oirr
A dù' iomaireas i gu finealta,
'S a sheo'as i le innleachdan,
'S i 's cinntich' sgrìob an nuas.
A sgiobair Lachainn og tha fìor nàth,
Lamh a dhiobradh stuadh!

Tha cliu 's gach ait 'san duthaich
Air an ardraich uir o 'n tuaigh;
A taobh tha shìosar liobharra
Gun mheang, gun ghaoìd, ach fìrinneach,
De dh-fhiubhaidh dhainigean dhìleas,
Is gur dìonach i mu 'n cuairt;
Ged dh' éireadh tonn mar bheinn ga h-ard
'Se 'gairich, thig i 'nuas.

'N uair 'theannas tu ri 'seoladh
Le do sgioba coir gun ghruaim,
Tagh oigear laidir taiceil
'Bhios gun mheang, gun ghiamh, ach
faicilleach,
Ro chràmach gun ghealtachd ann,
'S biodh e fo d' smachd mar 's dual,
A chumas i mar 's coir di 'bhi
'N uair 'bhios ann sìde chruidh.

Co e 'm fear-sgoid 'theid lamh-riut,
Ach an taìllear ri an-uair!
'S e-fhein am fìuran furachail,
'S e teoma air a h-uile ruel;
Cha tric a chi sinn duine

'Tha cho ullamh, ealamh, luath
Bheir e 'n sgod a staigh mar 's coir,
'S gur h-eolach e mu 'n chuan.

Dhearbhadh e ghnìomh 's a thabhadh duinn
Ri la an auraidh chruaidh,
Am barr a chroinn bu dileas e,
'S e glaothach, cumaibh dìreach i
Le spionnadh dhorn 's le innleachdan,
No thig ar crìoch gu luath,
Gus am buail i ceann air tìr
Cha 'n fhiach leam tigh 'nn an nuas.

Bha 'ghaoth gu cruaidh a' seideadh,
Is an speur gu leir fo ghruaim;
Bha 'm bata 'n staid ro eigineach
Na siud chaidh uile 'reubadh dhi,
Ach cho robh guh air geilleadh
Aig an taillear, treun nam buadh!
An greim a fhuair e ghleidh e e,
Ged bha e 'n eigin chruaidh.

Thionndaidh sruth le stailcinnich
Ri 'gualainn ghasda luath:
Ruitheadh agus leumadh e
Is calg ro gharbh gu leir-sgrìos air,
'S 'n a theine sionnachain dh' eireadh e
Gu ruig a shleisdean 'suas:
An tonn 'bu lugha 'bheucadh
Chluirn' a Sleit' e ann an Cluaidh.

Ged fhuair i moran allabain
Le creanachadh a' chuain,
Ma dh' fhaodar, fhathast nìtear i,
Cho dìonach, laidir, finealta
Ri bata 'th' ann sna tìrean so,
Gur fiach i a cur 'suas. —
Eadar Cana 's Maol Chinntìre
Shiubhladh i ri uair.

Gur h-e
'Nauair
Bidh oba
'S a buill
Theid air
Do thìre
Ged tha
Le sruth

A Lachan
Gur mar
Gu 'n d'
An la a c
Cha d' le
Ged shua
Gur finea
Tha 'obai

FA

Oran a R
bha
mar

LE

Agus ho f
Fath mo l
Agus ho f
Fath mo l
Fath mo c
Nach faic
'S gu m b
Mu 'n leig

'S mis 'fh

Gur h-e i-fhein 'bhi's achdarra
 'N-uair 'theid a h-achfhuinn 'suas!
 Bidh obair ur gu h-ìosal ifnt',
 'S a buill 's a slatan finealta;
 Theid ainm oirr' as an rioghachd so
 Do thirean fada bhuainn;
 Ged tha i 'n diugh air sgaineadh
 Le sruth 's le gairich cuain.

A Lachann Oig, gu firinneach
 Gur math is fiach thu duais;
 Gu 'n d' rinn thu gnìomh bha tabhachdach
 An la a cheap thu 'n taillear dhuinn;
 Cha d' leig thu as do lamhan e,
 Ged shuamh e pios de 'n chuan;
 Gur finealt air an t-saithaid e,
 Tha 'obair ahian, buan.

FATH MO LEANN-DUIBH;

Oran a Rinneadh an Deigh Bais Eich a
 bha aig Eoghan Mac-Gillemhaoil,
 mar gu 'm b' e e-fein a rinn e.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

'LUINNEAG.

Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu 'bhi 'm dhith;
 Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu bhi 'm dhith;
 Fath mo chumhu ann san earrach
 Nach faic mi mo ghearran fhin,
 'S gu 'm bristeadh tu 'n iall na 'ghreallag
 Mu 'n leigeadh tu 'n t-amull 'sios.

'S mis 'fhuair naidheachd a' chruaidail

Moch Di-luain, 's gu 'm b' fhuathach
leam;

Chunnaic mi 'n 't each ruadh 'n a eigin,
'S coltas an eig air mu 'n cheann.
Chuala mi 'n fheannag a' tighinn,
'S thuit mo chridhe, dh' fhas mi fann;
Tharruing mi 'n gunna 's an urchair
Ach cha chuimsicheadh oirr ann.

Gabh mo chomhairle sa, 'charaid,
Thuirt an fheannag rium gu mall;
Ged a chaill thu 'n diu do ghearran
Na bi a' naideach 'sa' cheann;
Sguir a' l'osgadh do chuid fudair
'S nach cuir thu sràd dlùth air ball;
Bho 'n a thug mi fios a t' ionnsaidh
Thoir dhomh 'n t-suil 's cha bh' mi 'n call.

Thanaig an fhaoileann gu ceannalt',
'S i 'tigh' nn gu farasda 'nuas;-
"Coma leat brosgul na feannaig,
'S caraich' i na 'm madadh-ruadh;
'N uair a' bheir thu 'n t-seiche dhachaidh
Roinn a' chlosach oirm, mu 'n cuairt;
Ged a bhiodh tusa 'g a bacadh
Bheir coin nam bailtean i bhuaite."

Chuir mi fios gu modhail, eolach,
'Dh-ionnsaidh coirneileir an airm,
'Dh-fheuch an d'igeadh e gu m' chomhnadh,
An l'och foghlumte gun chearb.
Bha e misneachail le urram
Mar a bhuineadh do dh-fear ainm',
Le 'chladhean h' ruisgte 'n a dhorn
A toirt a chomhdaich de 'n each mharbh.

Sin an gearran a bha sgairteil,
'S a bha taitneach air gach doigh;
'S iomad sàchd a thug e dhachaidh,

'S dh' fha
A leithid
'S na h-e
'N uair a
'Bha chui

Bhiodh t
'N an cu
Mi-fhin a
'S tu a' f
Air chui s
'S iomad
'S tric a l
'Ged mo b

Chaidh m
L e mo gh
Am buail
'S earball
'H-uile h
Bha 'n cu
Shaoil iad
Gus am fa

'S mor ga
'Thigh' m
Na cleibh
Cha 'n fhe
Culaidh th
Ged chuir
Cha d' fha
'Fhir mo g

Bho 'n cha
'S nach h-
Bidh mi t
'S luchd n
Na 'n robb

'S dh' fhag sin aisnean lom gu leoir.
 A leithid cha 'n fheil ri 'fhao ainna
 'S na h-eich aotrom aig rìgh Deors';
 'N uair a thanaig fios 'g a iarraidh
 'Bha chuid iall a' fuaigheal bhrog.

Bhiodh tu air thoiseach an comhnaidh
 'N am cur na inona gu tìr,
 Mi-fhin ann ad cheann gu sporsail,
 'S tu a' falbh gu boidheach, grinn;
 Air clìu sonraicht' bha thu airidh,
 'S iomad car a rinn thu dhuinn;
 'S tric a bha mi, 's tu air choiseachd,
 'Ged mo brochain air do dhruim.

Chaidh mi la an null do Hianna
 Le mo ghearran ciarach, coir.
 Am buailtean agam 'g a stailleadh,
 'S earball an casadh le spòr;
 'H-uile h-aon a bha 'sna bailtean
 Bha 'n cuid adaichean 'n an dorn;
 Shaoil iad gu 'm b' e mis' am bailidh
 Gus am fac iad bearn mo bheoil.

'S mor ga m' dhith thu 'n am do staca
 'Thigh' nu air cladach 's tu air chall;
 Na cleibh a bhiodh ort ag obair
 Cha 'n fheil 'h-aon 'g an togail ann.
 Culaidh thu 'dheanamh an treabhaidh,
 Ged chuirinn domhainn an craun;
 Cha d' fhairich mi riamh do shaothair,
 'Fhir mo ghaoil a' tigh 'nu gu ceann.

Bho 'n chaill mi mo chulaidh chosnaidh,
 'S nach h-'eil fortan dhomh an dan,
 Bidh mi tuilleadh air a bhochdainn,
 'S luchd na socair' orm ri tair.
 Na 'n robh mise pailt de stòras

Ann am phoca 'n am do bhais,
Chruinnich mi muinntir nam bailtean
Gu do chur fo 'n Bhaca Bhan.

'Bhi 'faicinn do chnamhan shios ud
'S e 'tha miadachadh mo bhroin,
'S iad 'g am falach aig na beisdean
Gus iad fhein a chur 'n an leoir.
Chunnaic mi do shlinnean alainn
Fo 'n chu bhlar aig Eachann Og.—
Ach togam de m' oran mulaid,
'S nach faigh tuireadh dhomh mo lou.

MOLADH NEILL MHS EOGHAIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Thoisich Niall Mac Eoghain. Niall
Mac-Gillemhaoil, air iarraidh air a bhard
oran a dheanamh dha. Thuir am bard
gu 'n deanadh e sin na 'n doireabh e latha
dha air bualadh. Thoisich Niall air a
bhualadh agus thoisich an bard air an
oran Bha Niall bochd an duil gur h-ann
'ga mholadh a bha 'm hard.

FOXX:—"Iain chaimbeil a bhanca."

Niall Mac Eoghain, an curaidh,
Fear urranta, treun,
'Fhnair urram 'san leig
Le spionnadh a dhorn!
Tha cis aig na bailtean
Air a nasgadh dhuit fhein,
Aig t' fheabhas gu feum
'N uair 'thig oirnn an toir.
Thanaig Tearlach le straic
'S thug e lan chuireadh dhuit;
Dh' eirich thus' fhir mo ghraidh,
'S thug thu 'n t-sar bhuille dha.

Is thu
Gun ch
Cha ro
A thille

Ged a
Bhiodh
Mar sh
'S tu ca
'S mar
Dheagh
'N uair
'S a ch
'S neac
'Ghabh
'S tu m
Bhiodh
'S ann
S tha
Gu'm f
Mu 'n t

Ge tric
Cha m
'S ann
'S ri ta
Gach st
'Gan ta
'S ann
A thion
Chuir t
Ann an
Bha gac
Ruith k
Niall G
Nam pa
Cha bhi
Na b' fl

Is thuit e 'sa' bhaca
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun des;
 Cha robh duine 'g a choir
 A thilleadh do lamh.

Ged a bhiodh ann na dusain,
 Bhiodh tus' as an deigh,
 Mar sheabhag 'san spèur,
 'S tu casruige' gun bhrog.
 'S mairg a tharladh a' d' thaice,
 Dheagh lasgaire threin,
 'N uair dh' fhasadh tu breun,
 'S a chomadh tu 'n t-sron
 'S neach gun ghibhtean tha fios
 'Ghabhadh meas burraidh dhìot.
 'S tu nach h-obadh an troid,
 Bhiodh tu mach ullamh inut.
 'S ann agad tha mhisneach,
 S tha meas ort-oig cach;—
 Gu'm fuilingeadh tu 'm bas
 Mu 'n tilleadh tu 'choir.

Ge tric thu air acras,
 Cha mhasladh dhuit e;
 'S ann bhios tu ri feum,
 'S ri tapadh gu leoir;
 Gach stann air a' chladach
 'Gan tarruing gu feum,
 'S ann air a chreig leith
 A thionail thu 'n tor
 Chuir thu 'n dudan 'n a smuid
 Ann an eul Ghreasamail;
 Bha gach long ann sa chuan
 Ruith le 'n cruaidh neart thuige.—
 Niall Griasaich' tha 'gradh
 Nam paigheadh tu mi
 Cha bhithinn a' d' dhriom
 Na b' fhaide ri m' bheo.

Gu 'm b' ealamh do fhreagairt;—
 "Cha 'n eaga', a Neill,
 Gu 'n dean mi ni cearr,
 Cha bhuin sin do m' dhoigh;
 Bi caoinhneil, lan furais,
 'S na cuir am Maor Ban
 Gu m' tharruing gu dan
 A dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid.
 Mur h-i 'n fhirinn thuirt mi
 Anna gach ni 's duilich leam;
 Gabh mo leithageul 'san am,
 'S ann a bh' ann uireasabh,
 'N uair 'thig oirnn an t-earrach,
 An fheamainn 'a am blatha,
 Gheibh thu 'n t-airgiod a' d' laimh.
 Agus cairich mo bhrog.

'N uair 'chaidh thu le urram
 A dh-iarraidh nam brog.
 Na 'n robh 'm paigheadh a' d' dhorn
 Gu 'n dug e dha,
 'N uair 'loisgeas tu 'n fheamainn
 A th' agad 'san tor,
 Bidh agad de chorr
 Na phaigheas do dhail,
 Cha 'n fheil ti ann san tìr
 'Bhios a' strith tuileadh riut.
 Theid thu mach air a mhuir,
 'S gu 'm bi t' uchd ullamh oirr;
 Na 'm biodh agamaa gunna
 Gu 'm biodh fuil air an traigh,
 'Fhir a ghabhadh an snainh
 'S a ghlacadh na h-eoin.

'Nam bristeadh nam clach
 Bha do thartar cho ard
 'S gu 'n d' theich am muir-lan,
 Cha danaig e 'd choir.

Gur m
 'Fhir o
 'S air t
 'N uair
 Leat g
 Tha do
 'S ioma
 Gu 'm
 'N uair
 'S a la
 Bha 'n
 'S nach

'S tu fl
 Thar g
 Bidh d
 'S an d
 Cha bh
 Na 'm
 Nach t
 'S nach
 Do gac
 Tha th
 Fhuair
 'S chui
 Tha mi
 Leat 'b
 A h do
 Tha 'g
 Mur fu
 Nach fa

An sma
 Thu tui
 'N uair
 Bidh ag
 Bidh ca
 Gun su

Gur mise ghabh beachd ort,
 'Fhir ghasda mo ghraidh,
 'S air t' fhearbhas gu stath,
 'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n t-ord.
 Leat gur faoin obair ghoirt,
 Tha do chorp fulangach.
 'S iomad aon 'tha fo 'spre-chd
 Gu 'm bi 'n nochd fuil agad.
 'N uair 'fhuair thu 'n tombaca
 'S a las thu phìob bhan,
 Bha 'm fensgar cho blath
 'S nach faic' ach do cheo.

'S tu fhein 'gheibh an t-urram
 Thar gach duin' 'theid do 'n traigh;
 Bidh do lapan-sa lan
 'S an duileasg a' d' phoc'
 Cha bhiodh pìocach an tarsuing
 Na 'm faigheadh tu fath,
 Nach togadh tu ghraidh,
 'S nach cuireadh tu 'n tor
 Do gach ni ni thu feum,
 Tha thu geur furachail;
 Fhuair thu ainm ann san tìr,
 'S chuir an rìgh cuireadh ort.
 Tha mi fiosrach nach tric
 Leat 'bhi 'measg chumantan.
 Ach do chompanach dilear
 Tha 'g innseadh dhomh 'n drast
 Mur fuilingeadh tu smaig
 Nach fanadh tu beo.

An smaig sin cha 'n fhuiling
 Thu tuilleadh gu brath;
 'N uair 'theid thu do 'n bhal
 Bidh agad te og.
 Bidh each ann sna cuiltean
 Gun sugradh, gun agh;

'S bidh tusa', fhir mo ghraidh,
 Ri beadradh gu leoir.
 A bhi d' shuidhe fo 'n chruisgein
 Cha chuis loinneil e.
 Mu thig aon air do chul
 Bheir thu fuchd sgaoinneil dha.
 Na 'm biodh agam-s' an t searrag
 Gu daingeann a 'm' laimh,
 Bhiodh gloine dhuit lan,
 'S gu 'n deanadh tu 'ol.

Gur coma leinn tilleadh
 Gach duine ach sinn fhin,
 Ma bhios sinn gun dith;
 Fhad 's a bhitheas sinn beo.
 Gheibh thu cliu anns gach aite
 Ged dh' fhadadh tu 'n tìr s';
 Cha 'n fhairich thu sgios,
 'S air do ghnìomh cha bhi agad.
 Their iad cinnteach rium fhin
 Gur a fìor bhuirraidh thu;
 Tha iad briagach oodhu,
 'S tusa 'n t-aon duin' agam.
 'Fhir fhiughantaich, ghaigeil,
 Gu 'm faiceam thu slan,
 Gun chuspa, gun ghag,
 A' d' shuidh' air an rod.

'S tu fhein am fear tapaidh,
 Gur taitneach do ghnaths,
 'S gun ghaoid riut a' fas
 Ach còmbac' agus ol.
 Tha Mac-Iamhair ag radh
 Gu 'n do shabhail thu 'long
 Air bharraibh nan tonn
 'N uair 'thanaig i 'd choir.
 'Glillean fhèin bha gun chli,
 Cha robh gnìomh duin' anna;

Chaidh
 Bha do
 'N uair
 'Maeh
 Bha co
 'S tu s

Bha ga
 A chun
 'Chionn
 'S cha
 Bu tric
 Cha 'n
 'S b' e
 Nach in
 Mharbh
 Air an
 Chaidh
 'S cha
 Ged na
 Bhiodh
 Gur tai
 'S gur c

'S tric thu
 Gur ni na
 Eadar isle
 So an uair
 Thug thu
 As an tìr
 An deigh
 Deis an Di

Chaidh thu suas ann sa' chrann,
 Bha do cheann fulangach.—
 'N uair 'chuir i 'cuid acraichean
 'Maeh air an traigh,
 Bha core ann ad laimh,
 'S tu sracadh nan seol.

Bha gaol aig gach duin' ort,
 A chunnaic thu riamh,
 'Chionn dh' itheadh tu iasg,
 'S cha diultadh tu feoil
 Bu tric thu 'sa' ehladach,
 Cha 'n fhanadh tu 's 't shiabh,
 'S b' e t' fhasan-sa riamh
 Nach iarraidh tu brog.
 Mharbh an griasaiche sgarbh
 Air an leirg 's chunnaic thu,
 Chaidh tu sìos as a dheigh,
 'S cha do dh-eigh duine riut,
 Ged nach caillteadh ach itcag
 Bhiodh sid fo do ageith;
 Gur taitneach do bheusan,
 'S gur ceutach do shron.

MARBHRANN.

Do Mhitchel Scobie.

LE BARBARA ROB.

'S tric thu 'bhais a cur an geill dhuinn
 Gur ni nach feudar do sheachnadh,
 Eadar islean is uaiglean
 So an uair 'rinn thu 'chreach oirnn.
 Thug thu uachdaran timeil
 As an tìr 'bha 'n a thaic dhuinn
 An deigh leum as a chuir dhuil
 Deis an Diuca 'bha 'n Sasunn.

Mitchel Scobie 'rinn saothair
 Ann an riochachdan eile,
 A dol fad' thar nan cuantan,
 Thug thu bhuainn e gu h-ealamh.
 Chaidh a ghuil an gu dhuthchas,
 Gus an uir an robh athair;
 'S tha e 'n eadal 'san tìr sin
 As nach cluinn sinne fadal.

Ris an Tì 'thug air falbh e
 Bìobh og earbsa a mhacau,
 'S e gun phiuthair, gun bhrathair,
 Is gun mhathair, gun athair
 'Thi 'rinn lomadh cho luth air
 Cum e suas mar a 's math dha;
 'S tu an caraid a 's dilse
 Do gach aon a ni taic riut.

Ged 'tha cuid do nach lèir e
 Tha do dheilig 'tigh 'nn faisg oirnn;
 Tha thu taghadh nan uaiglean
 'S 'gan toir bhuainn ann an cabhaig.
 Thug thu leat Daibhidh Cleireach
 'S do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair;
 'S do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair;
 'S do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair.

Tha thu 'tarruing nan cairdean
 As gach ait gus an deach iad;
 Tha thu 'tarruing gu cinnteach
 'H-uile h-aon a bhios abaich.
 Cha dean spionnadh no slainte
 Do ghatb basmhor 'chur seachad;
 'S i do ghairm nach gabh aicheadh,
 Ged bhiodh cairdean a' gearan.

'S ann tha 'n dalladh 's am bodhradh
 Air gach seora' air an talamh
 'N uair nach gabh ind gu curam

Mar tha
 Is nach
 Roimh
 Thig am
 Ann san

'Thi a tha
 'Cheann
 Is a dh' f
 'N uair
 Fosgail
 Na tha 'c
 'G eisde
 'Ni na f

'N guth
 Nach doir
 'S a cur f
 'Thoir
 'S gear
 Dhe 'm n
 'S bheir e
 'G an cur

Tha na ce
 Air an gi
 Cha 'n fh
 'H-uile b
 Ach aon
 'S bidh m
 Bidh cuin
 Cho fad 's

Mar tha mise 'n a deannaibh,
 Is nach deid iad gu glasad
 Roimh 'n ghuth 's fuaimiche labhairt.
 Thig am Breitheamh gu cinnteach
 An san tim anna nach math leo.

'Thi a thanaig le gradh dhuinn
 'Cheannach slainte dha 'r n-anam
 Is a dh' fhogail gach seula
 'N uair 'bha feich air an agairt,
 Fogail tuigs agus reusan
 Na tha 'chreutairean dalha
 'G eisdeachd fuaim a ghuth gheir sin
 'Ni na reudair a ghearradh.

'N guth 'tha crathadh nan sleibhteann
 Nach doir eisdeachd do 'n fhacal,
 'S a cur fhineachean fiadhaich
 'Thoir an iodhalan seachad,
 'S gear mullach nan craobh leis
 Dhe 'm meir dhireach gu h-ealamh,
 'S bheir e 'n stuic gu bhi iosal
 'G an cur sìos ris an talamh.

Tha na ceannardan fughail
 Air an giulan gu 'n dachaidh,
 Cha 'n fhear gun bhardachd a luaidheadh
 'H-uile buaidh a bha aca.
 Ach aon ni tha air m' iantinn,
 'S bidh mi saor gu 'thoir seachad,
 Bidh cuimhne mhath air an fhirean
 Cho fad 's 'bhios linn air an talamh.



AOIR.

A rinneadh air Padruig Sellar a chionn
a bhi a' fogradh an t-sluaigh a mach
as an fhearann ann an Cataobh.

LE DOMHNALL BAILLIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho'n ceard dubh!
He'n ceard dubh!
Ho'n ceard dubh
'Dhaor am fearann!*

Chunnaic mise brudair
'S cha b' fhuathach leam fhaicinn fhathast;
'S nam faicinn e 'nam dhusgadh
Bu shugradh e dhomh ri m' latha.

Teime mor an ordagh
Is Roy 'na theis meadhoin
Young bhi ann am prìosan
'S an t-iarann mu chnaimhean Shellair.

Tha Sellar an Cuilmhailidh
Ain fha ail mar mhadadh-alluidh;
A glacadh is a saradh
Gach aon ni a thig 'na charaibh.

Tha shron mar choltair iarunn,
No fiacail na muice bioraich;
Tha ceann liath mar ron air,
Is bodhan mar usal fhirionn.

Tha 'rugaid mar chorr riabhaich
Is iomhaigh air nach 'eil tairis,
Is casan fada liadhach
Mar shiaman de shlataibh mara.

'S truag
Re bhli
'S cearca
Mu d' sh

Nam fai
Is daoim
Bheirinn
Tri gailie

Chaidh t
An airde
'S chuir
'N a sua

'N uair a
Cha chait
Ach bidh
Mar etra

Bha Sell
Air an tr
'N uair d
'S an t-sh

Bha'n Si
Mar bu d
Seacaid g
Is triusa

S i pacio
A ghiula
Ach chith
Air traill

The hor
land clear
year nine
the paris
room for

'S truagh nach robh thu'm priesan
 Re bhliadhnan air uisg' is aran,
 'S cearcall cruaidh de dh'iarunn
 Mu d' shliasaid gu lailir, daingeann.

Nam faighinn-s' air an raon thu
 Is daoine bhi' ga do cheangal,
 Bheirinn le mo dhornaibh
 Tri ghrilich a mach dhe d' sgamhan.

Chaidh thu fein 'a do phairtidh
 An airde gu braighe Rosail,
 'S chuir thu taigh do bhrathar
 'N a smaibh a suas' na lasair.

'N uair a thig am bas ort
 Cha chairear thu ann san talamh,
 Ach bidh do charais thodharail
 Mar otrach air aodunn achaidh.

Bha Sellar agus Roy
 Air an treorachadh leis an deamhan,
 'N uair dh' ordaich iad an combaist
 'S an t-slabhraidh' chur air an fhearam.

Bha'n Simpsonach na chu
 Mar bu d'uchasach do na mharaich;
 Seacaid ghoran a bith air
 Is triusair de dh' aodach tana.

S i pacaid dhubh an uillidh
 A ghiulain iad 'chum an fhaoinn s';
 Ach chithear fhaist baitht' iad
 Air traillich an cladaich Bhanaibh.

The horrible work known as "the Sutherland clearances," began in 1807. In that year ninety families were removed from the parishes of Farr and Lang, to make room for tenants of large farms and sheep.

In 1809 hundreds of families were expelled from their homes and native hills in the parishes of Dornach, Rogard, Loth, Clyne and Golspie. From this date until 1820 the work of driving away the native population was pressed forward with great vigor and cruelty. Indeed by the end of 1820 the county of Sutherland was almost wholly depopulated. From 1809 until 1816 the estates of the Dutchess of Sutherland were under the management of William Young, a corn dealer, as chief factor, and Patrick Sellar, a lawyer, as under-factor. The latter lived at Culmally in the parish of Golspie. Young and Sellar were both natives of Morayshire. The person referred to in the eighth verse as "do brathair" was a tinker named William Chisholm, whose house was set on fire in June, 1814.

The Dutchess of Sutherland may have been utterly indifferent to the welfare of the people on her estates, and Young and Seallr may have been selfish money-grabbers, but what are we to think of a government and of laws that would allow any dutchess and her servants to expatriate thousands of good and loyal subjects. The people of Sutherlandshire were not rebels. No regiment fought more bravely for the British crown than the noble 93rd. Yet at the very time when the soldiers of that regiment were battling against the great tyrant of Europe, little tyrants in their native land were allowed to pitch their mothers, wives and children out of doors, and set fire to their houses. It is to be sincerely hoped that in the course

of a few
such pr
be allow
of acres
was

MARB

Ni sinn
Bho 'n
Ged a c
'N uair
Gu 'n s
Ann sar
Aig dea
A' seim

O'n is u
'Cur ri
'Chionn
Am-pea
'S o nac
'Dol an
'S e bhi
A bha s

Cha b' i
'Bha 'n
Nach eir
Ri firinn
Ach a d
Air feab
Is an tea
Le teang

Bidh na

of a few years civilization shall have made such progress in Britain that no man will be allowed to retain control of thousands of acres of land. This grand old earth of ours was not made for a few landlords.

MARBHRANN THOMAS FHRISEIL.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC GRIOGAIR.

Ni sinn marbhrann air Tomas,
 Bho 'n a tha sinn an dochas,
 Ged a chaill sinn a chomhradh,
 'N uair a thig an la mor ud, la bhrath,
 Gu 'n seas e gu doigheil
 Ann san fhireantachd ghloimhoir,
 Aig deas laimh na morachd,
 A' seinn a chuid oran an graidh.

O'n is minic a bha e
 'Cur ri gearanaibh craiteach,
 'Chionn nach d' fhuair e mar b' aill leis
 Am peacadh a charadh fo chis;
 'S o nach d' fhairich e 'nadur
 'Dol an laigid gach la aig,
 'S e bhi neartmhor 's na grasaibh
 A bha siat' ann am fabhar an Righ.

Cha b' ionnan 'e an prabar
 'Bha 'n an laigh' an staid naduir,
 Nach eisdeadh gu tabhachd
 Ri firinnibh grasmhor an Triath',
 Ach a dhiultadh le tair iad
 Air feabhar an talainn,
 Is an teachdaire' chaineadh
 Le teanganuabhaibh granda nach b' fhiach.

Bidh na daoibh ann am pailteas,

'Cur an teanga 'n an leith phluic,
 O 'n a chaochail an gaisgeach
 'Bha le fianais an fhacail gach la
 'Cumail smachd air a pheacadh,
 'S e ag iarraidh bhì casgadh
 'Chaitheamh-beatha neo-thlachdubhoir
 'Bha na mhasladh do shoisgeul nan gras.

Bidh na cullaich o 'n fhasach
 Le 'm fiacalaibh gabhaidh
 'Toirt sìthidh is sathaidh
 Ann sna caoraich a dh'fhàg thu air loinn;
 Bho 'n a fhuair iad an garadh
 Cho ìosal 's a tha e,
 Cha 'n fhaic iad nas airde
 'M balla teine 'tha ghnarh mu na chloinn.

'S ann sna trì bliadhna diag dhuinn,
 Aon mhìle 's ochd ciadan,
 'Thanaig bristeadh cho cianail;
 Chuir na neamhan gu t'iarraidh 'chum
 glòir';
 As an t-saoghal aindiadhaidh,
 'Ghabhail comhnaidh gu sìorruidh
 Ann an lathair na Trianaid,
 'S b' ann airson na riun Criosd ann san
 fheoil.

'S iomad coinnimh is comhdhail
 Ann san d' fhuair sinn do chomhradh,
 Le do ghibhtean ro bhoidheach
 'Chur an fhacail an ordagh gu reidh;
 'Chum nam peacach a sheoladh
 Bharr slighe na doruinn
 Air ceumanaibh comhnard
 A' chreidimh 's an t-solais le cheil'.

Bha thu gleusda mar chainntear
 Ann sa' Bheurla a thionndadh,

'Cur na
 Ann an
 fhe
 'S ann s
 A' toirt
 "Thuga
 Nach di

Ach tha
 A suain
 Ris 'n d
 Ann am
 Gus am
 A dh-fh
 Ann san
 A steach

'S e ar g
 Ged tha
 Nach fh
 A thoirt
 Ach dhe
 Bhi dol
 E 'n a sh
 Ann sa'

Ach is e
 O 'n a ch
 Ann an
 'Cumail
 'Tha toir
 'N aghai
 Gus an e
 Latha so

'S e dh' f
 A bhi un
 Aans gac

'Cur nan sgrìobhaimean Gallda
Ann an Gàidhlig an nall dhuinn gun
fheall;
'S ann sin leughannaibh Sabaid
A' toirt caraidhean laidir;—
'Thugaibh aite na chairdean
Nach dig aon agaibh geur air a' gheall."

Ach tha mo an gun dusgadh
A suain an neo-churaim,
Ris 'n do chosd thu do dhuirachd
Ann am meidhean na h-urnaigh gach la,
Gus am faigheadh iad suilean
A dh-fhaicinn na durbhean
Ann san deach ar ceann-tail ne
A steach ann san luchairt a 's aird.

'S e ar gearan 's ar cruadal,
Ged tha moran nu 'n gearan duinn,
Nach fheil tuilleadh a' gluasad
A thoirt cobhair do 'n bhuachail san am.
Ach dhe 'n bheagan a b' abhaist,
Bhi dol leis ann an cairdeas,
E 'n a shineadh an drasda
Ann sa' chlachan 's am bas os a chionn.

Ach is cianail a tha sinn
O 'n a chaill sinn do phairtean,
Ann an gnothach ar mathar
'Cumail uige nam braithrean 'tha fann.
'Tha toirt caiseamachd laidir
'N aghaidh pheacanan araidh
Gus an eireadh os aird oirnn
Latha soilleir nan gras os ar cionn.

'S e dh' fhag sinne cho bronach
A bhi umad cho eolach;
Ann gach gnothach is cordadh

Bha thu deas gu ar comhnadh 'chum
sith'.

'S ann an connasachibh Sharaih,
Cha do cheil thu do thalann
A thoirt coinnimh do dh' Fharo,
'N uair a shaoil leis ar faidh' a thoirt
dhinn.

Bha thu 'n comhnaidh mu 'n airce
O 'n a thanaig i 'n aite
'G a cumail an airde
Le caoimheas is cairdeas ro dhluth.
'N uair a fhuair thu do theumadh
Le daoine gun reusan,
Cha do mheas thu gu 'm b' eucoir
Bhi fulang nam beum ud gu ciuin.

Bha thu gaigeil ro ghleusta
Ann am firinn is reusan.
Gun bhi 'g aomadh no geilleadh
Far am faiceadh tu 'n eucoir aig each.
'S leis na pairtean a fhuair thu,
Ged bha cuid 'gan cur suarach,
Thug thu dearbhannan buadhach
Gu 'm bu mheasail leat buachaille 'n ait.

'S iomadh fitheach is rocas
Bhiodh a' sas an. a sgòrnan
Na 'm faigheadh iad doigh air
Gun chlann daoin' a bhi 'n toir orra fein.
Bhiodh do chridhe ro thiorail-s'
A toirt osnaichean diadhaidh
'N uair a chluinneadh tu sgiala
Ann sam faiceadh tu mionthlachd no beud.

Bha thu foghainteach dileas
Ann an gnothach na tire
'N uair a bha an lagh sìobhalt'
'G a agairt mar chis ort thar chach;

'S bu b
A dh' a
Gu leith
Le eaga

Snitha
'S e bu
S cha b
Ann an
Ach an
Ann an
Le bua
'Cumail
sgo

Cha rob
Air do l
Le airt
Gus an
Cha rob
Dol an
Seallaib
'S leana
uair

RANNA

LE

Tha m' f
Air teac
Is ged n
Tha doir

'N uair
Bha spi
Is ged n
Bu duin

'S bu bheag ort an seorsa
 A dh' aomadh gu deonach
 Gu laith-naobh na corach
 Le eagal, le agleo, no le fath.

Snithain dìreach a' cheartais,
 'S e bu mhiannach leat fhaicinn,
 'S cha b' iad luban is draochdan
 Ann an cuiltibh 'gan cleachdadh le foill.
 Ach an treibhdhìreas dìreach
 Ann an soith-each na h-inntinn
 Le buadhannaibh cinnteach
 'Cumail cuing air gach mì-bheus gun
 sgoinn.

Cha robh cnamhan an lunnair
 Air do leabaidh 'g an t-ionndailh
 Le airsneul neo-shunndach,
 Gus an t-seachduin a chumntadh le gruain.
 Cha robh rianh fiach an t-saoghail
 Dol an uachdar do shaoithreach.
 Seallaibh geur air a dhaoine,
 'S leanaibh 'shaimpleir ro ghaolach gach
 uair.

RANNAN DO SHEUMAS MACLEOID.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC-GRIOGAIR.

Tha m' fear do 'n dean mi 'n t-oran
 Air teachd de shìol nan Leodach,
 Is ged nach duine mor e
 Tha doighean air 'bhi tapaidhe aig'.

'N uair 'bha e 'n aimsir oige
 Bha spiorad ann san fheoil aig',
 Is ged nach cluinut' ri sgleo e,
 Bu duine mor a ghabhadh air

Their each gur duine coir e
Is fhuair e ainm deagh olaich,
Is ged nach 'eil e oinhor
Tha cridhe mor 's a phears' aig'.

Cha n' fheil e ard an co'as,
Cha d' fhuair e moran foghlaim;
Ach tha mi meallt' a' m' dhochas
Mur por e bhois ag abachadh.

Tha thoil an cois na corach,
Tha dichioll leis an deoin aig';
'S bidh suil ri tuilleadh treoir aig.
'S nach leomar air an rathad e.

Tha 'ghearan air a pheacadh.
A thaobh nach d' fhuair e 'bhacadh;
'S e b' annsa leis am facal
A bhi 'n a gh'aic mar chlaidheamh aig'.

Ach iomraidh e bhi gleusda,
O'n tha ra naimhdean treubhach;
'S air chinnte 'bheir iad beum dha
Ma threigeas e bhi caithriseach.

O'n fhuair e 'bhean a b' fhearr dha
A thanaig de shliochd Adhaimh,
'S e 'dhleasnas 'bhi 'ga taladh.
'S nach bi cion fath air gearan aic.

(Mur bhi nach deach an t ardan
'Chur buileach 'chum an lair leis,
Gu 'n taitneadh i do ghnath ris,
'S eha b' aill leis a bhi talach oirr'.

Oir ged a laigh an aois oirr',
'S math dha-s' nach d' rug an tog oirr',
'S gur h-e a tagradh daonnan
A bhi ri 'thaobh mar bhanaltruim.

Tha caoimhneas innt' ri nabuidh,

'S ro m
Tha pa
'S air c

Is ged
'S e 'm
'S e 's
Mu 'n

'S i m'
O'n tha
Bhi de
Oir 's e

Gur h-i
'Bhi me
Cha 'n f
Cho feu

GED T

Oran I
Giusac

Ged tha
Cha 'n f
Seolaidh
'Sheallta

Far a bh
Nach fa
'S 'n uai
Cha bhi

Thig la f
Nach fui
Ach cao

dhai
'S iad ga
'N uair 'd
'Chuireas

'S ro mhath 'i 'n ceann na fardaich,
Tha pailteas inn' is cais' aic'.
'S air chiunt' gur sar bhean-taighe i.

Is ged nach dug i mac dha,
'S e 'm Freasdal rinn a bacadh;
'S e 's fearr gu 'n d' rinn i sheachnadh,
Mu 'n tachradh dha bhi amaideach.

'S i m' earail daibh le cheile,
O'n tha iad dol an deis-laimh,
Bhi deas mu 'n glac an t-eug iad,
Oir 's eigin daibh bhi dealachadh.

Gur h-i mo chomhairl' fein daibh,
'Bhi measail air a' cheile;
Cha 'n fhaigh a h-aon diu ceile
Cho feumail ris na chailleas e.

GED THA SINN AN SO AN DRAST.

Oran le Alastair og Friseal ann an
Giusachan am Braighe Strath-ghlais.

Ged tha sinn an so an drasta
Cha 'n fheil dail againn fad' ann;
Seolaidh sinn an null thar saile
'Shealltainn na tha chairdean thall;
Far a bheil coille 'na fasach
Nach faicear gu brath a cheann;
'S 'n uair a ni sin fearann aiteach
Cha bhi mal ga 'r cur ri crann.

Thig la fhathad air na h-uaislean
Nach fuilig do 'n tuath bhi ann,
Ach caoraich 's ciobairean mu 'n cuairt
dhaibh

'S iad ga 'n cuartachadh gu fang.
'N uair 'dh' eireas cogadh no uabairt
'Chuireas feum air bualadh lann,

Togar bratach dhe na h-uain leo;
Tha na daoine bhuath' air chall.

Bha sinn a' guidhe le durachd
'N uair thog sibh na siuil ri crann,
Soirbheas min 'thigh 'nn bho na duilibh
Le gaoith shiubhlaich gun bhi mall,
'Chumadh rian air a' chairt-iuil dhuibh
Leis an stiuireadh sibh crann-dall,
Aiseag cabhagach an null duibh,
'S an deagh chunntas 'chur an nall.

Gheibhear geoidh is eala 's feidh leibh
'S lachan ris a ghrein air tuinn;
Eradan a linneachas iasgaich
Ga 'n tarruing le lion a grunn;
H-uile por cho pailt 's a dh' iarrainn
'Fas gu lionmhòr air an fhonn:—
Cha b' ionnan 's a bhi h-uile bhiadhna
'G ardachadh nan crìochan lom'.

Gheibhear cnothan leibh is ubhlau
Air lubadh am barr gach crainn,
'S cuid de mheasan milis, cubhraidh,
'Chuireadh luths fo dhuine fann.
Gheibhear deoch laidir de 'n rum ann.
Taghadh cumhraidh gun bhi gann;
Airgiod glas agaibh mar chui-mheadh,
Dollaran nan crun 'bhios ann.

'S fada bho 'n a bha mo mhiann ann
Ged nach h-'eil mo thriall ach mall;
Shaoil leam gu 'm fagainn na crìochan
Fada mu 'n do liath mo cheann.
'Nise bho 'n a chrom an gnìomh mi
Air dhroch fhiach 's mi 'n aite gann,
'Paigheadh mail 's mi 'dol am fiachan.
Och, mo dhiobhail fuireach ann.

Tha sin
Ann an
'Ceanna
'S gach
'M fear
Cha reic
Ag iarra
'S ma t

Na 'n ta
Mu na b
Bhur de
Ged a b
Ach tha
O 'n 's e
A bhi fa
'S aite-c

Alexa
Nova Sc
posing
came.
the coun

CUMH

Chualas
A tna cr
Gun thu
'S goirt
Bho 'n la
'S lionm
'S li

Cha b' e
'Thug ai

Tha sinne 'tha 'n so an drasda
 Ann an cas 'sa h-uile h-am;
 'Ceannach an t-sìol-chuir bhuntata,
 'S gach ni 'thairear 'chur 'n a cheann.
 'M fear dha 'n dean am pailteas fas dhiu,
 Cha reic ri each iad gu 'am,
 Ag iarraidh na pris a' s airde,
 'S ma tha thus' an cas bi ann.

Na 'n tarladh dhomh bhi 's taigh-òsda
 Mu na bhord 's mi gabhail drain
 Bhur deoch-slaime dheanainn ol ann
 Ged a bhiodh mo phoca gann.
 Ach tha mo dhuil an Rìgh na glòrach
 O 'n 's e 'dh-òrdaich dhuibh dol ann,
 A bhi fagail tir 'ur n-eòlais,
 'S aite-comhnaidh ghabhail thall.

Alexander Fraser intended to come to Nova Scotia but died shortly after composing this poem. John, his only son, came. John settled at James River in the county of Antigonish.

CUMHA DO CHOIRNEAL INNSE.

LE AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Chualas sgeul ann sa Bhraighe
 A tna cruaidh leinn ri 'aireamh,
 Gun thu, Leasbuig, bhi 'n lathair
 'S goirt an call sin dha d' chairdean;
 Bho 'n la 'chriochnaich do laithean,
 'S lionmhor cridhe 'tha craiteach le bròn.
 'S lionmhor cridhe, etc.

Cha b' e turas na buannachd
 'Thug air astar a suas thu

Taobh Loch Lagain nam fuar bheann;
'S goirt an acaid a bhuail thu.
Dh'fhag i sinne bochd truagh d'heith
Bho 'na chuir i gu swain thu fo 'n fhoid.

'N Cille Chaorail 'sa Bhraighe
Chaidh ar diubhail a charadh,
'N leaba chumhaing gun bhlatha innt';
'Chraobh a b' fhearr a bhas 'fas dhuinn,
'N uair a fhuair sinn fo bhlath i,
Chaidh a gearradh 's bu chall e 'bha mor.

Tha mo dhochas gu laidir
Ann san stochd a chaidh fhagail,
Gu bheil fiurain a' fas as
'Sheusas fhathasd a' t' aite.
Ma bhios aca buan lathean,
'S a gheibh urram is fabhar le coir.

'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu do 'n Eiphit
Bha do bhean air a leireadh,
'S bha do chairdean gu leir ann
'S iad fo churam mu d' dheibhinn,
Ach an nis bho 'n a dh-eug thu
Cha dean 'ise gair' eibhinn ri beo.

'S goirt bhi 'g eisdeachd a gearain;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh 's i falamh;
Chaill i roghainn nam fearaibh
De la b' eol dhi air thalamh;
'S na 'm bu dual dhuit bhi maireann
Bhiodh tu 'g eirigh am barail gach sloigh.

Bha do chairdean lan eibhnis
'N uair a chual iad an sgeula,
Thu bhi 'd Choirneal air Reis 'meid
Ann an caisteal Dhun-eideann;
Ach mo chreach, cha bu leir dhaibh
Gu 'n robh teachdair' Mhic Dhe air do
thoir.

Fhuair th
Bho ard
Air an cu
Anns gac
B' e do d
Bho 'n la
Deo

Bho 'u th
Ann an a
Bu tu ro
A chur a
Bu lionm
'Thug th
sheo

'S mor an
Gu 'n do
Fhuair th
Ann an c
'S fhuair
Fhuair th

'S fhuair
Am meas
Bho 'n s
Agus cru
Chuir gac
'S cha bu

Angus
Ban Inns
Macdonel
believe w
in 1752 C
Macdonal
by whom
Archibald
Coll. Ar

Fhuair thu cliu agus teist' neas
 Bho ard-cheannardan Bhreatainn
 Air an cul a bhi seasmhach
 Anns gach cuis a bhiodh dleasnach;
 B' e do dhurachd gun cheist sin
 Bho 'n la 'thoisich thu 'n leith-sgeul rìgh
 Deors'.

Bho 'n thog thu 'n claidheamh an airde
 Ann an aghaidh do naimhdean,
 Bu tu rogha 'chomaundair
 A chur as do na Frangaich;
 Bu lionmhor coinneamh gu 'n call-sàn
 'Thug thu 'Bhomipart meallrach 's d' a
 sheoid.

'S mor an emair dha 'n tìr so
 Gu 'n do thogadh tu innte;
 Fhuair thu cliu thar nam mìlteas
 Ann an cogadh na rìoghachd,
 'S fhuair thu duaisean 'bha prìseil,
 Fhuair thu rionnagan fìor-ghlan 'an or.

'S fhuair thu ordagh an caitheamh,
 Am measg uaislean is mhaith'bh,
 Bho 'n 's e cruadal do lamhan
 Agus cruaidhead do chlàidheinnh
 Chuir gach aon diu 'ad rathad;
 'S cha bu shuarach an leithid le coir.

Angus Macdonell of Inch, Aonghas
 Ban Innse, was a natural son of Alexander
 Macdonell of Keppoch. His mother we
 believe was a Macgillivray. He married
 in 1752 Christy, daughter of Archibald
 Macdonald of Acha-nan-Comhaichean,
 by whom he had six sons, Alexander,
 Archibald, Donald, Ranald, John and
 Coll. Archibald served some time in the

79th or Cameron Highlanders. He was transferred to the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders in 1794. He was appointed Major in 1805. He retired from the 92nd in 1813, and was appointed Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel of veterans. He married Margaret MacLachlan of Killichonan, and had four sons and one daughter. He died in 1814.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Alustair Domhnallach, a chaidh a bhathadh aig Merigomish mu 'n bhliadhna 1830. Bu bhrathair e do Dhomhnall Mor Mherimasi. Chaidh iain Camshron, iar-ogha do 'n Talllear Mac Alastair, a bhathadh comhla ris.

LE AILEAN DOMHNALLACH.

Tha 'geul truagh a 's cruaidh ri 'aithris
 'Tigh 'nn air in' aire an draista;
 Sgeul a chualas mu na chailleadh.
 Alastair a bhathadh.
 Cha b' e 'n solas dhuit e, 'Dhomhpaill,
 Gur h-e 'leon 's a chraidh thu,
 An corp ciatach 'bu ghlan fiamh
 A bhi gun dion 's an t-saile.

Fear a chuirp a bha ro chuimte
 'N uair chunnacas 'n a shlaint' e;
 Fear 'chuil duinn 's a' chalpa chruinn
 Fo 'n phearsa thruim gun fhailinn;
 Fear 'chuil duallaich 'bu ghlan snuadh,
 Suil ghorm gun ghruaim 'bu bhlaithie;

'S an-crio
 'S nach g
 Cridhe cr
 Bhuanna
 'N t armu
 'Dh' fhas
 Miann ga
 'Fhir bu
 Fo 'n fhe
 Anns an t

Aghaidh
 Ghabh ga
 Intinn a
 Cha robh
 Ach deas
 'Fhir a' g
 'S mor an
 Fear do m

Bu tu 'n l
 'H-uile ca
 De 'n c
 mhair
 Nach robh
 D e shiol
 A bha shu
 B' iad sid
 'Bha anna

Tha do bh
 'S mulada
 S an com
 Tha 'n co
 Cha 'n 'eil
 Nach 'eil
 'S goirt ri
 Thun na t

'S an cridhe siallaidh 'bha gu ghlann
'S nach gabhadh fiamh roimh namhaid.

Cridhe cruaidh an trod no 'n tuasaid,
Bhuannaicheadh thar chaich leat;
'N t armunn brachdail a bha smachdail,
'Dh' fhas gu reachdmhor laidir.
Miann gach sul' a bhi 'gad fhaicinn,
'Fhir bu ghaisgeil nadur,
Fo 'n fheileadh bhreacain air a phleatadh
Anns an fhasan Ghaidh' lach.

Aghaidh mhacanta ghlan chaoimhneil,
Ghabh gach maighdean gradh ort;
Intinn shoillse'neach mar dhaoimean,
Cha robh foill a' d' nadur;
Ach deas cruadalach mar shaighdear,
'Fhir a' ghaoirdean laidir;
'S mor am bristeadh air Clann-Domhnaill;
Fear do neoil 'gam fagail.

Bu tu 'n Domhnullach gun mhearachd,
'H-uile car dhe 'n danaig.
De 'n dream ohluiteach mhuirneach
mhaiseach,

Nach robh tuis no sgathach,
De shìol uasal nam fear uaibhreach.
A bha shuas 's a Bhraighe;
B' iad sid na suinn a b' annsa leinn,
'Bha anns na glinn 'gau arach.

Tha do bhraithrean deurach duilich,
'S muldach mar tha iad
S an companach dha 'n dug thu gaol
Tha 'n còmhnaidh caoidh na dh' fhag e,
Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic riamh thu
Nach 'eil cianail craiteach;
'S goirt ri innseadh bhi 'g a sgriobhadh
Thun na tìr 'san dh' fhas thu.

Bu sgeul bronach thanaig oirnn
 'N uair 'chaidh na seoid a bhathadh;
 Bha 'n gill' og 'bha caoinhneil coir ann,
 Fear gun gho 'na nadur;
 'N Camshronach bho Dhoch-an-fhasaidh
 Nam fear a'airteil laidir;
 Ach mo chaltachd anns an am ud
 Gu 'n robh Saundi Ban ann.

Rugadh Ailean Donihmallach ann an
 Allt-an-t-Srathain an Lochabar 's a
 bhliadhna 1794. Bu mbac e do dh-Alas-
 tair Mac Aonghais, mhic Alastair Bhain,
 mhic Alastair Mhoir, mhic Aonghais a'
 Bhoichdain, mhic Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-
 Fhiuuntain, mhic Alastair, mhic Iain
 Duibh, mhic Raonail Mhoir na Ceapaich.
 Bha 'athair 'n a dhrobbhair, agus a' fuir-
 each am bitheantas an Achadh-nan-
 Coinnichean an Gleann-Spiathain. B' i a
 mhathair, Mairi Chaimbeul, nighean do
 Dhòmhnall mac Iain Duibh a bha 'com-
 hnuidh ann an Achadh-a'-Mhadaidh an
 Gleann Ruaidh. Bha e 'n a chiobair aig
 Iain Ban Inse. Bha e posda ri Catriona
 Nic Mhuirich, nighean do Mhuireach
 Mac-Mhuirich. Thanaig e do 'n de thaich
 so 's a bhliadhna 1816. Bha e a' fuireach
 greis air a Mham, na 'n Ridge, an Cape
 Breatunn, Dh' fhag e 'n t-aite sin 's a
 bhliadhna 1847, agus thanaig e a dh'
 fhuireach do 'n Abhainn a Deas an Anti-
 gonish. Bha e 'n a fhiar Ghaidheal, agus
 'na dhuine fiosrach. Bha moran de
 sheann orain aig air a theuga. Chao-
 chail e 's a bhliadhna 1868. 'S e Ailean
 an Ridge a theirteadh ri am bitheantas.

Do dh-A

Och, mar
 Gur h-e
 comh
 Mo cheist
 Mo chreac
 do ch

Nile 's e
 A dh' fh
 sheol
 Do ghrad
 fhag
 S e fath
 coir o

Mo cheirt
 Le luing
 seolac
 Nach gab
 eadh,
 S a dhe
 eolach

Na 'n eir
 gailbh
 Bu treum
 'bord
 Bu ro m
 direac
 Fear mara
 s' thu

Lamh 'bu
 hadh,

ORAN.

Do dh-Aonghas Camhshron, mar gu
'm b' ann le uighinn oig.

LUINNEAG.

Och, mar tha mi is mi 'n am onar,
Gur h-e a chraidh mi nach robh sinn
còmhla,

Mo cheist an t-Ileach, mo leannan dileas,
Mo chreach 's mo dhiobhail bhj 'dhitha
do chomhraidh.

Nàile 's e nu ghaol an t-uasal
A dh' fhalbh an cuan, 's ann Di-luain a
sheol e;

Do ghradh tha 'm bhuaireadh 's a dh'
fhag cho truagh mi,
S' e fath mo ghruamaig nac d' fhuair mi
coir ort.

Mo cheirt an fìuran a dh' fhag an dutaich
Le luing mhath air fo 'cuid shiùil a'
seoladh;

Nach gabhadh curam a dhol g' a stiur-
eadh.

'S a dheanadh iul 's tu mu chursaibh
eolach.

Na 'n eireadh stoirm ort no seideadh
gailloheach

Bu treum neo-chearbach air fabh lùn
'bord thu;

Bu ro mhath t' inn coisid gu tarruing
direach,

Fear mara 's tir' thu, 's bu dileas dhomb
's' thu.

Lamh 'bu chinntich' a thoirneadh agriob-
hadh, ✓

Le ite pinn gu 'm bu ghrinn do mheoirean;
Bu sgoilear Beurl' thu 'bu ro mhatl
leughadh

Le barrachd ceille, 's tu beusach, boid-
heach.

Gach dealbh 'bu bhriagha 's 'bu tuitneach
iomhaigh

Bu mhatl do mhiairibh gu 'n cur an
ordagh;

Gu 'n tarraing leutach gu dreachmhor,
eibhinn;

Thug mise speis dhuit nach treig ri m'
bheo mi.

Na 'm cluch a' chiuil gu 'm bu mhodhail
ionnsaicht' thu;

Dannsair suandach air urlar bhord thu;
Do cheum troimh 'n roidhle 's e thogadh
m' iuntinn;

Gur h-iomad mionag air ti do phoige,

Fear inich calma 'bu ghrinne dealbh thu
'S tu cuimair garbh ged nach duine mór
thu;

Na 'n togteadh 'suas thu gu trod no
tuasaid,

Bu snearail cruaidh thu gu bualadh
dhornajbh.

Gur mis' tha 'm eigin mu 'n fhear a
threig mi,

'S a dh' fhalbh an de a loch reidh Bhras
d'Or bluainn,

Ach Aonghais oig gus an dig thu 'n
rubh so

Cha tog mi suil ri fear eile 'phosadh.

Angus Cameron was a native of Islay.
He was a school-master.

Do M

Air dh

Troimh

Gu 'n

'S gun

Gu sein

'Chur m

Do nig

So shic

'S Ban

An ribh

Dhe 'n

'S a ch

Gu 'm

Ri 'n i

'S mat

Lamb t

Gur gil

Na can

Na cob

Air bha

Na sne

A thea

Bho ch

Le ath

Mar 'n

Bho g

Tha 'h

Toirt c

'S ha

Ga so

Gu ime

ORAN MOLAIDH.

Do Mhairi nighean Alastair Dhochan
thasaidh.

-LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

Air dhomh' bhi 'n aonor
Troimh aonach nam beann,
Gu 'n d' ghleus mi na tendan
'S gun te dhiu air chall,
Gu seinn mar bu mhian leam
'Chur rian air gach rann
De nigh 'n duinn a chuil shniomhair
So shios ann sa' ghleann.
'S Ban-Chamshronach chinnteach
An ribhinn ghlan'og,
Dhe 'n fhinne cho riothail
'S a chinn san Roinn-Eorp
Gu 'm b' ainmeil 'n an t-im iad
Ri 'n imis' agus gach seol;
'S math 'sheas iad Sir Eoghan,
Lamb theom' air cùanp sloigh.
Gur gile mo chaileag
Na canach dam bniach;
Na eobhar na mara
Air bharruibh nan stuadh;
Na sneachda nan speuran
A thearnas 'n a lùths
Bho charbad nan ardaibh
Le aithne gaoith tuath.
Mar 'n oiteag chiuin thrathail
Bho g' araoh nam flur
Tha 'h-anail bho poraibh
Foirt comhraidh gu sunnd;
'S 'ha mealt-shuilean modhar
'Ga soladh le tur,
Gu inneacht 's na raidean

'Thug airde dha cliu.

Mar 'n ros 'n uair a 's aill' e

Fo bharaibh nam braon,

Tha ur-chruth na h-òighe

'Thug corr air gach aon.

'S binne i lean na 'n sineorach,

'S a og-mhadainn chaoin,

Au tus a' mhios' Cheitein

Air gheugaibh nan craobh.

Tha 'cuaillein mu 'guailibh

'N a dhualgaibh dluth,

Gu eniomhanach, boidheach.

'Ga comhlach mar chrun,

'N a chamagaibh riomhach,

Ro ghrinn fo 'cir-chuil,

Gu cuachagach, faineach

Mu bhraighe mo ruin

Is binne na teudan

Guth reidh na h-òigh' mhalda:

B' e m' aiteas is m' eibhneas

Bhí 'g eisdeachd ri m' ghradh,

'Nuair 'ghleusadh i 'duanag

Am hnaile-nam ba,

Laoigh oga inu 'n cuairt d' i,

'S a' chuace 's i fo chraic.

Ge b' e gheibh air laimh

An deas ailleag gh'en ur,

Tbig caoimhneas gu 'fhardaich

'Bheir dha-san gach muirn.

'N uair 'ni e 'bhean uasal

A bhuannachd le clin,

Au 'm mol e na laithean

'S na thar e oirr' iul.

Alexander Macdonald is a native of Moirart. He lives in Keppoch, Antigonish.

Na cno

'S lat c

'An tri

'Sa cho

Chan f

'Sam b

Na brai

O'm fai

Do bhr

Do ghla

Mar uac

A ruith

Gur pail

Air mad

Gach do

'N uair

Bidh sru

'Bruchda

Bidh cro

'Feadh n

Gur ceol

Is srutha

Cho fad

Cha doir

Gur hionn

Mu do ch

Dabhi' m

A chong s

CNOIC-IS GLINN A BRAIGHE.

LE CALUM MAC-DILLIOS, AM MARGARI.

LUINNEAG.

Na cnoic is glinn 'bu bhoidhche leinn
'S lat cnoic is glinn a Bhraighe;
'An tric 'bha sinn ri manran blinn
'Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fhearr leinn

Chan fheil ait an diugh so 'n ghrein
'Sam b' fhearr leam fein 'bhi tamhachd
Na braigh' na h-aibhne 'm measg nan/sonn
O'm faightedh fuinn na Gadhlic.

Do bhruachan gorm 'sam faighteadh spreidh,
Do ghlatan reidh gun airemh,
Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas-trom,
A ruith gu bonn nan ard bheann."

Gur pailt gach flur a fas gu dluth
Air maduinn chubhraidh Mhaigh ann;
Gach doire beo le ceol nan ian
'N uair 'dh' eireas griann le failt' ann.

Bidh sruthain fhuar de 'n uisge 's glaine
'Bruchdadh 'mach mu rath'dean;
Bidh crodh is caoraich pailt ri 'm faotuin
'Feadh nan aodunn arda.

Gur ceolmhor fuaim na h-aibhne lium
Is sruthan ciuin fo 'h-aithean;
Cho fad 's a shiubhlas i gu cuan,
Cha doir mi fuath do 'n Bhraighe.

Gur lionmhor fear ag iasgach bradain
Mu do chladaich bhata;
Dàin' maise Shannan 'gh m an nall
A choig an t-samhradh lium-riut.

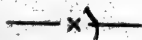
Cha bhi frolic ann no banais
Nach bi caithream graidh ann ;
Le deol na fìdhle 'dol 'san rìdhle
'Coag na tim mar b' aill leinn.

'S iomad fleasgach laidir grinn
A chaidh 'ana glinn-ud arach ;
'S maighdean gle ghlan, dhirech, og,
Le 'h-aodunn boidhech, narach.

'S 'n ainnir dhonn a's binne sonn
A choinnich rium Di-mairt ann ;
'S cha iarrainn-s' airgid no or
Ach thu 'bhi 'n comhnuidh lamh-rium.

Do chomhradh ciuin tha 'tigh 'nn air m' aire,
A rìbhinn bhanail, bhaigheil ;
Gun d' fhuair thu buaidh bho nadar fein
'S dh'fhag mor speis aig each ort.

Snaidh leis a chomunn rioghail
Ehon is tim dhomh 'm fagail ;
Gur tearc ri 'm faotuinn 'leadh an t-saoghail
An d'ingh daoine 'bheir barr orr.



CAILIN NA DUTHCHA.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhìn 's tu-fhein,
Theid sin le cheil' gu feill nam maithean ;
Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhìn 's tu-fhein !

'N
'S
An
'S

An
Bh
A
Na

Bid
'An
'N
Air

'S
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Do
'Nig

Tha
'At
Mar
'San

A ri
A's
Cha
'S

'Nua
Air
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Air

Guth
Mar

'Nigh'n donn nan sul blath,
'S tu 'bhuannaich mo ghradh
An gleannan nam ba
'San tàmh na h-aighean.

An gleannan mo ruin,
Bidh samhradh atr thus,
A fosgladh caoin ghpuis
Nam fluran meala.

Bidh coireal nan ian
'Ann leadarra, dian,
'N uair 'dh-eircas a ghrian
Air sliabh nam beannaibh.

'S e 'dh'uiricheadh fonn
'S a chridh' 'tha 'nam chom
Do chomhradh neo-throm
'Nigh'n donn nam meall-shuil.

Tha maise nach geill
'At aghaidh ghlain fein,
Mar aiteal de'n ghrein
'San eirigh mhadne.

A ribhinn nam buadh
A's boidhch' 'san taobh tuath;
Cha choisinn thu fuath,
'S tu luaidh nam fearaibh.

'Nuair 'thogas tu fonn
Air oran neo-throm,
Thig cruiteirean thom
Air lom 'sna crannaibh

Guth binn, fallain, reidh,
Mar organ air ghleus

Aig ribhinn nam beus
A's eibhinn caithream.

Ged bha Jennie Lind
Bhan-cheileirich' binn,
Gum b' fhearr leam le cinnt
Guth-cinn na h-ainnir'-s'.

Thug nadar do m' luaidh
Gach ailleachd is buaidh
Le grinneas gun uaill,
'S le suairceas ceahalt.

Tha caoimhneas is tur
A dealradh a' d' ghnuis,
'S gur glaine do shuil
Nan driùchd 'sa mhaduin.

Gur h-aotrom do cheim
A tional na spreidh,
'S crodh druim-fhionn a' d' dheidh
Le geum 'tigh'nn dachaidh.

Cha doir thu do lamh
Do bheairteas gu brath;
Gum b' fhearr leat na 'n t-sraid
'Bhi tamh 'sna gleannan.

Gum b' fhearr leat na uaill
Le stòras a bhuain,
'Bhi 'g imeachd m' 'n cuairt
Feadh bhrùach is bhealach;

'Bhi comhnuidh gun bhron,
Gun deireas air lon,
An gleannan a cheo
Le oigear smearail.

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Lachainn

Clann-Gl
Mar ealt
Mar chao
'S bronac

Clain Du
Slìochd A
Grèadan
Air aon c

Mac-Iain
Shuidh e
Chaill e I
'S cha d'

Clann O'
'Tuiteam
Air bhur
'S truagh

Dubhgh
the Macd
Somerled
of Clave t
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RANNAN TARGRAIDH.

With regard to the authorship of these verses Dr. Maclean makes the following statement: "This prophetic poem is said to have been composed by Donald O'Conchair and was got from Eoghan Mac Lachainn Mhic Mhartainn."

Clann-Ghilleain o'n Dreallainn;
Mar ealt nan air bharr cuilin,
Mar chaoir dheirg a tigh'n o theallach;
'S bronach an sgeulaid r'a innis'.

Clann Dughaill o'n aird an iar,
Slìochd Annla nan sgiath dearg,
Greudan gun teasairgin daibh
Air aon ehlar luinge do bheirear.

Mac-lain-Stiubhart, ceann nam fear,
Shuidh e air Dun-innse for,
Chaill e Dun-innse for,
'S cha d'hluinig e Dun innse geal.

Clann O' Duibhne, ceann gach fine,
'Tuiteam mar aon uinneig ghloine.
Air bhur teachd an iar o'n bhile;
'S truagh 'ur milleadh le miorun.

Dubhghal or Dugall; the progenitor of the Macdugalls, was a son or grandson of Somerled, Lord of Argyll, by a daughter of Olave the Red, the Norwegian king of man, Annla nan sgiath dearg.

It is probable that Donald O'Conchair was a native of Lorn. There was at least one man of the name there, and as there was one it is likely there were others.

The Rev. Donald McNicol, in his remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour, states that "one Dr. O'Connachar, of Lorn, wrote all his prescriptions in Gaelic." William Livingstone's edition, page 128.

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og, a chaochail
'sa bhliadhna 1643.

LE MURCHADH MOR MAC-COINNICH, FEAR
AICHEALAI DH.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha ageul craidh leat, a ghaoth deas,
Ho, o, hom, bo;
'S seirbhe do ghair na 'n domblas,
Gun fhuaim sìthe leat a steach
Air chuan Sgithe, mo leir chreach!

Ho, o, hom, bo,
An ageul a fhuair sinn thar sail,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
'Na aiseg 's truagh nach robh dail,
Gu'n d' eug an triath ur-ghlan ard,
Rìgh cheann-sithe gach luchd-spairn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Ursann-chatha Innse-Gall,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Iuchair flaithean nam fìor rann,
Craobh ro thaitneach de Shìol Chuinn,
Mìlidh gasda 'n comhlan shonn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
'S tursach leam do chur fo 'n uir,
Ho, o, hom, bo,

A bhli
Co an
Co 'ni

Ho, o,
'S turs
Ho, o,
Och, m
Bu chr
'N am

Ho, o,
Mar ch
Ho, o,
Tha 'f
'S e 'dh
Do lorg

Ho, o,
Ni 'm f
Ho, o,
A' ghet
Leogha
Dha 'n

Ho, o,
Thanic
Ho, o,
Tha gai
Tha mn
'S i mo

Ho, o,
Ni 'n c
Ho, o,
'Cumh'
'S e uig
'S cha b

Cean

A bhi 'dunadh do ghorm shul:
Ce an nis o 'm faigh sinn muirn?
Co 'ni aiteas ri mor chuirn?

Ho, o, hom, bo,
'S tursach do phannal 's ni ait,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Och, mo nuar! do leannan leap:
Bu chraun coill' thu agus neirt,
'N am an fheuma bu righ aise.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Mar choill gun chruasachd gun mheas,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha 'fhoimh agireachd an nis;
'S e 'dh' fhaig mo chridhe sa taia
Do lorg-ahlighe ga h-aithria.

Ho, o hom, bo,
Ni 'm feular a mholadh leinn,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
A' gheug ahluis 'bu ghloir-bhinn,
Leughan, leanabh, agus righ
Dha 'n robh aithne gach aon ni.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Thaie plaigh air luchd-a-chiuil,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
Tha gair-bhaite aig Siol Chuinn,
Tha mnai craiteach 's tu 'sa chill,
'S i mo ghradh do lamh 'bhiodh leinn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,
Ni 'n coir dhuinn bhi bronach truagh,
Ho, o, hom, bo,
'Cumh' an ti a thugadh uainn;
'S e uighe gach cre an uaigh,
'S cha bhas dhuit ach beatha dhuan.

Ceann-sithe—a peace-maker. Comblan



—a combat, a duel. Pannal—a band of men. Lorg-slighe—genealogy. Gloir-bhinn—sweetly sounding. Gair-bhaite—the cry of drowning men.

ORAN.

Do Ruairidh Mac-Leoid 'sna Hearnadh.

LE MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

Tha mo ghaol ann sna Hearnadh,
'S cuim' an bi ga fhalach,
'Fhir d'a bheil a chaol mha' is mi 'ghlac
chomhuard.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Fear na misnich 's a chruadail
'Choisin cliu 's a fhuair buaidh ann san
Olaint

Bu tu mac an laoi ch ghasda
Nach do dhearbha a bhi gealtach;
'S tric a thogadh leibh creach bho Chlaun-
Domhnail.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach,
Bhiodh an earb air do thilleadh,
'S gu'm biodh trom air do ghilleann le d'
mhor choin.

Le do ghunna caol glaise,
Leis an fhudar a lasadh,
Naile bheirteadh leat stad air fear croice

Thoir mo shoraidh le m' dhuirachd
Null gu faiche an smudain,
Far an beathaichear muirneach cuain oga;

Far
Is an
Bhio

'S cia
'S tr
Bho
'S c

Laigh
Dreac
'S rin

Tha le
'Se ga
Air m

Tha g
Bho 'n
A choi

Chaill
Mo sg
lad ri

Fath m
'Thaob
Luatha

Mhuch
Daoil
Chaidh

• Far an loisgear am fudar
Is an luaidhe gun chunntas;
Bhiodh na peileirean dubh-ghorm ri
stroicendh.

CUMHA.

Do Shir Domhnall Shleite.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S cian 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam m'aigneachd fo phrauh;
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghroaidh,
'S riun e fadail bhoichd through dha fein
diom.

Tha leann-dubh orm gach l,
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul br'ig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhìom
Bho 'm faigh 'nu furan le miadh,
A choig urrad 's a b' fhiach mi 'dh-eiric

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,
Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic is fear orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,
'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhalbh,
Luatha bhur n-iomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch mo mheadhail 's mo mheas
Daol 'bhi cladhach bhur slios;
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhail an t-earrach orm spot,
 'S troid a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m'
 fheum air.

Bas shir Domhuall bho 'n Chaol,
 Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo' agaoil,
 Dh' fhad mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhiann
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,
 Geda bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucóir.

'Siomad smaointinn bocht, truagh,
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t'
 eugaig.

Leoghan fireachail, ard,
 Muinte, spioradal garb,
 Umhail, iriosa', feartha, froubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,
 Reimeil, calma, gun airc,
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phraih,
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhear-
 feusaig.

Bha nnaí beul-dearg a bhruit
 Ri cail an ceille 's am fuil,
 'S each ag eiteadh do chuirp air daile.

Moch 'sa mhatuin Diardaoin
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean,

'N ciste ghiubhais nam bord,
 An truail churhaing na 'a leoir,

'N

Gu e
 'Chos
 Ged

Fhua
 'Dh'
 'S gu

Air F
 Far 't
 Chail

Air a
 'S nac
 Fhuai

Bu ne
 'Fhua
 B' an

Ann a
 Cha b
 Gu'n

B' e 'n
 Bhi 'g
 'S 'n u

De dh-
 'Siad a
 Mara t

Mu bho
 Le ol,
 Is ceol

'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-arol air
speicean,

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,
'Chosg thu fhuair chur suas,
Ged nach d'fhuairich thu buan ri 'agleu-
tadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,
'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,
'S gu'm bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,
Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar,
Chaill thu 'uaisean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talach chrion, chruaidh,
'S nach fàicheadh gearrag a cluas,
Fhuair sibh deannal na lùithe leithe

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seoid
'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,
Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crion,
Gu'm bu nollaic le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann
Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;
'S 'n uair a thraight 'e gun lionteadh reidh
leat.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,
'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,
Mara thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheadh,

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,
Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,
 'Bha fial, farsuinn, 'nan grunn;
 Cha b' iad na fachaich gun rum, gun leud
 iad;

Domhnall Gorm 't u' ghlan gnais,
 Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,
 'S cha bu chiorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh
 Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,
 Bho nach daisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhèin 's do cheud mhac,
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart;
 'S fad' o cheile fo cheapaibh reias sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur cionn,
 Seach daormuin 'thaisgeadh an t-suin;
 Sibh 'b i sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,
 Tha mi 'n urrainn g'a dhìol;
 Slan 'ar muinèil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail—a waif, a thing found without
 an owner. Reimeil—authoritative. Brot
 or brat—a veil. Bruit—of the veil.
 Pannal—a band of men. Craobhaidh—
 nervous, tender, shivering. Fachach—a
 little insignificant man; also a puffin.
 Daormuin—a miser. Eifeadh—stretch-
 ing.

Hugh, third son of Alexander, third
 Lord of the Isles, was the first Macdonald
 of Sleat. He was known as Eidean Ban.
 He was fostered with Donald, first Mac-
 lean of Ardgour. He had four sons, John,

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by his wife, a daughter of Macdonald, of Arduamerehan; Donald Gallach, by a daughter, of Gunn, Crowner of Caithness; Donald Herrach, by a daughter of Macleod, of Harris; and Gillesbie Dubh. He died in 1498. John, second of Sleat, died without issue in 1502. Donald Gallach, third of Sleat, married a daughter of John Cathanach, of Islay, by whom he had Donald Gruamach. Donald Gallach and Donald Herrach were murdered by their brother, Gillesbie Dubh, in 1506. Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat, married a daughter of Macdonald, of Moydart, by whom he had Donald Gorm and James, progenitors of the Macdonalds of Kungsburg. He died in 1534. Donald Gorm, fifth, of Sleat, married a daughter of John, son of Torquil Macleod, of Lewis, and had one son, Donald, his successor. He was killed at Eileandonnan Castle in 1539. Donald, sixth, of Sleat, Domhuan MacDomhnaid Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, brother of Ailean nan Sop, and had three sons, Donald Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. He died in 1585. Archibald, his second son, known as Gillesbie Cleireach, married a daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay, and had, by her Donald Gorm Og and Hugh, Uisdean MacGhillisbie Chleirich. Donald Gorm Mor Seventh, of Sleat, died without issue in 1616. Donald Gorm Og, eighth, of Sleat, was created a baronet in 1625. He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, of Kiuntar, and had by her James, Donald, of Castletown, and

gus, Alexander, Margaret, Catherine, Janet and Mary. He had also a natural son, An Craran Mabach. Sir Donald died in October, 1643. Sir James, ninth, of Sleat, married, first Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor, of Kintail, and, secondly, Mary, daughter John Macleod, of Dunvegan. By his first wife he had Donald, his heir, Roderick, Hugh of Glenmore, Somerled, or Sorrie, Catherine and Florence. By his second wife he had John of Blackney. He died December 8th, 1678. Sir Donald, tenth, of Sleat, died February 5th, 1695. He is the subject of the elegy.

MOLADH A PHIUBAIRE.

Oran do Domhnull Cairnbal, Domhnull Mac-a-Ghlasrich, an Pìobaire Mor, le Domhnull Donn, Mac Fhìr Bhoth-Fhionntain. Bha Domhnull Cairnbal 'na phiobaire aig Gilleasb' na Ceapaich. 'S e mac peathar do Dhomhnull Donn a bha ann. 'S i Bana-Chamranach a bu mhathair dha.

Slàn iomradh do m' ghoistidh
Beul nach loisgeach an eainnt.
Slàn iomradh, &c.

Mo run an Cairnalach sùaire
A theid air ruag thar a mhaime.

Mo run an Cairnalach sìobhalta
Nach ciosnaicheadh carn.

Gura math 'thig dhuit triubhas
Gun bhi cumhann no gann.

S' cha
S' brog

Brog
Air a-f

Naile,
Dol an

Bhiodh
S' euir

Nuair
Naile,

Fl
S' an e

S' ro m
A bha

Ann sa
S' an l

Get is
Cha tr

Tha lea
Chuir e

Cha b,
Thug d

Ach an
Bu bhu

Deud m

'S cha mhios' 'thig dhuit osan,
'S brog shocair 'bhuiun sheang.

Brog bhileach dan cluaisein
Air a fuaisgeal gu teann.

Naile, dh' aithnichim thu romhan
'Dol an domhultas blair.

Bhiodh do phìob mhòr ga spreigeadh
'S euid de 'h-eagal air cach.

Nuair a chluinnim toirm 'fheadain
Naile, ghreasann ma laith.

~~Tha~~ bean leat bho 'n Bhreugich
'S an cluinn' beucadaich mhang.

'S ro mhath 'b' aithne dhomh 'n uighean
A bha 'eridh' ort an gcall;

Ann sa' ghleannan bheag laghach
'S am biodh tu tadhal os n-a'rd.

CUMHA D'A PHIUTHAIR.

Le Alastair Bhoth-Fhiunntain.

Ged is moch 'rim mi eirigh,
Cha b' ann eutrom 'bha m' aigneadh
Ged is moch, &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo bhuaireadh,
Chuir e 'n ruaig air a chadal.

Cha b' e 'n leith-sgeul beag suarach,
Thug dhomh gluasad gu facal;

Ach an tlachd do 'n mhnai uasail,
'Bu bhuidhe cuilein 's bu dathte.

Deud mar chàile 's e gun sgoraich,

Do bheul cha deonicheadh buaisneire.

'S ann Di hain 'fhuair mi sgol
Gu'n d' bhuin ant-eug' bhuan do cheist
reannh.

'S ann Di ciadainn 'na dheigh sin
Ghabh mi cead dhìot 'sa chlachan.

'Thuama mise le m' shuilean
Do chiste dainte fo 'n casan.

'Cha do ghearrainn 'hu ciurradh,
No dhì gad mhuchadh fo leusan.

'N nochd is truagh-leam do phaisdean,
'S iad 'sa ghairich gun t' fhàicinn.

Ach gun eudich Mac De iad,
'N Ti 'mi feup' ghaibh is taice.

Cha neo-thruagh leam do cheile,
Ged 's tric a dh-eisid thu ris facl.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh,
Nach gabhadh caradh le ceaptas.

'S ged nach robh mi cùr aoid ris,
Cha mhise 's suor' bha ga ghlasadh.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh: Bha
paiseil adhaltraimais aige.

HO GU'N DEID MI.

Le Alastair Odhar.

Chuir Lotti Camrap buideul uisge
bheatha an geall ri Alastair Odhar nach b'
urraim Alastair rannan a dheanamh a
shuireadh fearg air. Thoisich Alastair.

agus b'
Lotti
buidhe
Odhar

Ho, g
Rach
'S ghe
Mar o

Their
Is gun
Ach ca
Nach b'

Latha
Chuir
Dh' ion
'S na t'

Tha Cl
Far 'n
'S Leac
Far an

Thacha
Air sin
Leag in
'S gha

Gu bhe
Is tha t
'S chan
Nach b'

'N cuin
'N uair
'S tu ch
'S nach

agus b'e deireadh na cuise gun do ghabh
Lotti 'n fhearg, 's gun d' fheadm e 'n
buideal a pinagheadh. Bu mhac Alastair
Odhar do Ghilleasbie na Ceapaich.

LUNNEAG.

Ho, gun deid mi, cuim' nach deir mi?
Rachainn fein a chumail chleas ruibh;
'S gheibhinn ceud de dh-fhearnaibh gleusda
Mar cium fein gu'r cur air theicheadh.

Theicheadh sibh gun robh sibh nasa
Is gun robh sibh lan de chruadal,
Ach ca'n robh sinne riamh 'g ur buadal?
Nach biodh ruidig garbh ann fheasgar?

Latha Bhoth-Loimh' rinn bhuir leonadh,
Chuir Iain Dubh sibh an staid bhronaich;
Dh' ionain e sibh 'null thar Leachaich,
'S na bha beo agaibh 'n ur breislich.

Tha Clach Ailein fhath'st a' lathair,
Far 'n do thuit ceann stuic bhuir pairtidh,
'S Leac na-fachanan far am b'abhaist,
Far an d' fhuair bhuir cardean greadan.

Thachair ceithreir bhochd de m' sheorsa,
Air sin-diag de 'r fearaibh mhora;
Leag iad naoidhneir dhiu gun ileo ann,
'S bha Tom-a-Charriach fo l'oin am fcasda.

Ga bheil noise de Chlaun-Domhnaid,
Is tha thusa 'nad Chamshrovach,
'S chan fhaca mi gin riamh dhe d' sheorsa
Nach buailinn mo dhorn air san leith-
cheann.

'N cuimhne leat, a Lotti ghrada
'N uair a bha thu thall am Flann a,
'S tu cho salach agus sgathach
'S nach b' urrain thu 'n rang a sheasadh?

A reir innse agéoil thachair Aonghus
 Mac Alastair Ruaidh agus truir eile a
 Gleanna-Combann air sia deug de na
 Camránich a tilleadh dhachaidh le creich.
 Cia mo chuid-sa de 'n cholhartach? ars'
 Aonghus. 'S leat, arsa ceannard nan
 Camranach na bheir thu 'mach, Cha d'
 iarr mi riamh an corr, ars' Aonghus, 's na
 rarruinn a chlaidhibh. Mharbh ua Comb-
 annaich naonear de na chreachadairean,
 is fheich each. 'Sann bho Dhonnallach
 a fhuair sinn an baidheachd so. Dh'
 fhaoidte nam faigheamaid bho Chapranach
 i gu bheil taobh eile oirre.

GUR H-E 'MHEUDAICH MO CHRADH;

LE MAIREARAD NI'N LACHAINN

Gur he 'mheudaich mo chradh,
 Is a lúghdaich mo chail,
 'Liuthad lathra 's a bha
 Mise 's tus' air an traigh. —
 Gura diombach mi 'n bhla
 'Thug an fheoil dhion o 'n chomhach;
 Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laich
 Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c

Luchd a dh' iomairt an oir;
 'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,
 'Leanadh fad' air an toir
 Ann an cumasg nan sol;
 'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo
 Ann am muiseadh an t-sloigh; —
 Ach de 'm fath dhomh bhi breun mu 'r
 deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,

Bu gh
 Fo an
 C' ait
 Fear t
 Bha th
 'S ann

'S ann
 An eis
 'Tha u
 Agus i
 Ri la f
 'S tu g
 Ged a

Och a
 Thu 'b
 Air a s
 'Fhir b
 Ach 'n
 Cha bu
 'S mor

Marcai
 'Bheire
 Beairt
 Thu th
 Lann t
 Gu tre
 'S ogha

'S car t
 Chreac
 Thug e
 'S co a

Bu ghlao sealladh do shul,
 Fo amhar gun smur;
 C' ait an faicteadh an curt
 Fear t' fhasain gun tulg;
 Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,
 'S ann ri t' fhacal a b' fhuin dhoinn eisd-
 eachd.

'S ann 'san eaglais so shuas,
 An eiste ghiubhaig nach glais,
 'Tha ur cheannard an t-sluaigh.
 Agus marcaich nan stuadh
 Ri la frionasach fuar;
 'S tu gu 'n iarradh i 'suas
 Ged a bhiodh i 'n sas cruaidh 'na h-
 eigin.

Och a Mhoir, mo chall!
 Thu 'bhi 'n eiste nan crann,
 Air a sparradh gu teann,
 'Fhir bu shiobhalta cainnt;
 Ach 'n uair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg
 Cha bu shugradh sid daibh;
 'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh'eug
 thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seing',
 'Bheireadh roid asd' is srann;
 Beairt nach b' iongantach leam
 Thu thu 'bhi uasal is t' ainm;
 Lann thu 'dh' ionairt nan arm
 Gu treun cruadalach garg;
 'S ogha 'dh-Ailean nan lann 's nan sreud
 thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-'Ailean nan ruag
 'Chreach a Chorca da uair;
 Thug e Ruta le buaidh,
 'S co a b' urrainn 'thoirt uaith',

An am cruinneachadh sluagh;
 Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh
 'N uair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh-
 Eirinn

Is gur ear thu 'Mhac-Leoid,
 'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;
 'Dh'-Eachann Ruadh nach b'ed beo,
 Dha 'm biodh taile isg air bord.
 'S fion is braundaidh gan ol,
 Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,
 Agus bualadh nam brog gan teumadh.

Ach nam brèhinn 'sa bhuth,
 Is na b-airn ann a b'fhu,
 Naile thagbainn do m' run
 Sgiath òhreac nam ball dluth.
 Claidheabh sgaitheach geur cuil,
 Is da dhaga nach diult;
 'S cha 'bu chladhaire thu 'thoirte feum

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh
 Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n laith.
 Sliocha nan iarlachan ard,
 'S fad' on thriall sibh o 'n Spain;
 'S ann bho Lachlainn a bha
 An ionndraichin chraidh;—
 Fear do choltas gu brath cha feir dhomh.

Gura cairdeach mo luaidh
 Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh.—
 'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag
 'Thu bhi 'd laighe 'san uaigh
 Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,
 Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;
 Ghabh na fir dhìot cead buan nach b-
 eibhin.

'Fhir
 Beairt
 Mo ch
 'S e' 'l
 Nach
 A llut
 'Factu

'Fhir
 Is a b'
 'S tu a
 'S bog
 Och, a
 Bha m
 'Nuair

Dhomh
 'N uair
 Gu reil
 Mu 'n
 Bualad
 'S gun
 A ruina

Tha do
 'S tric
 Is do d
 Gun air
 Mu na
 Dh' fha
 'S chail

'S ann t
 Gar sar
 Bhon a
 'Dheana
 An nis

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnatha;
 Beairt 'bu dlìgheach sid da;
 Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,
 'S e' 'na leith-sgeul aig each
 Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,
 A luthad oinneach a tha
 'Factuin ionaid is aite feisdeil.

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,
 Is a b' urrain a dhiol,
 'S tu a b' airidh air pic,
 'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';
 Och, a Mhoife, mo dhith,
 Bha mi romhad air tir
 'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirch an call
 'N uair a thug iad thu 'nall
 Gu reilic nan marbh
 Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 Bualadh bhasan gu teann,
 'S gun do chluasag to d' cheann;
 A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-am gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,
 'S tric i 'anigheadh nan deoir,
 Is do dhilleachdain og'—
 Gun aird, no gun doigh
 Mu na lochanan mòr;
 Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,
 'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t'
 eiric.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,
 Gar sarach' a caoidh
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh
 'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;
 An nis shracadh ar siuil,

Dh fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisid ar stiuir;—
Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionnsaidh thein
dhuinn.

Gleo—a fight. Tula—a lurch, tossing,
rocking. Rann—portion, a pedigree.

"Ailean nan ruag a chreach a Chorca
da uair" must be Ailean nan Sop. and
"Iain Dubh a bha 'u laimh" must be his
nephew, John Dubh, of Morvern, who
was imprisoned and executed by Angus
Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas,
Allan, of Ardtornish; John Garbh and
Charles. Allan, of Ardtornish, was a
very prominent man and an active war-
rior from his youth. He is probably the
Allan referred to in the words, "A mhic
mhic Ailein nan ruag." He had three
sons, Hector, first Maclean, of Kinlocha-
line; Charles, of Ardnacross, commonly
called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald,
who died unmarried. Hector 1st, of
Kinlochaline, had two sons, John 2nd, of
Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died with-
out issue. Charles, of Ardnacross, had
six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimni;
Lachlan, of Calgary, Allan, of Grulin;
Donald, of Aros; Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who
the subject of the lament was. It seems,

howev
grand

LE AL

Gum

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Tha

Am

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D

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'Sai

Gur

Tha

B'ai

'S le

Gum

Gum

'S m

Dha

Gur

'N

'S g

'S m

B' a

'Gal

however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan, of Ardtornish.

MAIRI NIGH'N DEORSA;

Oran do 'n Fhiodhail.

LE ALASTAIR OG, MAC FEAR AIRD-NA-BIDHE.

Gum b' ait leam 'bhi lamh-riut,
 A Mhairi nigh'n Deorsa.
 Deri ral dal deri,
 Re de ridil dan,
 De ridil dan dan.
 Tha gliocas is naire
 Am Mairi nigh'n Deorsa
 Deri ral dal deri,
 Re de ridil dan,
 De ridil dan dan.
 Guth do chinn 's taitneach leinn,
 'Sait leam fhin beo thu;
 Gur suaire thu le solas,
 Tha thu caoin ceolmhor.
 B'ait le m' chluais caismeachd bhuait,
 'S leat gach buaidh orain,
 Gum b' fhear leam na miltean
 Gum bidhinn 's tu cordte.

'S mor tha dhe m' dhurachd
 Dha d' chul buidh' glan boidheach,
 Gur tlachdinhor 's gur mairt' thu
 'N am rusgadh a'd' sheomar.
 'S grinn do mheur, 's binn do theud,
 'S math 'thig beus mor leat;
 B' ait leat a'd' choir e
 'Gabhail ciuil 's cronain.

'S glan do chom, 's taitneach t' fhoim
 Anns gach pong eolais.
 Gu bheil mi gle chinnteach
 Gum bu shinte leam pog bhuaite.

'N am eirigh sa mhaduinn
 Gum bu taitneach leam t' eisdeachd.
 Do bheus is do *thriobhal*
 Gu sgiobalta gleusta.
 Sud iad suas ri do chluais
 'S iad gu luath leumnach.
 An *cuntar* 's an *tenor*
 Bu shuundach le cheil' iad,
 'S iad gun nheang 's iad gun srann,
 'S iad gun cham ghleusadh,
 'S ann leamsa bu chinnteach,
 Gach binn cheol ga sheinn leat.

'S binne leam do chomhradh
 Na sneorach na geige
 'S tu 'dheanadh mo leitheas
 Ged laighinu fo chreuchdan
 'S math mo bheachd nach bu stad
 Leam gu ceart, ceillidh,
 'S mi 'bhi as t' eugmhais,
 Le do phuirt eibhinn.
 S mór an tlachd 'thair mo run
 Nach labhair durd breige
 Gun deanaid leat sugradh
 Cho muinte 's a dh' fheadainn.

Gur ceanalt 's gur grideil
 A cheile th' aig Deorsa,
 Ni 'n deanaidh i eud ris
 Mu streup nam ban oga;
 Chaoin gheal dhonu 's caomhail fonn,
 Urlar lom comhnard
 Cha tuiteadh trom bhron ort,

Tog
 Teu
 Meu
 Gur
 Na c

Ge c
 'S n
 Ni 'r
 Each
 Cha
 Ri la
 Cha
 Ged
 Tlac
 'S i g
 'S m
 An c

'Thu
 Tha
 Ni b
 'S gu
 Tha
 Chan
 'f be
 'Ga c
 Chan
 Theic
 Chan
 Ach

Ma c
 A the
 Bidh
 Thu
 Ma 's
 Do 'n

Togar leat solas;
 'Teud chaol lag gleust' gun stad,
 Meur gu ceart ceolínhor.
 Gur binne le m' chluais thu
 Na chuach is an smeorack.

Ge ceanalt a comhradh,
 'S neo-lodail a curam
 Ní 'n deanadh i iarraidh
 Each diollaid gu giulan.
 Cha laidh fuachd air a snuadh
 Rí la fuar funntail.
 Cha chaochail i grunnid ris
 Ged bhíodh i leth-ruisgte.
 'Tlachd na gníomh, mais' 'na fianh,
 'S i gu fíor chuirteil,
 'S mairg eithheadh i 'ga seoladh
 An crogan an umáidh.

'Thuilleadh air gach stáirceas
 Tha buaidh ort an comhnaidh
 Ní bheil thu costail
 'S gun dochaibn thu 'm bord aig',
 Tha i saor gun bhi daor,
 Chan fheil gaol prois' airre,
 'E beag a díol comhdaich
 'Ga cumail 'an ordagh,
 Chan fheil biadh cha 'n 'eil deoch
 Theid 'na corp comhla,
 Chan iarraidh i lianradh
 Ach síod' agus roiseid.

Ma chaidh thu a suas
 A thoirt ruaig to Chinn-taile,
 Bídh mise a síor ghuidhe
 Thu 'thighin a'd' shlaínte
 Ma 's dol suas dhuit air chuairt
 Do 'n taobh-tuath 'n drasta,

'S mise 'bhios craiteach
 'S nach cluin mi bhuait failte.
 Tha mi trom ann am chom
 'S nach h-'eil t' fhonn lamh-rìum.
 Gun d' fflag thu mi 'd' dheaghaidh
 Gun mheughail, gun danachd.

We have not been able to procure any information about the author of this poem. All we know about him is that his name was Alexander Macdonell, that he belonged to the Glengarry branch of the clan, and that he was a contemporary with Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. He was alive in 1751. We find John Macdonell, of Ardnabie, mentioned in 1744. But in what relationship Alastair Og stood to this John we cannot tell. Neither can we tell the relationship between Alastair Og and Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, an excellent poetess and a daughter of one of the Macdonells of Ardnabie.

GUR A TROM LEAM MO SHAIL.

Oran le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhòire, an Tìriththeadh, an deigh bas a chuid cloinne, agus e og cbair air morlanachd comhla-rì clann eile.

Gur a trom leam mo shail,
 Is mo ghearran a 'm' laimh,

'Tarru
 G

Mar-rì
 'S iad
 'S mi

Tha ga
 Bu ne
 Gu 'n

'Nuair
 Falbha
 'S thei

Tighea
 Mac Ja
 C' uim

Gloir d
 Nach h
 A tha.

Tha th
 Ann a
 Daoine

Clann-
 'S tric
 Bu leo

Ur sea
 Malair
 'S ann

'S ann
 Na fir

'Tarruing chlach as an lar le m' dhòrn;
Gur a troma, &c.

Mar-ri paisdean gun chiall,
'S iad air failinn gun bhiadh,
'S mi 'g an cumail air rian mar 's coir.

Tha gach aon ag radh rium
Bu neo-nadarra 'chuiis e
Gu 'n deanadh tu sugradh leo.

'Nuair 'thig a Chaingis a staigh,
Falbhaidh mise gun cheist,
'S theid mi 'dh-ionnsaidh mo threis 's mo
threoir.

Tighearna Chola so thall,
Mac Iain 's a chlann;
C' uim air bi 'n ur taidg 's iad beo?

Gloir do 'n Ti mar a tha,
Nach h-i 'n aonta bheag, ghearr,
A tha agad a ghraidh an coir.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear treun
Ann an carraid no 'n streup,
Daoine rioghail gun speis de dh-or.

Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh,
'S tric a choisinn iad buaidh,
Bu leo deas laimh an t-sluaigh le coir.

Ur ceann-cinnidh gun fhoill,
Malairt cleoc' cha do rinn,
'S ann a strìochd e do dh-oghreachd gloir'.

'S ann a dh' fhalbh iad an nis
Na fir mhòra 'b' fhearr meas,

Eochann Ruadh 's an t-àrd mac Eoin.

Nuair a bha thu ann Phraing.

Ged a bh' fhad 's an laimh,

Dhaithneachd t' fhabhar air cainnt an
bhoil.

Bha mi leat 's an taobh tuath,

Chithinn romham thu 'suas.

Is sinn aigeannach, uallach, og.

Hector Roy, son and heir of John Maclean, 7th of Coll, died before his father, leaving two sons, Lachlan and Donald. Lachlan, 8th of Coll, was drowned in 1687. He was succeeded by his only son, John, who died young. John was succeeded by his uncle, Donald, who died in 1729. Donald was succeeded by his eldest son, Hector; the subject of the poem. Hector died Nov. 6th, 1756. "Mac Eoin" is evidently Sir Hector Maclean, chief of the clan, who died 1750. The poem then must have been composed between 1750 and 1756. Sir Hector was brought to Coll at the age of four and staid there until he was eighteen. Donald Morrison would thus, no doubt, be well acquainted with him.

Do d

n
n

Tha m
Cha '
Na m

'S mi
Tha m
'S ma

Dh'fh
Is cha
'S an

Tha m
Gnuis
Cha b

Bhiod
Leis a
'S bhic

Moran
Beagan
Is iad

'S mac
Nach e
Bhuid

An am
A chui

ORAN.

Do dh' Eachann MacGilleain, Fear Eilein
nam Muc, 'n uair a chaidh e a chomh-
naidh do 'n Eilein Sgitheanach.

LE IAIN MAC-AOIDH.

Tha mi hionte le bron,
Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn air doigh,
Na'm bu bhinn leibh mo ghloir eisdeachd.

'S mi mar Oisean nam Tiann,
Tha mo chuideachd air triall,
'S math mo bharail nach sgial breig e.

Dh'fhalbh an guth as a chreig,
Is cha labhair e smid,
'S ann a dh'fhaireas mi riochd feirg air.

Tha mi 'g iargain an oig,
Gnuis na fialachd roimh 'n t-slogh,
Cha b'i 'n ainnis bu cheol feisd' dhaibh.

Bhiodh 'a' caitheamh nan corn
Leis an aighear bu mho,
'S bhiodh do ghillean ri spors eibhinn;

Moran misnich 'nan ceann,
Beagan gliocas 'nan ainnt,
Is iad friothailteach 'nan, feileach.

'S mac thu dh'armunn nam buadh,
Nach do sharaich an tuath,
Bhuidhinn parrat 'an uair fheumil.

An am crambadh a chlainn,
A chuir Tearlach bho'n chuir,

'S iad do chairdean a b'fhiu 'm foigh-
neachd.

Cha bhi mise orra 'cainnt,
Cha 'n 'eil buannachd dhomh ann,
Cha bhi brìgh ann an seann sgeula.

'Fhir a b'ealaimhe lamh
Ri taobh aibhnean is charn,
'S ann bho d'chù nach bu shlan beistean.

'S ann bho shurdaig do shnaip
Bhiodh an t-udlaich' gun neart,
'S fir 'ga ghiulan gu bras, eutroun.

'Tigh'nn bhe chaitheamh a chuain,
Gu'm bu shar mhath de shnuadh,
Ort cha laigheadh an uair bheurtha.

Cha bu chladhaire cearr
Thu 'n am suidhe air an earr,
Gu'm biodh claidh air muir ard sleisde.

Dh'fhaoiadh Trailibhail thall
Firiun aireamh de m' chainnt,
Nam biodh Gaidhlig 'na ceann breidgheal.

Tha mi 'chuideachd an drast
Air fuaim tuinne ri traigh,
Far 'm bu churaideach gair' theud dhomh;

Aig an ribhinn gun sgod
Nighean tuitear Mhic-Leoid,
Riamb nach d'fhuaras mu'n or gleidhteach;

Nighean crunair an aigh
'Cheist an urram thar chaich;
'S cha 's gur fad' thug na baird sgeul ort.

B'fhearr leat foghail do lamh

'Bhi
Na bh

Gu bh
Mar a
No ma

Neul
'N uai
Ort ch

Deud
Air a s
Beul d

Ciocha
Air uch
'S ioma
tai

Cran
bustle.

Hecto
second

Coll.

behaved

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a daugh

nish, h

Hector,

ried Ca

of Coll,

died wit

cessor

married

'Bhi 'toirt toghaidh air cnaimh,
Na bhi 'gleadhar air sgath/spreidho.

Gu bheil slios do dha thaoibh
Mar an eala air na tuinn,
No mar chanach an grunn'd feithe.

Neul nan caor air do ghruaidh,
'N uair a dh'fhaodar am buain;
Ort cha laigheadh an snuadh breige.

Deud mar chaile ann ad cheann,
Air a snaigheadh mar chnaimh;
Beul dearg daitht' o nach gann Beurla.

Ciochan corrach geal min
Air uchd soluis nach crion;—
'S iomadh buaidh 'th'air a mhnai cheu-
taich.

Crambadh—a quarrel. Foghail—noise,
bustle.

Hector, first Maclean of Muck, was the second son of Lachlan, sixth Maclean of Coll. He fought under Montrose, and behaved with distinguished gallantry at the battle of Kilsyth. By his wife Julian, a daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish, he had two sons, Hector and Ewen. Hector, second Maclean of Muck, married Catherine, daughter of Hector Roy of Coll, and had two sons, Hector, who died without issue, and Lachlan, his successor. Lachlan, third Maclean of Muck, married Mary, daughter of James Mac-

donald of Balfinlay, by whom he had two sons, Hector and Donald. Hector, fourth Maclean of Muck, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macleod of Talisker. This Hector is the subject of the poem. He had no issue. He was succeeded in Muck by his brother Donald.

CUMHA DO DH-IAIN OG SGALPA.

LE A PHRÒTHAIR.

'S e 'n a'geul a fhuair sin drasta
Nach do leig dhomh air choir;
Is iomluaineach na teasaichean
A ghrab mi gun bhi falbh,
Cha bu toiseach faochaidh dhomh
Bhi smointeachadh laìn og
'Chur 'sa chiste chaòil am falach
Air a sparradh leis an ord.

Na'm bu talamh machrach e,
Is e bhi fada, reidh,
Air dhoigh 's gu'm faodt' a mharcachaidh,
Gun each a chur 'n a leum,
Na h-eadar Rudha Mhalaig
Agus carraig a chinn leith,
Ghluaiseadh Mairi 'n taice riut,
'S a suil ri frasadh dheur.

Na'm faighinn sud air m' ordagh
A bhi gad choir-sa 'n de,
A meuduchadh do thorraidh,
Gu'm bu deonach leam an ceum,
Ghluaiseadh leinn Mac-Dhomhnaill ann,
'S a bhràithrean cga fein,

Thig
'S ch

Is oil
'Tha
Is iac
Mu 'n
Is lion
Na'm
Ri m
'N au

Alast
Gu'm
Is To
Na'n
Ruair
Chan
Ogha
'Thug

Bu m
Is bu
Is lua
Agus
A dho
S gu'r
Sar gl
'Meas

'N uar
Is sib
Gu d'
Ann a
Gheib
Agus
B' fhe
'Bheir

Thigeadh Maighstir Meodha
'S cha bu shubhach leis an ageul.

Is oil leam fhin an cruinneachadh
'Tha an gach duine 'a tir
Is iad a' tiamhaidh, muladach.
Mu 'n churaidh 'bu mhor phris
Is lionmhòr 'tha tuireadh ort,
Na'm b' urrainn mi 'n cur sìos,
Ri moladh an fhear cheannaiche
'N am teannadh ri ol fion'.

Alastair a Grisinnis,
Gu'm biodh tu 's tir so 'n de,
Is Tormoid ann an Uinis
Na'n cluinneadh sibh an ageul,
Ruairidh Mor a Hamara
Chan fhanadh e 'n 'ur deigh,
Ogha 'n t-seanar mhathasaich
'Thug aighear dhuibh am beinn.

Bu mhiann leat gunna gleusta,
Is bu ro mhath 'fheum a'd' laimh,
Is luaidhe ghorm is fudar
Agus cuilain siubhlach, seang,
A dhol do bheinn nan aighean,
S gu'm bu tadhallach sibh ann,
Sar ghiomanach gun amharus
'Measg mhaithéan Innse-Gall.

'N uair 'thearnadh sibh gu h-ìosal
Is sibh sgìth a siubhal shliabh,
Gu d' thaigheadas mor, priseil,
Ann an caidrimh frith nam fiadh,
Gheibhteadh cuirm gun iotadh
Agus ol air fion gu fial;
B' fhear taighe sulbhir solasach thu,
'Bheireadh ol do chiad.

Is iomadh ainm a thigeadh ort,
 Sar sgiobair ri la fuar;
 Bu stiuramaich' thar bairlinn thu
 Ged bhiodh i ard 'sa chuan.
 Chan fhaicteadh fiamh a' d' aodann-sa,
 A dh aindeoin gaoith 's anuair;
 Gu'm b' urrainn ann san ardraich thu.
 Ged bhiodh i 'n gabhadh cruaidh.

O, marbphaisg air an eug
 A thug bhuainn an trunfhear ard
 A bha deas, faicheil, foinnidh
 Air gach coinnimh an measg chaich,
 'Bha sotrom, ealamh, siubhlach
 Gus 'n do chaill thu luths do bhall,
 Is smearail, fearail, feumalach,
 Air iomad gleus nach cearr.

Nuair rachadh tu do Bhernara,
 'Sa chluinnteadh gair nan teud,
 Piobaireachd is clarsaireachd.
 Is fiodhall ard ga seinn,
 Chuireadh tu nan tamh iad
 Le tlachd do mhanrain fein;
 'S gur b-iomad fear 'bhiodh 'gaireachdainn
 Le abhachdas do bheil.

Tha do sheoid gun aiteas
 Ann an Sgalpa 's iad 'nan tamh;
 Is cha b' e sud a chleachd iad
 Aig an oig fhear ghasd' a bha;
 Gu'm bu shunndach meadhrach dheth
 Gach teaghlach 'bha fo d' sgath;
 'S an nis tha iad trom, airsnealach,
 Bho'n thaisgeadh thu fo 'n chlar.

We cannot tell who Iain Og Sgalpa
 was. It is evident, however, that he was

a Ma
 we su
 minis
 Scott

OR

LE

Fhuair
 Mu ch
 Tha m
 'S bua
 Leam
 An fh
 Slat d
 'Dh'fh

Sar ch
 Gnuis
 Nam b
 Bhiod
 'S iom
 'Bhiod
 'Ga sh
 'S ar ti

C'ait 'n
 No'n d
 Aon 't
 'Fhir b
 Tha mi
 Cha 'n
 Nach l
 Fo do l

a Macleod or a Macdonald. Mr. Meodha, we suspect, is a mistake; we can find no minister of that name mentioned in Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae*.

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

LE ROGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN AM BARRA.

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich
 Mu chuis granda gun tuigse;
 Tha mo smaointinnean gabhaidh,
 'S bualadh gairich a'm chuislean.
 Leam is cruaidh a bhi dteadh
 An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;
 Slat de 'n abhal gun chrine
 'Dh'fhas cho dìreach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan deireach,
 Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda.
 Nam bu bhas dhuit 's a cheum sin
 Bhiodmaid fein dheth gun taice.
 'S iomad dilleachdan bronach
 'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun taca,
 'Ga shior ghreadadh 's ga leonadh,
 'S ar tighearn' og 'ga thoirt seachad.

C'ait 'n do sheas e air urlar
 No 'n do lub e 'na phearsa
 Aon 'thug barr ort an cuirteas,
 'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?
 Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,
 Cha 'n e 'm boad 'tha mi cantuinn,
 Nach lubadh tu 'm feoirnein
 Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

C'ait am faicteadh fo armaibh
 Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?
 Bhiodh ort claideamh chinn airgid.
 'S daga mheanbh bhreac na leapa,
 Sgiath charraigneach bhreac philleach.
 'S biodag bhiorach gheur sgaiteath.
 Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach
 'S an connspunn treun smachdal.

Bu tu sealgair na sithne
 Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,
 Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich
 'Bheireadh dith air an ealtainn.
 'N uair a chasgadh tu 'mhiog-shuil
 Is a chiteadh do lasair
 Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad
 Troimh dhanh uallach on astair.

Bu tu 'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
 Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;
 Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach
 Foinnidh, innsineach, tapaidh;
 Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,
 S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d'fhaicinn;
 'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu eis
 Air ionairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.
 C'uime 'n cèilinn an fhirinn?
 Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun-sgrubadh
 Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'
 Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd,
 'N uair a thairngteadh do shith
 'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad.
 'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn
 No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuideal—a cudgel. Tasca—support,
 substance, solidity. Innsineach—spright-
 ly, lively.

DO

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 Aongha
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 Cha 'n fh

DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

Bha sinn colach air an Taillear Abrach bho-laithibh ar n-àige. Bha e a' fuireach lannh-rùn n. Is e Iain Dòmhnallach a' ainm dha. Rugadh is thogadh e an Lochabar. B' mhac e do Ghilleasbich, mac Aonghais, mac Alastair Bhair, mac Alastair Mhoir, mac Aonghais a' Bhocain, mac Aonghais Mhoir Bhath-Fhionntain, mac Alastair, mac Iain Dribh, mac Raonail Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha e corr agus deich bliadhna a' chead de dh-aois an uair a thàinig e do'n duthaich seo. Bha cuimhne mhath aige, agus bha moran tlachd aige ann an eachdraidh nan Gaidheal. Bha e gle fhiosrach mu Dhòmhnallach na Ceapaich, agus gu sonnachd mu Shliochd an Taigh, am meur de'n robh e-fhein. Bha beagan de chrìomagan oran aige air a theanga, ach 's gann gu'n robh oran sam bith aige blo cheann gu ceann. Thachair dhuinn a bhi aig an taigh, aig ar seann dachaidh, air an darna lathadug de cheud mhios an fhoghair 'sa bhliadhna 1885. Chuir sinn fios air an Taillear, agus thàinig e a shealltainn oirnn am beul na h-oidhe. D'fàig sinn air eachdraidh Dhòmhnail Bhair a' Bhocain a thoirt duinn. Sgrìobh sinn a sìos i facal air an fhacal mar a thug e seachad i. 'N uair a' bha 'n Taillear a dol dachaidh thug sinn ceum comhla ris. Rannic sinn gle fhaig air an taigh leis. Bha e soilleir gu'n robh e a dol air ais gu mor. Bha na casan lag is an aghaidh goirid seach mar a b' abhaist. Cha'n fhaca sinn tuilleadh e, chaochail e.

an ceann beagan mhiosan. Bha e mu
cheithir fichcad bliadhna 's a tri de dh-aois.

So agaibh ma ta eathdraidh Dhomhnail
Bhain a Bhocain ma a thug an Taillear
dhutne i:

Bha Domhnall Ban a Bhocain a fuir
each ann am Muin-Easaidh. Bu Domh-
nallach e de Thaigh na Ceapach. Bha
posda ri Bana-Ghriogaraich a mhuinntir
Raibeich.

Bha Domhnall Ban ann am Blar Chuil-
fhodair. An deigh a bhlair bha e gu
fhalach fhein ann am bothan airidh. Bha
da ghunna aige, fear diu lan 's fear nach
robh. Thanic cuideachd Mhic-Dhomhnail
Shleite air, agus leum e am mach troimh
uinneig chuil. Thug e leis gu tubaist-
each an gunna falamb. Loisg iad 'n a
dheigh, 's bhris an peileir a chas. Thanic
na saighdearan far an robh e. Co thu,
ars' iadsan. Is Domhnallach mise, ars' e
san. Thug iad leo e gu Ionar-Nis. Bha
e greis ann am priosan an sin. Bha eurt
ac' air, a' ch fhuair e as. N uair a bha e
sa' priosan chunnaic e brudair. Chün-
naic e e fhein. Alastair mac Cholla, agus
Domhnall mac Raonail Mhoir ag ol.
B'e Domhnail mac Raonail Mhoir am
fear a bha iad ag radh a bha da chridh'
ann. Chaidh a ghlacadh san Eaglais
Bhric 's a chur gu bas an Carlisle. An
deigh do Dhomhnall Ban am brudair
fhaicinn rinn e an duanag so:

Gur h-e mise 'tha sgith,
'S mi air leaba leam fhin.

'S iad ag raitinn nach bi mi beo.

Gur h-e mise, &c.

Chur

Is da

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'N uair

'S e d

Nach

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Chumachas Alastair Ban

Is da Dhomhnall mo ghraidh.

'S sinn ag ol nan deoch-alaint' air bord.

'N uair a dhuisc mi a m' shuain.

'S e dh' fhag m' aigneadh fo ghruaim.

Nach robh again san uair ach sgleo.

Ged a tha mi gu breidh.

Bha mi mor as a' fein

Fhad 's a mhaireadh sibh fhein dhomh beo.

Faodaidh balach gur taing

'N du bhi 'raith air mo cheann.

Dh' fhalbh mo thaice, mo chail, 's mo threoir.

'm Bocan a' cur dragh' air Dhomhnall Ban. Smointich Dhomhnall na m' fagadh e 'a taigh nach cuireadh e a' fagh tuilleadh air. Thug e leis a h-uile ni gu dhol air imrich ach a' chliath chliata, a dh'fhag e aig taobh an taighe. Chuinnic an fheadhainn a bha 'thalbh leis an imrich a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n an deigh. 'Thalbh, thalbh, arsa Dhomhnall Ban, ma tha a' chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n ar deigh, tha e cho math dhuinn tilleadh. Thill e ais ais far an robh e roimhe, 's cha d' fhalbh e riamh tuilleadh.

Bha mo sheanair, Aonghas mac Alastair Bhain, duine firinneach, onarach, oidheche ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, agus chaidh a' chadal ann. Rug rud air dha ordaig a' choise, agus cha 'n fhaigheadh e as m' s mo na ged a bhitheadh e ann an gramaiche a' ghobhainn. Cha 'n fhaigheadh e gluasad. 'S e 'm bocan a

bh' ann; ach cho do rinn e dad air aeb
aud.

Bha Raonall Abarardair oidheh' an
taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain. Thubhairt Nic-
Griogair, bean Dhomhnaill, ri Raonall,—
“Ged a bheir mi dhuibh an t-im
an nochd air a' bhord theid a
shalachadh.” Thubhairt Raonall,—
“Theid mise thun a' churrasain ime 's mo
bhiodag 'am dhorn 's a bhoineid os cionn
a churrasain 's cha shalaidh e 'n nochd e.
Chaidh Raonall a sìs comhl' rithe 's thug
iad leo an t-im; ach bha e salach mar a b'
abhaist.

“Na clachan agus na saobhan
Cha leigeadh leis an naomhan cadal”

Chaidil Mr. Iain Mor Mac-Dhughail, an
sagart, oidheche n' dha ann an taigh
Dhomhnaill Bhain, ach cha tigeadh am
Bocan an oidheche bhiodh e san ann.

Bhiodh am Bocan a' tilgeadh rud as na
baalachan. Bhiodh iad a' chuinntinn nan
sgionnan 'gan g arachadh aig ceann leaba
Dhomhnaill Bhain.

An oidheche sin dheireadh a thanic, am
Bocan bha e 'g innse gu 'n robh iad so 's
iad so comhl' ris, spioradan eile. Thuir a'
bhean ri Domhnaill Ban, — “Shaoilinn fhin
na'm bi iad sin comhl' ris gu 'n bruidh-
neadh iad ruinn.” Fhreagair am Bocan,
“Cha 'n fheil comas bruidhne aca na's
mo na tha aig bonn do chois. Thuir am
Bocan, “Thig am mach a' so, a' Dhomh-
naill Bhain. Theid, arsa Domhnaill Ban,
agus taing do Ni Math gu 'n d' iarr thu
mi. Bha Domhnaill Ban a' dol am mach
'S a toirt leis na biodaige. 'Fag du'

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a' dol a

bhiodag a staigh, a Dhomhnaill Bhain,"
ars' am Bocan. "Fag an sgian a staigh,
cuideachd." Chaidh Domhnall am mach.
Chaidh e-fhein 's am Bocan an sin troimh
Acha-nan-Comhachan air feadh na h-oidh-
che. Chaidh iad an sin troimh uillt 's
troimh choille bheatha, mu thri mìle,—
gus an do rannac iad an Fheairt. 'N uair
a rannac iad sin dh'fheuch am Bocan dha
toll ann san do chuir e am falach iarunn
croinn 'n uair a bha e beo. 'Nuair a bha
e 'n toirt nan iarunn as an toll bha da
shuil a' Bhocain a cur an corr de dh-
eagal air na ni eile a chuala no chunnaic
e. 'N uair a fhuair e na h-iarunn thill
iad dhachaidh gu Main-Easaidh, e-fhein 's
am Bocan. Dheilig iad an oidhech sin
aig taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain.

Chaidh am Bocan an sin gu taigh tuath-
anaich. Bha e a' sineadh a lamhan thairis
air an tuathanach 's a cur an aodach air
bean an tuathanach. "De tha thu dean-
amh an sin?" ars' an tuathanach. "Tha
mi cur aodach air mo bhana-charaid."
Dh'fhalbh am Bocan an sin 's cha 'n fha-
cas riann tuilleadh e.

Bha gille aig Domhnall Ban, 'Carnbeu-
lach, a chaidh a mharbhadh an Cuilthodair.
Thug an gille so d' dh-fhear-faighe, uair,
tuilleadh is a chòrd ri Domhnall Ban.
Thiod Domhnall Ban ris. Thuit an gille
ris, "Bidh mi droghaist beo na marbh
airson so." Bha an barraig aig daoinne an
m' b'e an gille 's am Bocan, ach cha
innis Domhnall Ban co a bh' ann.

Theag sluaigh Domhnall Ban 's chruinnich
a' dol a shealltainn air. Bha da bhean

Aonghas Ruadh Chraibneachain agus
Domhnall Ban. B' e Domhnall Ban
Marsanta, a bha san duthaich so, mac
Aistair, mhic Dhomhnaill Bhain, mhic
Dhomhnaill Bhain a' Bhocain.

LAOIDH.

LE DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

'Dhia, a chruthaich mi gun cha-leachd,
'Daingnich mo chreideamh is dean laidir,
Thoir air aingeal tigh 'nn a Paras
Is comhnaidh 'ghabhail ann am fhardaich.
Gu m' theasraiginn bho gach buaireadh
'Tha droch shluagh a' cur 'am charaibh;
'Tosa, a dh' fhuiling do cheusadh,
Caisg am beusan 'a bi fhein mar-rium.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh bhi ri smaoin-
feach;
N am dhomh dol daonnán do m' leaba,
Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban,
Nach leigeadh le naomhan cadal.
Bidh mi gun fheis is gun tamh iant',
Gun chlos is gun phranh gu madainn;
'Fhir a tha 'n cathair nan grasan,
Faic mo charadh 's bi d' gheard agam.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh 'bhi fo imcheist,
'Liuthad seannachas 'th' orm 's gach duth-
aich;
Thoir roinn diu a bhios ri eucoir,
'S ann 'n a dheaghardh fhein 'tha 'chuis-
ud.
Na doir a' bhreith ach mar 's leir dhuit,
Ged a robh Mac Dhe ga d' dhussadh;
Cha 'n fheil fhos am mo a thoill mi

Na m

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an abai

beathain

Domhu

b' ainm

dug na

gu 'm f

shonara

cruaidh

innse cu

Na 'm fear saibhir 'tha gun churam.

Ged tha trioblaid orm 'san am so,
Naile, gheibh mi paigheadh dubailt;
'N uair 'thig cairm orm bho m' Shlanai-
ghear.

Gheibh mi fochd is grasan uia.
Cha 'n eagal dhomhsa tuilleadh bruailein
'N uair 'theid mi 'suas mar-ri d' naoimh-
sa;

'Fhir a tha 'd shuidhe 'sa chathair,
Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh ri m' urnaigh.

A Dhia, dean sa mise cuimbneach
A latha 's a dh oidhche' air bhi 'g urnaigh.
Ag iarraidh mathanas gu saibhir
Ann sna riun uir, air mo ghluinean.
Cairich le Spiorad na firinn
Aithreachas gle chinnt am ghrunn-sa,
'S 'n uair 'chuiras Tu 'm bas ga m'
iarraidh',

Gu 'n gabhadh Criosda dhiom curam.

Tha cuid ag radh gur h-e mac do dh-
Aonghas Odhar, Mac Ghilleasbich na
Ceapaich, a bh' ann an Domhnall Ban a
Bhocain, agus gu 'm bu nighean a mhath-
air do dh Aonghas Og, Fear Choille-
Chomaid, a bha de na Domhnallaich ris
an abairteadh Shiochd an Iarla. Bha
beathair ag Aonghas Og d' am b' ainm
Domhnall Dubh, agus tha mac aige d' am
b' ainm Gilleasbich. Tha e air a radh gu n-
dug na sithichean leatha Gilleasbich, agus
gu 'm faic Domhnall Ban e air oidhche
shonraichte a danna maille riutha cho-
cruaidh agus a b' urrainn e. Tha e air
innse cuid eachd an Domhnall Ban gu

'n robh e air cuairt sheilge am bliadhna
 an t-sneachda mhoir, agus mu bheul na
 h oidhche gu 'm fac e duine air muin feidh
 agus e a dìreadh a suas ri creig mhoir.
 Chual e an duine ag radh, Dhachaidh,
 a Dhoinhuail Bhain. Ghabh e comhaille.
 Air an oidhche in fhein thuit aon treigh
 deug de shneachda 'sa cheart aite ann
 san robh e a dol a ghabhail 'aimh.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna
 nan Drimnean 'sa Mhorairne.

LE GILLEASBIC MAC-NEILL.

Moch 'sa mhadainn Di-luain
 Fhuair mi naidheachd 'bha cruaidh,
 'Mu 'n do thog mi mo chluas gu eirigh;
 Moch 'sa mhadainn, &c.

Gu bheil Ailean 'na chorp,
 Ann sna Drimnean an nochd;
 Dh' fhag sud iomgaineach, goirt, a cheile.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dh' i e,
 A bhi tursach 'g a cradh;
 Dh' fhag i 'n ulaidh am barr chnoc
 Micheil.

'S iomadh biadh agus deoch
 Tha roimh t' anam an nochd,
 Ard caeun-uidhe nam bochd 's nam
 feumach.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan ciad
 'Bhiodh a' tighin 's a triall;

Iuchair

Na 'm
 'Dhiob
 Sheas

Na 'm
 Air a t
 Thairn

'N uain
 An taig
 'S tu
 eac

Gu 'm
 Ann ad
 'Bhi 'to

Cha bh
 'S tu cu
 Bhiodh
 fhe

Treis ai
 Treis ai
 Gus an

Tha do
 'S beag
 Dh' fha
 cife

Dh' fhal
 Dh' fhal
 Dh' fhal

Allan
 mhic. Ai

Iuchair ghliocais na Dreallainn dh' eug e.

Na 'm biodh fear ann an glais,
Dhiobhail cothrom is ceirt,
Sheasadh Ailean le reachd 's le ceill e.

Na 'm biodh carrann de 'n choir,
Air a thaobh-san de 'n bhòrd,
Thairneadh Ailean fo chleoc gu leir i.

'N uair a shuidheadh tu 'n cuirt,
An taigh-lagha no 'n tur,
'S tu gu 'm b' urrainn gach cuis a reit-
each'.

Gu 'm b' e t' fhasan-sa riannh,
Ann ad thalla 'b' fhearr rian,
'Bhi 'toirt seachad gu fialaidh fheusdan.

Cha bhiodh ainns a' d' bheachd,
'S tu cuireadh uaislean a steach;
Bhiodh do ghillean 'nan dreap 's dh'
fheumadh.

Treis air iomairt 's air ol,
Treis air mire 's air ceol,
Gus an goireadh na h eoin 'sna geugan.

Tha do chinneadh fo phrannh,
'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh e;
Dh' fhalbh an urrain, an agh, 's 'an
cifeachd.

Dh' fhalbh an spionnadh 's an neart,
Dh' fhalbh an cothrom san ceart,
Dh' fhalbh na thogadh fear airc' a eigin.

Allan Maclean, Ailean Mac Thearlaich
mhic Ailein mhic Iain Duibh, first of

Drimmin, married Mary, daughter of John Cameron of Callart, by whom he had John, Donald and Margaret. He was one of the handsomest men of his day. He died at the age of twenty-nine. John, second of Drimmin, married Mary, daughter of John Crubach Maclean of Ardgour, and had two sons by her, Allan and Charles. Charles died, like his father, at the age of twenty-nine. Allan, third of Drimmin, died unmarried, also at the age of twenty-nine. Charles, fourth of Drimmin, had a natural son named Lachlan. He married Isabella, daughter of John Cameron of Erracht, by whom he had Allan, John, Donald, Lachlan and Marjory. He obtained the estate of Kinlochaline in 1735. He commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden in 1746, where he was killed, together with his natural son, Lachlan, who was a captain under him. His daughter, Marjory, was married to Donald Cameron of Erracht. Lieutenant-General Allan Cameron, Ailean an Earrachd, who was born shortly before the battle of Culloden, was her son. Charles of Drimmin was succeeded by his eldest son, Allan. Allan fifth of Drimmin, is the subject of the poem. He married first, Anne, daughter of Donald Maclean of Brolas, by whom he had Charles and Una. He married secondly, Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie, and had by her, Donald, of Kinlochleven, another son, and nine daughters. The date of his death we do not know.

Do Dh
og
an

LE SEU

Is sear
Do Chl
'S gach
'Tha 'g
Fhuair
Fath m
Chaill i
Dha 'n
Mo

Mar she
Air cuar
Tha do
Is nuir
Gur a g
O 'n is b
'Bualadh
'Righ na

Bha a gh
Agus 'eo
Bha e ga
'S moran
Solus ur
'S nan de
Cha chao
Ged bu

CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tighearn'
og Chela, a chaidh a bhathadh ann
an Caolas Ulbha 'sa Bhliadhna 1774.

LE SEUMAS BUCHANAN, MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE
ANN AN COLA.

Is searbh cupan na beatha
Do Chlann-Ghilleain, 's cha 'n ionghnadh
'S gach call agus trioblaid
'Tha 'gan riobadh 's 'gan rusgadh.
Fhuair iad 'nis buille mhuineil,
Fath mo dhunaich 's mo dhiobhail;
Chaill iad ceannard na tuatha,
Dha 'n robh 'n uaisle 'n a ghiulan.
Mo run geal og.

Mar sheann luing gun fhear-riaghlaidh,
Air cuan fadhaich san dubhlachd,
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,
Is muir baite ga 'n ionnsaidh.
Gur a goirt lean an gairich,
O 'n is bas do 'n fhear-iuil ac',
'Bualadh bhas a. am eirigh;—
'Rìgh na greine bi dluth dhaibh.

Bha a ghliocas ro shonnraicht',
Agus 'eolas ro phriseil;
Bha e gaolach ro smachdail,
'S moran tlachd aig' do 'n fhirinn.
Solus ur 'bha ro alainn;
'S nan deach 'fhagail 's an d' lion e,
Cha chaidheamaid bas Eachainn,
Ged bu chreach ann san tìr e.

Dh' fhalbh Domhnall og Chola,
Is gu 'm b' oil le d' luchd-eolais;
Bha do nadur ro uasal,
Lan suairceis, gun mhor-chuis.
Bha thu iriosal, baigheil,
Is 'n ad namhaid do 'n do-bheairt;
Caraid islean is uaislean;
'Righ, gu 'm b' fhuath leat am foirneart.

'S og a chuir mi ort eolas,
'S cha bu chomhstri no streup e;
Cha robh 'm beus sin riut fuaighte,
'S mor an uaisle 'bha 'g eirighd.
Is a' dìreadh mu d' ghuailibh,
Oig uallaich na feile;
'S o 'n a rinneadh do bhathadh
Tha do-chairdean fo eislean.

Is neo-shunndach do phiuthar;
Is trom dubhach do bhrathair,
Ged tha uachdranachd duthcha
'Tarruing dluth air le d' bhas-sa.
Gur a truime an aiceid
Is an sac 'tha 'n uchd Mairi,
Mu 'n ur ailleagan cheutach
'Thug i 'speis is a gradh dha.

'S truagh t' athair 's do mharbair,
'S bidh iad craiteach 's an eug iad,
O 'n a fhuair iad sgèul bronach
Bas Dhomhnaill an ceud ghin.
A Rìgh, furtaich is foirinn,
'S cuir an dochas ann meudachd
Ann san Ti a b' fhearr coir air
Mu 'n deach cota no lein' air.

Gun luaidh air a' ghearan
'N ad chuid fearainn 'san dubhaich,

Gu bheil mis' air mo ghenadh
Le do chonaith a' tursadh,
'S iad ri donnabaich oillteil
'Siubhal coilltich is stuc bheann,
'Giarradh 'mhaighstir, mhaith, choi
'S tric a leon an daul' luthar.

Cha bhiodh acras no iota,
Air do dhiol, do luchd-sugraidh;
Do pheighinnean beag' sporain
Gheibheadh comunn nan luth-chleas
'S iomadh glaine dhe 'n toiseach
A fhuair oigridh do dhuthcha
As do laimh, mu 'n do dh-fhas thu
Smas thar airdead mo ghluine.

Bu tu caraid na tuatha
Nach bu chruaidh ann am mal orr';
Ged bhiodh failinn na 'n cuineadh
'S tu nach diultadh an dail dhaibh.
Cha bhiodh iomair' dhe t' fhearana
A chion ghearran gu 'aiteach
Na 'm bu ghibht a bhiodh buàn thu
Bhiodh do shluagh-sa gu statail.

Ma 's e luban luchd-fuatha,
Le tuain al na poite,
No le buidseachas laidir,
'Thug am bas ort, a Dhomhnaill.
Sgrios na h-aoine 'n am eirigh
Orra fhein 's air an doighean.
Dh' fhaig iad sunne fo eislean,
Is neo-eibhinn ri 'r beò dheth.

Tha e 'n dìngh an Cill-Ionnaig,
Fath mo mhulaid 's mo dhoruinn,
Fear a chridhe mhoir, fharsaing,
Lan ceartais, gun gho ann.

ir mo ghenadh
a' tursadh,
aich oillteil
h is stuc bheann,
ighstir, mhaith, choir, sin,
dauil luthar.

as nò iota,
luchd-sugraidh;
n beag' sporain
nunn nan luth-chleas.
e dhe 'n toiseach
a de dhuthcha
u 'n do dh-fhas thu
ad mo ghluine.

tuatha
lh ann am mal orr';
nn na 'n cuineadh
adh an dail dhaibh.
air' dhe t' fhearana
n gu 'aiteach
t a bhiodh buàn thu,
gh-sa gu statail.

chd-fuatha,
oite,
as laidir,
t, a Dhomhnaill.
e 'n am eirigh
an doighean.
ne fo eislean,
i 'r beo dheth.

n Cill-Ionnaig,
d's mo dhoruinn,
nhoir, fharsaing,
n gho ann.

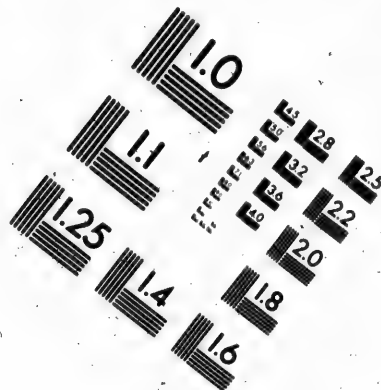
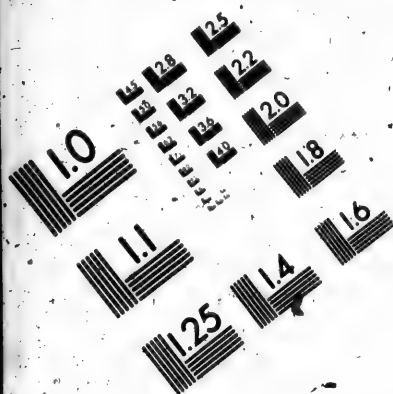




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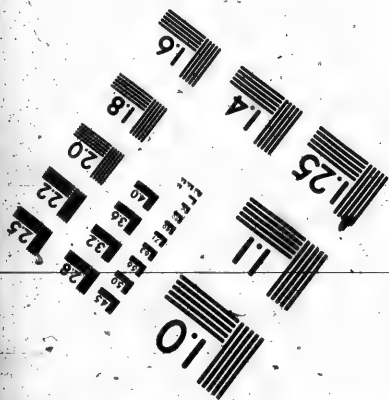
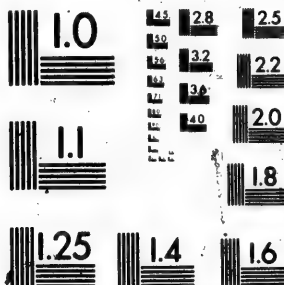
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Ged tha sinne dheth craiteach
Tha mi laidir an dechas
Gu bheil anam-sa 'm Paras
Mar-ri 'r Slanaighear gloirmhor.

Donald, eldest son and heir of Hugh Maclean, 13th of Coll, was a very promising young man. Dr. Johnson, who became acquainted with him during his visit to the Western Islands, speaks of him in terms of high praise. He was drowned in the Sound of Ulva, Sept. 25th, 1774, by the upsetting of the boat in which he was crossing the sound. There were thirteen men in the boat; of these nine were drowned. The four who escaped clung to the mast until the Ulva ferry-boat came to their aid. As there was no storm, it is possible that "tuaineal na poite" had something to do with the sad accident.

CUMHA.

Le Bean Chaluim Mhic-Faidein an Tiri-
eadh d' a fear, a mac, agus fear a
h-inghinne. Chaidh an triuir aca a
bhathadh a tighin a Cola.

FONN—"Ged tha cheapach na fasach."

Gura mise 'tha pramhail
Gun aon tamh air a chnoc;
Gur h-ann dhomhsa nach nar sin,

A bhi stracte le sprochd;
 'S mi ri feitheamh an aite
 Far 'n do bhathadh mo thoirt.
 A' chiad mhaic 'rinn mi arach;
 'S ann am airnean tha 'n lot.

C' ait a bheil i fo 'n chruinne?
 No 'n do dh-imich i fear?
 Aon bhean dha 'm bu choir
 A bhi cho leointe riom fein.
 Cha do dh-iarr thu leam dhachaidh
 Ach mo phearsa gun deidh,
 'S bha sin leatsa cho taitneach
 'S ged lionainn achadh le spreidh.

Cha robh 'n sin dhiut ach comain
 O 'n a thogair thu fhein;
 'S o 'n a fhuair thu mi posda
 Le ordagh o 'n chleir.
 Gu 'n saoilinn mu m' chomhair
 Gu 'm b' tu 'n domhan gu leir;
 'S shaoileadh tusa 'n a chomain
 Gu 'm b' mhis' an obair 's an spreidh.

Mo cheist am beul fo 'n robh 'n fhaithim!
 Lamh a dheanadh rud grinn.
 'N ni nach fac thu mu d' chomhair
 Thog do mheomhair e 'n nios.
 'S iomadh aon leis am b' ole
 Nach d' fhuair thu part ann san tir;
 Ach 'sam dhomhs' tha 'm mi-fhortan,
 'S lionmhor goirtein mu m' chridh'.

Ged a bhidhinu cho ogail
 Is gu 'm posainn a dha,
 Tha mo chridhe cho leointe
 Is nach deonaichinn e.
 Gus an deid mi san talamh,

No sa ghainneamh fo 'n lár
 Bidh gaol Chaluim a' m' chridhe,
 'S bidh s'naoinntinn' lain ga m' chnamh.

Tha mo chiochan mar chaillich,
 Tha iad tana gun chli;
 'S iomadh sail bha air m' aisnean,
 Ghabh i astar 's cha till.
 Leis mar tha mi 'g ur cumha
 Cha 'n fhaicear subhach mi 'chaoidh;
 Bidh mo shuilean a sruthadh
 'S gach ait an-suidh mi no 'n sin.

Na 'm bu chomhairleach diuc' mi,
 'S nach diult-teadh dhomh a' sìgh,
 Gu 'n cuirinn-sa froiseadh
 Anns gach poit 'tha fo 'n ghrein.
 Sin an obair nach soitheamh
 Thug mo ghnothach dhìom gear;
 Cha d' fhuair mise dhe 'fortan
 Ach mo lot anns gach sgeith.

Bu mhath 'n companach Tearlach,
 Theireadh cach nach bu diu;
 Gur h-e 'm beachd a ghabh iadsan
 'Chuir a' d' dhail mi cho dluth.
 Do luchd brataich a gheard thu
 Bha 'n an cairdean ri m' chul;
 Cha b' e feadag na foille
 'Bhiodh mu dheireadh 'n an cuirt.

C' uim am bidhinn gu h-olc dhuit
 'N uair a nochdainn a chuis?
 'N am spairn bhi air chnocaibh,
 No dol am fochair luchd-dìumb,
 'N uair a ghlaodhadh tu 'n t-ardan
 Cha bu tlath thu mu 'chul;
 Riamh cha 'n fhacas fear t' fhuatha
 Seal uair' os do chionn.

FAILTE THEARLAICH NA SGURRA.

Oran do Thearlach Mior Mac-Gilleain,
Fear na Sgurra.

LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN.

FONN—"N uair thig an samhradh geugach
oimn."

O, failt' a Thearlach oig ort,
'S do bheath' air foid na duthcha so,
Gur tinnul sgrìob do phoige orm,
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rùsgadh leath.
Na 'n cuirinn dhìom an eislean so,
'S gu 'n eirihu as a chruban so,
Gu 'm faicinn fhin am maireach thu,
S gu 'n deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad c' n la a dhealaich sinn
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;
Gu 'n d' ghabh mi dhìot cead carthannach,
'S gu deimhin gu 'm bu luath leam e.
Thug mi ceum a' d' dheaghainn,
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,
'S gu 'n d' fhag sud m' inntinn canranach,
Is treis de m' nadur bruanleineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu;
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhi moralach.
Cha d' chuir thu sui! am miodhoireachd.
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghlaim thu.
'N am sgur de dh-ol an fhiona
Cha bhiodh cunnas erion mu 'n bhord
againn.

C' ait am faigh mi leannan dhuit,
 No mairist 'theid a' d' chodhail-sa
 Cha 'n fheil i ann san fhearann so
 Na 's airidh air an oighear ud.
 Na 'm bu mhise thaghadh i,
 'S mo raghain a bhi deonach ort,
 Gur te gun ghiamh, gu fhailinn innt',
 A bhiodh am maireach posda riut.

Ach o 'n is ni nach faodar sin,
 Gur faoin dhuinn a bhi comhradh air.
 Bi fosracn far an iarr thu te,
 Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,
 'S nach liugha te gun ghiamh innte
 Na eala chiar air lointeanaihbh.
 Bidh cuid diu 's faicin bhreagh 'orra,
 Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidhchead aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,
 'S neo-leanabail an tus comhraig thu;
 Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,
 Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.
 Bhiodh gunn a' d' laimh gu curamaob,
 Is t' fhudar ann am pocaidean;
 'S gu 'n deant' an t-ord a rusgadh leat
 Nach dlultadh an am codhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheamh.
 Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;
 'S cha chladheamh air leas garlaich e
 'N uair chairear ann an ordagh e;
 Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada
 Gun inheirg, gun ghiamh, gun fhotus ann;
 An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich
 Gu 'm buidh 'nnteadh buaidh air morau
 leis.

'S an nis o 'n rinn thu tilleadh

As gach ionad ann sua charlaidh thu,
 Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,
 Ach mar a b' ait le d' chairdean thu.
 Ge b' e neach a tha 'm miorun dhuit,
 Gu bheil mi-fhin mar dh' fhag thu mi;
 'S airson thu thigh 'n do 'n tir thugainn,
 Gu 'n lion 's gu 'n ol mi 'n t-slainge so.

CUMHA.

Do Chatriona Dhomhmallach, an I-
 Chaluim-Chille, a dh' fhalbh air leabaidh
 a siubhla. Riuneadh an cumha so le
 Aonghas Mac Laomain an I-Chaluim-
 Chille. Tha e air a dheanamh mar gu 'm
 b' ann le mathair a' bhoisinnach a chao-
 chail.

Dhomsa 's dubhach an t-earrach,
 'Dh' fhag fo eallach gach la mi,
 'S mi ri smaointinnean gorach;
 Cha b' e 'm bron gun cheann fath e;
 Mi ri cumha na gruagaich
 Nach bu shuarach ri 'h-aireamh,
 Laogh mo bhroillich 's mo chiche,
 'N deagh Chatriona so 'dh' fhag mi,
 Mo run geal og.

'S ann mu 'n taca so 'n uiridh
 'Chaidh mo chruinneag-sa charadh
 Ann an ceanglaichean pusbaidh
 Ri fear ur an deagh naduir,
 Rinn thu leanabh a ghiulan
 Re cursa thri raithean;
 'S ann air leabaidh a siubhla
 'Chaill mi 'n ur ghibht a chraidh mi.
 'S ann a ghairmeadh mo ghradh-sa,

Ann an laithean a h-oige,
 Le teachdair' o'n t-Slanaighear,
 'Mach a sgaile na feola.
 Bha a cuislean a' sgaineadh
 Le sarachadh dorainn,
 'S fuil a cridhe 'g a taosgadh
 'Mach 'n a braonaibh mu 'pòraibh.

Co a chluinneas no 'dh-eisdeas
 Mar a dh-eirich e dhomhsa,
 A bhi faicinn mo mhal laig
 Ga a caradh, 'san doigh sin.
 Air eisliun nan bann bhor
 Agus brailin 'g a comhdach.
 Nach h-abair, mo chradh-shlad,
 'S i do mbathair sa 'bhronag.

Tha do cheile fo mhulad,
 'S trom 's gur duilich gach la e.
 O'n a phaisg e an ulaidh
 'N ciste chumhaing nan claraibh.
 Chaill e *preasant* duin' uasail
 Agus tuathanaich statail,
 Agus deagh thean an taighe
 'Bu mhor mathas 'na tannan.

'S bochd an t-aonaran t' athair,
 Gach aon latha ri' bron e;
 'S tric a' caoineadh gu 'n fhois e;
 Chaill e 'mhisneach 's a sholas,
 O'n a dh-fhag e fo lic
 An te 's tric 'r inn a chomhnadh;
 Ceann na ceile 's a ghliocais
 'Bu mhor meas aig no h-eolaich.

Gur a bronach do bhraithrean
 'Ga d' chaidh, 'ailleag ghlan bhoidheach;
 Tha iad cianail 's fo phramhan

O 'n la dh 'fhag iad an og bhean
 Ann an reilie nan armunn
 Ri tamh 'na taigh comhnaidh;
 Tha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,
 'S tric a' suathadh nan dorn iad.

Ann an ceill bha thu muinte,
 'S ann ad ghiulan gun mhor chuis;
 Cha b' e t' fhasan 'bhi 'leumraich,
 'Cur ri beusaibh na goraich.
 Cha bhiodh tu, 's cha b' fhiu leat,
 Ri eul-chainnt air oigridh;
 Bha thu farasda, cluirtach,
 A' d' reul-iuil aig na h-oighean.

B' e do bheusan o thoiscach
 A bhi fosgailteach, fialaidh;
 A bhi daonnan a' cosnadh
 Beannachd bhochd 's dhaoine fiachail;
 'Bhi ri cuireadh nan acrach
 Is nan tartmhor gu biatachd;
 'S a bhi 'g eisdeachd an fhacail
 Le fìor choltas na diadhachd.

Gu 'm b' e coltas mo luaidh-sa
 Aghaidh shuairce nam miog shul;
 Beul 'bu mheachaire gaire
 Le failte gu siobhailt;
 Pearsa chothromach, alainn,
 Gun bhi ard no bhi iosal;
 Cul donn leadanach, duallach,
 'S e 'na chuachagan suimhain.

Sguiridh mise ga t' aireamh,
 Cha 'n fheil stath dhomh bhi t-innseadh;
 'S gur h-e m' urnaigh gu h-araid
 Thu gun dail 'dhol as m' inntinn.
 Tha mo dhochas ro laidir

Ann an Slataighear nam miltean,
 Gu bheil t' anamsa sabhailt'
 Ann an gairdeachas siorruidh.

'SE MO LAOCHAN AN TAILLEAR.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinnadh an t-oran so do Ghilleasbuig
 Mac-Gillembhaoil. Tha am Bard 'g a
 mholadh aison a dheagh thaillearachd.
 Cha 'n fheil moran de mholadh 'san raun
 mu dheireadh.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,
 I h-urabh o, i h-o ro h-o,
 I h-urabh o' i h-orin o,
 H-i ri ri ri o h-i ag o.

'Se mo loachan an taillear
 Nach gabh nair' as mo sheanachas;
 Thug thu cumachd san fhasan
 'Bha fìor thlach imhor 'san t-searmon.
 Ann an toiseach do shaoghail
 Clia robh t' fhaoghluim-sa cearbach.
 'S i do bhriogais tha ciatach,
 An snath riaghailt cha d' fhalbh aisd';
 Tha i 'freagairt gu gasda
 Mu do chasan gun chearbaich';
 Fhuair i 'n t-urram 's gach aite,
 'S cha b' e 'm madar a dhearg i.

Cha 'n fheil uasal no iosal
 'Chunnaig i fhad 's a dh-fhalbh thu,

Nach dug urram do 'n aodach
 Gus 'n do chaochail an calg air.
 Bha thu latha 's a mhointich,
 Gle sporsail, fìor chalina;
 Ghabh thu suas orm seachad,
 Taobh glas is taobh dearg dhìot,
 Thug mi suil thar mo ghuaille
 Co 'n duin uasal a dh' fhalbh bhuam;
 'S truagh nach danaig thu 'm chuideachd,
 'Dh' fheuch an t-èiginn do sheanachas!

Thanic Ferrier comhl' riut,
 Gu bhi comhradh 'sa seanachas,
 'N uair a chual' e mar bha,
 Gu 'n robh am pataran ainmeil;
 Nach robh 'leithid ri 'fhaotunn,
 Ged nach saoilinn gu dearbh sin,
 Ann am Baile Dhubhaideann ac'
 Air feill no air margadh.—
 Fhuair thu urram do chinnidh
 Ann an spionnadh 's an anfhadh:
 'N uair a rachadh tu 't aodach,
 Bha fear t' aogaisg fìor ainmigh.

'S truagh nach faighinn air m' ordagh
 Thu bhi 'd choirneal san armailt,
 'S gu 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe
 Air each uidheamaicht', meanmnach;
 Le do shrein is le d' dhiollaid,
 Le d' spuie riombaich do'n airgid,
 Is le d' bhriogais mhath sporsail
 'Chosgadh mo an aig margadh!—
 N uair a rachadh do ghaigich,
 Leat air thapadh do 'n Ghearmailt,
 Feucham co air an t-saogha!
 Riut a ghlaodadh Ma3-Fhearghuis.

'S arid gun teagamh do thiotal,

'S mor am meas 'th' ort le dearbhadh.
 'N uair a rachadh tu 'Lunnainn
 'Dh fhaotuinn urrainn le t' arg' maid;
 No 'chur bhlar ann san Eiphit,
 A lamh ghleusda gu marbhadh,
 'S iomad uachdaran speiseil
 'Bhioth mu d' dheibhinn a' seanachas.
 Tha gach gruagach an deidh
 Air fear do cheille agus 't anfhaidh,
 'S iad ri leum as do dheoghainn
 Mar iasg ri maghar san fhairge

Cridhe farsuing na fialachd,
 Sar bhiadhtach an airgid,
 'S tu ro mhisneacheil, treubhach,
 'S ann riut fein is mor in' earbsa.
 'S mairg a tharladh a'd' thaice,
 Nuair a chasadh iad fearg ort.
 Bu leis cuid fhir an iochdair,
 As do ghnìomh bhithinn earbsach.
 Bho na dh' ionnsaich thu 'n eallain,
 Cha ghabh thu caile mar mhairiste;
 Gheibh thu baintighearna fearainn,
 'S gur math 'n airidh fear t' ainm oirr'.

Ach a dhuine 'thug do'n duthaich so
 A churainn gur dalm' thu;
 Na cuir umad am feasd i,
 Is nach seas i aig margadh,
 Ciamar dheanadh tu ceart i
 Leis an acfhuinn bha cearbach, —
 Seana mhiaran 's e briste,
 Bloidh sìosair gun charbad,
 Bloidh 'snathaid de tharruing
 'Bh' aig do leanan mu 'n d'fhalbh i,
 'S bord-oibre do chisto
 A ghibht duine marbh ort.

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CLIU AILEIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-oran-magaidh so do
dh-Ailean Domhallach. Na'm b' fhior
am bard bha leannan-sith a' cur dragh air
Ailean.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,
I h-urabh o, i ho ro.h-o,
I h-urabh o, i h orin o,
H-i ri ri ri o h-i og o.

Tha mo ghaol air an oigear sin
A 's boidhche 'sau fhearann;
Ged a thuirt iad riut lomhan,
Cha b' fhior dhaibh e, 'leinibh;
Sann a th' annad am fleasgach
A 's ro dheise air a bhallaibh.
Mura bhi a bhean shith,
Gu 'm biodh tu strith ri d' chuid leannan.
Gu de 'chuir i ga d' ruagadh
Mur a d' fhuair i ort gealladh;
Mur a grad chuir i cul riut
Theid gach cu ann sa bhaile innt'.

Cha 'n ionghnadh do mhathair
A bhi craiteach ga d' ghearan,
'S gu 'n d' theapas do bhathadh
Leis a' chaparaid shalaich,
'S nach cuala do chairdean
Mar thainig i 'd' charaibh,
Gu bheil fios aig na ceudan
Gu 'm b' eucorach, Ailein,
Dhi 'bhi tigh 'nn as do dheigh-sa,
'S gun do bheul 'thoirt d' i geallaidh.

Gheibh mi sgoileir le 'sgriobhadh
'Choirius i as an fhearann.

Cha dean neach, tha i 'g radh,
Mo chur air saile bho m' leannan,
Mur dean Dòmhnall Mac-Phail e,
Le spior-asuin a dh-aindeoin;
'S ann a thuit am Maor Ban riom,
Fuirich lamh-ris car tamuill,
Gus am builich thu 'n fheoil dheih,
Am fìr fheocullan salach,—
Labhair Eachann 's a Chaolas,
'S duine faoin leam thu, Ailein;
C' ait am faca tu bhiast,
No 'n ni do chiad leannan falaich;
Thuit thu, 's co'ea leam fhin sin,
Cha dean mi inns ach do charaid;
Fhuair mi thall am Poll Christidh
An droch shigean 'n a fallus.

Gur bann ormsa tha mhiothlachd,
'S tha mi lionte le mulad;
Is mor eagal m' chridh'
Gu 'm fag thu 'n tìr s' gu buileach,
'S truagh a chaileag 'thug gaol dhuit,
Mur a faodar do chumail,
Ged a gheibheadh i 'n dhuthaich so
Is Muideart is Muile,
Agus roimh bhath de dh-Eirinn
Ann ad eirig-sa, 'churaidh,
B' fhearr gu mor dhi thu fhein aic'.
Oig ghleusd an deagh chuma.

Nach robh Bonipart straceil
'Cur a chabhlaich fo uidhim;
'Cur a luingeas air saile
Gu tigh 'nn lamh-ruinn do Lunnaionn,
Ged nach biodh ach thu fhein ann,
C' uim nach feumadh e fuireach?

Chuir
'fuireach
na creag
feoil mu
oirre. E
bard gar
chapull
deach 'f
Catriona
Tearlach

Le do chlaideamh math Spainteach,
 Ged a tha e gun duille,
 'N uair a ghlacadh tu 'd laimh e
 Chuir' gu bas leat na h-urad;
 'S mun càisgteadh do mhìothlachd
 Bhiod an t-sith an gu buileach.

Ged a b' aithneil Cochullainn
 Aig gach duin' ann an gabhadh,
 Gu bheil t' ainm-sa 'nis, Ailain,
 Air dol thairis nà 's airde.
 Ann an cliu 's ann am misnich
 Fhuair thu tiotal nan Gaidheal,
 Chan f'heil Turcach no Iompair
 'Chuireas mìothlachd gu brath ort;
 'S ann a chiosnaich thu 'n Fheadailt,
 'S gun do theich aisd' am Papà;
 Nach leat f'hein a chuid fearainn,
 'S gabh 'na charaibh am maireach.

— x —

CUMHA A GHAMHNA.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Chuir Tearlach Mac Ailain, duine a bha
 'fuirreach lamh-ris a bhard, capull a bh' aige leis
 na creagan. Chruinnich na h-coin a-dh' itheadh
 feoil mu'n chairbh,, agus bha cuirm mhor ac'
 oirre. Beagan an deidh bas a chapuill, chail an
 bard gamhainn. Thanic nà h-coin a bha mu'n
 chapull gu gabhail dha; ach a reir a bhaird cha
 deach 'fhagail aca; thugadh dhachaidh e. Bha
 Catriona, bean a bhaird, a cur coire mhoir air
 Tearlach airson cruinneachadh nan ian.

FONN.—“*Alastair a Gleanna-Garadh.*”

BEAN A BHAIRD..

Ged b' ainneamh dhomh dol air astar,
'S ann rium a thachair a chomhail;
Chunnacas feannag ann sna Gnioban,
'S ann leam fhin nach binn a comhradh.
Suil dhe 'n dug mi thar mo ghuaile,
Chunnacas beathach shuas a gnostaich;
Bha 'n dubh arpag mhor ga 'spionadh;
Co bha 'n sin ach diosgan Dhomhnaill.

'S mairg a their nach bi san dan dhuinn
Rud no dha 'bhios iad ag innseadh;
'S fad o 'n chunnaic Domh'll mac Lachainn
Taisdealach glas ann sna Gnioban,—
Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad
Rinn e air a ghluinean strìochan,
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich
Ris a chomhstrìth nach robh fiachail.

Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich
Mar nach do dh-ordaich am facal,
Chaidh tu 'chogadh ris an laireig
'S an aite 'b' airde 'bh' air na bailtean,
Ga h-iomainn gu bun a gharraidh
Gus an d'fhuair thu 'n aite cas i;
Chuir thu do shlinnean ri 'gualainn
Agus buarach air a casan.

TEARLACH MAC AILAIN.

Chaill mi mo leirsinn 's mo chlaisteachd,
'S fhuair mi masladh bho mo chairdean,
Bha mi 'n duil gun d' rinn mi tapadh
Cha robh e an nasgaidh do m' lannhan.
Chuir mo bhean phosd' orm miothlachd,
'S i gam dhiteadh gu ro laidir;

'S truagh nac
Mun deachaidh

Bu mhor an
'Nuair 'thug
Tha fios aig
Nach h-ann
'S ann a dh'
'S a thug thu
Tholl thu 'n
'S cha dean i

'S daor a ch
'S air an fhe
Ann sa mha
Bha mo ghar
'S gamhainn
A bhodh co
'N uair a chi
'S ann a thi

'S iomadh d
'N uair bha
Cha dig 'h-a
On phacadh
Ach Tearlach
Bheireadh e
'S e 'g iarra
Airson coiro

Tearlach M
Gur h-e rin
'Nuair a chi
Air an t-slia
Fitheach is
Bu chomun

'S truagh nach robh mi ann san teasaich
Mun deachaidh mi 'ghleachd ris an laireig.

BEAN A BHAIKD.

Bu mhor an cion-ceilte dhuitsa,
'Nuair 'thug thu 'n tuisleadh do 'n laireig ;
Tha fios aig muinntir nam bailtean
Nach h-ann ga marcachd a bha thu ;
'S ann a dh' eirich thu gu scairteil,
'S a 'thug thu cas as a charaid ;
Tholl thu 'n t-seiche leis na clachan,
'S cha dean i 'n caiseart a charadh,

'S daor a chrean mi air an fholach,
'S air an fheirmein 'bha 'sa Bhraighe ;
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich,
Bha mo ghamhainn og, luath, laidir,
'S gamhainn eil' aig Mari Mhogaich
A bhodh comhl' ris anns gach aite !
'N uair a chi mi e tigh'nn dachaidh,
'S ann a thig reachd ann am bhraghad.

'S iomadh drobhair 'bha ga d' ruagadh
'N uair bha thu shuas ann sa Bhraighe,
Cha dig 'h-aon diu 'nis ga t' fhaicinn,
On phacadh thu 'n aite granda.
Ach Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad
Bheireadh e 'leith-shuil air pairt dhiot,
'S e 'g iarraidh ceithrimh de'n bhodaig
Airson coirce no buntata.

Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad,
Gur h-e rinn an diubhail oirnne,
'Nuair a chruinnich e na biastan
Air an t-sliabh 'tha 'n taobh so 'n mhointich ;
Fitheach is feannag is biatach,
Bu chomunn gun riaghailt dhomhs' iad ;

Chunna mis' iad fad a mhiosa,
Fear m' seach dhiu smideadh Dhomhnaiti.

DOMHNAILL

An cluinn thu mise, 'Chatriona,
Chan fhag mi crionta ri d' bheo thu ;
Ged a bha iad orm a smideadh,
Saoil thu 'm b' aobhar miotlachd dhomhs' e?
Leis an tairgneachd a bha 'n dan dha
'N latha 'bhris e clár na crocaich
Ged a bhiodh e ann sa chiste
Dh' fhaodadh an dris tigh 'na 'na chomhail.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Cha tairgneachd a bh' ann ach b'eamas
A tha gam leanachd-sa 'n comhnaidh,
'S fhad on dh' iarr mi air Catriona
A shaoalachadh 'sior Ceann-a-chroige ;
'S ann a dh' eirich i gu staitil,
'S thug i bal m'bie Aonghus oig oirr';
Bóig oirr' as deaghainn an tailleur,
'S thig am maor 'thoirt bailinn dhomhsa.

Thuir Mor, mo nighean, le miotlachd,
'N uair 'chunnaic i 'dhrion ga 'shroiceadh,
Cha mharbhadh sibh fein gu brath e
Mur digeadh am bas na chomhail.
Sean fhacal tha fíor ri 'raitinn,
Chuala mise 's mi 'm phaid' og e,
'M fear nach dean nollaig gu sunndach
Ní e 'chaisc gu tursach, bronach.

Chan fheil a h-aon air an leig se
Nach h-eil gam chreubhadh airson pairt dheth ;
Iain Og ag iarraidh 'n cnaimh-tuaghe
'S Niall Ruadh ag iarraidh a phaighidh ;

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a he
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An gobhainn ag iarraidh a dhìnn deth,
 'S cha ghabh e mir ann sa chain deth;
 'S Domh'll mac Eachainn mhic Iain Oig
 Ag iarraidh spol airson na larach.

Ged a ghabh sibh mise 'm eigin,
 Saoil nach faoduinn fein bhuir paigheadh.
 Cha robh each a bh' air na bailtean
 Nach dugadh dhachaidh air còrn e.
 Dh' fhoghnadh mac Aonghuis mhic Chailain,
 An leannan a bh' aig mo phaisde,
 Gu 'tharruinn dhachaidh na onrachd,
 Gus 'n do rinn a dhornan scaineadh.

'S ann dhomhsa 'dh' eirich an scaradh,
 Thanaic an t-earraich so luath orm;
 Chaill mi mo dhobhliadhnach math ris,
 Fath mo ghearrainn ann san uair so.
 'S deacair dhomh 'nis fuireach samhach,
 'S do cheann lamh-rìum ann san luaithe,
 Is mi 'faicinn crodh nam bailtean
 Gu pailt am mach air a Ghuallainn.

Faodaidh tu 'nis scur de dh-fhearann,
 Cha dean thu seamainn no moine,
 Bha nach h-'eil mise mar b' abhaist,
 Gu cur na h-asaig air sheol dhuit,
 Saoil thu fhein nach truagh a tha mi,
 Chaill mi 'n t-each ban ann sa mhointich,
 'S deich tasdain 's an cor gun phaigheadh
 Aig a Bhaillidh ort, a Dhomhnaill.

Arpag, a harpy. Faisdealach, a ghost. Folach, rank
 grass. Feoirnein, a pile of grass. Bodag, a yearling calf,
 a heifer. Crocach, a thing somewhat like antlers put on
 calves to keep them from sucking.

ORAN MU GHLACADH MORAIR HUNNTAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi
Mu gach sceul 'tha mi claidinn,
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,
Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud ;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe ;
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gàidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad statail,
Gheibhheadh ragha gach aite dhaibh reidh.

Gheibhheadh coinnlean an lasadh
An ceann choinnleirean praise ;
Bhiodh do sheomraichean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartaich feodair
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,
Seal mun digeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein ;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid
'S annai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur greis.

Chan e gaor bhan a Chlachain
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,
Gar an digeadh gin as de 'n choig ceut.

'S bochd an naidheachd an Albinn
 Bog-na-gaoith' an Strath-bhalgaidh
 'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armaitibh sreìn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunntaidh
 A bhi 'n laimh an toll-butha,
 Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh fhein.

Morair Hunntaidh 's am Marcus
 Bho thur nan clach snaidhte,
 Far 'm bu lionmhòr làogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chathaidh do ghlacadh
 Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,
 B' e mo dhiubhail a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,
 Ann am fochair na samhna,
 Bha do bhochdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill.

'N Dail-nam-both an Strath-thamhainn,
 Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,
 Bha lamh-scapidh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muice
 'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,
 Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor sreìn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Tollbutha, a jail.
 Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the
 lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at
 Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntley, was cap-
 tured by James Menzies of Culdares in 1647, and beheaded
 at Edinburgh in 1649. Menzies was known by the nick
 name of Crunair Ruadh nan Cearc.

ORAN

*Do Dhomhnall Donn, mac Fhìr Bhòth-
fhiuntainn.*

LE GILLRABBIO NA GRAPAIGH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho hi ri gheallaidh,
Fire, faire, co naile,
Ho hi ri gheallaidh;
Fire, faire co naile!
Air falbh an hear oho
Trom othra naile!
'Bhi 'g ur ruith air fèadh dalach
Le geur lannaibh 's e b' fhearr leinn.

Ri Dhomhnall Donn.

'S mor a bhleid is air rabhart
A rinn blaicean ri 'ghoistidh;
'Cur nan Duibhneach an airde,
'S mor gum b' fhearr leinn fo 'r cois iad.
Ach nan cumadh iad blar ruinn
An eiric laraichean loingte,
Chuireadh fuobhar ar greidlein
Iad am freasdal an coise.

A Mhaoil-onf haidh, 'Mhaoil-onf haidh-
Tog dhe t' onf hail 's dhe d' sheitrich;
Ruig an null Loch-a-mhallidh
Agus teann-sa ri geumraich,
'S ann ri cinneadh do mhathar
Chaidh do mhasan 's do shleisdean,
Is chan agair Clann-Domhnaill
Mìr ri 'm beo ach am beul dhiot.

Ris a Phìobaire.

Tha blath na brice 'san t-sroin ort,
'S lionmhor frog a-tha 't-aithidh;

Cam bhial ronnach do sheors' ort,
 'S do theanga leomach lan gleadhair.
 Tha thu 'chinneadh nam mealltair,
 Nan cealgair 's nan spleadhair;
 Chaidh an ceann dhe 'r n-ard thraoiteir
 'Chum an fhoill greis air adhart.

'S mi nach ceil gum b' e m' iarrtas,
 'S fhuair sinn riasan gu leoir air,
 Ordagh daingeann na rioghachd
 A bhi scriobht' ann am phoca,
 Gach aon de Shliochd Dhiarmaid,
 Is na shiolaich bho Dhomhnall,
 'Dhol an giuraibh a cheile
 Leis na gear lannaibh gorma.

Chan iarrainn de dh-aighear
 Gu latha mo chriche,
 Ach sibhs' agus sinne
 'Dhol an iomairt na strithe,
 Fear mu choinnimh an f hir
 'S gun aon fhear 'bhi 'g 'ur dith-sa,
 'S ge b' e 'ghabhadh an slinnein
 A bhi fo iomairt na rioghachd.

Ge b' e dheanadh an eucoir,
 No a gheilleadh do 'n ghealtachd,
 De shliochd Ghille-Bride
 Neart an righ a chur as da.
 Ged a tha mi leith bhreuite
 Mo chuid de 'n chomhrag cha sheachnainn,
 Ged is leointe mo mhuineal
 Ris 'n do chuir mi 'n diugh acf huinn.

Teann-sa ri geumraich, 'se sin, rach a ghoid a chruaidh.
 Tha e air a radh gum biodh cuid de mheirlich ri fuaim col-
 tach ri geumraich gus an crodh a thaladh ga 'n ionnsaidh.

Chi sinn bhon oran air cos a' bha an n' an robh na
 fneachan Gaidhealach aig aon am. An aite a bhi gradh-
 achadh a cheile 's ann a bhiodh naimhdras aca dha cheile;
 dh' iarradh aon fhine cur as do dh'fhine eile. Ghàibhear
 an t-oran molaidd a' dh'aobharaich an t-oran cainidh so air
 taobh na duilleig 274.

— x —

A PHAIRTIDH LEATHANACH.

LE DONNACHADH MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Gur boidheach dearsadh
 Na pairtidh Leathanaich
 'Nuair theid am comhla
 'S an Oban Latharnach.
 'N uair 'bheir an coirneal
 Iad ann an ordagh
 Chan fheil fo Dheora
 Na's boidheach dh' amhaircean.

Mo run na fùrain
 'Tha luthar, ealanta.
 Bu mheasail cliuiteach
 'S gach cuis na fearaibh ud.
 Le'n crios, le'm puichead,
 Le'm musg, le'm fudar,
 'S gach ball cho sguirte
 'S nach faighteadh mearachd dhàibh.

B'iad sin na saighdearan,
 'S aobhaich 'n sealladh 'th'orr',
 'S iad tilgeadh soillse
 Mar bhoillsceadh dealanaich.
 An am dol cruinn duibh,
 'Sa phairce ghrinn ud
 Bhiodh pioha seinn duibh,
 (Gan toir oir bhaile namach.

'N am dol ~~gu gearr gun~~
 Doir cach an aise dhuibh,
 Le r brogan arda,
 Gu h-aluinn laimireach;
 Gur tric bha oganach,
 Dibh le ordagh
 An taic a choineil,
 S bu mhath an aiseidh e.

Duncan Mackinnon was born in Tiber. He came to Cape Breton, and settled at Malagawatch. He was married twice, and had a large family. He was drowned about 1855 at Stoney Point, by going through the ice. He was at the time of his death about sixty-five years of age.

—X—

DUANAG.

LE DONNACHADH GRIOGARACH, AM BROCAIR.

LUINNEAG.

Tha mi trom duilich' trom,
 Aisnealach ciannail;
 Tha mo chridh' air fas trom,
 'S fad o'ntim sin.

Gidhe d'fhonnan's mi caithris
 An fhir ruaidh an Sith-Chaillinn,
 Dheanainn oran do m' leannan,
 'Chur an aithghearr na time.
 Tha mi trom etc.

Dh' innsinn aogasc mo leannain,
 Cul dualach, trom, camaidh;
 Bean's fear dha 'n diaganant,
 Ris an camar deo Sinac

Chan fheil coir' air mo leannan
 De na 's urrainn cach aithris,
 Ach a buaille 'bhi tana,
 'S tha car agam fhin dheth.

Bu neo-shocrach mo leaba
 Eadar Drumainn is Caislidh,
 Gleann-Ruaidh an Lochabar,
 Braigh' Raineach 's Gleann-Liomhainn.

Bha mi tamull as m' olas
 Am Braigh' Raineach 's comhnaidh,
 Ged chuir goinnead mo stòrais
 Mi air toir an fhir mhilltich.

'S e 'm fear ruadh 'tha mi 'cainnt air,
 'S tric a thadhail 'sna carnaibh,
 Is a mharbh, an t-uan ceann-gheal
 'S neo-ar-thaing thoir do 'n chiohair.

— + —

ORAN.

LE PIUTHAIR DO DHONNACHADH BROCAIR.

Tha da bhrathair dh' i, Iain agus Domh-
 nall, a Nova Scotia. Dh' fhuirich da bhrathair
 eile, an t-àrd-chèile agus Alastair, aig an taigh.

Is tric ri smaoininn ghoraich mi,
 'S mi 'm onar ann san uair so,
 A cuimhneach' nam fear oga sin
 Air bhord na luinge 'ghluais bhuainn.
 A thamh an Nova Scotia
 'S e fath mo bhroin ri 'luaidh e;
 'S e 'chaochail snuadh na h-oig' orm
 Na seoid a chaidh thar cuan bhuainn.

'S a chuideachda mo chridhe,
 Dha 'm bu dlìgheach 'bhi 'sa chrùdal,
 'S e fath mo bhroin is m' iomadain
 An dithist 'chaidh air chuan bhuainn.
 An uair a dh' fhalbh Iain bhuam
 Bha snighe 'ruith le 'm ghruaidhean
 'S e Dòmhn'Il a dh' fhalbh a rithist
 'Chuir mo chridhe-sa gu smuaircan.

'S chan ionghradh sin a thachairt dhomh
 'S an taice 'chaidh bho m' ghùallainn,
 An t-suil a bhios gun rosc oirre
 Gun druith an teas 's am fuachd oirr';
 'S an lann 'bhios air droch garradh uimp'
 Cha dachaid i bhi buan dheth;
 Is ionnan sin 's mar tha mi
 Is na braithrean 'dhol air chuan bhuam.

Tha cuid a bhios am barail deth
 Gu bheil mo ghearan uaibhreach,
 'S Donnachadh agus Alastair
 A fanachd ann san dualchas;
 Is fear mo thaigh' an lathair leam
 Gu fardach 'chumail suas rium;
 Ach dh' fhairtlich orm bhi toilichte
 'N uair 'theannas mi ri smuaineach'.

Nan tarladh dhomhs' bhi 'm f hiorannach,
 'Nam dhuine tapaidh treubhach,
 Gum feuchainn pairt de'n charantachd
 'Tha 'm falach ann am chreubhaig.
 Bu choimh-dheas muir no talamh leam,
 Ach luingeas a bhi reidh dhomh;
 'S mur dìgeadh bas le cabhaig orm
 Gum faicinn iad le cheile.

Ach bhon tha mi 'm bhoirionnach,
 'S nach h-urrainn mi so 'dheanamh



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Nan tarladh dhuibh gun tifeadh sibh.
Do 'n innis as 'n do ghluais sibh,
Gan uraisheadh mo spiorad sa,
Ge fad' tha e do smuaircan;
'S gun deannainn cleas na h-olaisey,
Gun teannainn ri ath-nuth' chadhy;
A'faicinn nam fear innealta,
Chaoin bhinn-fhactach gun ghruaman.

Bu mheasaif ann san aite sibh;
 Bu chaoimhneil, baigheil, stuama,
 Bu shunndach, fearail, seairteil sibh.
 Bu tapaidh rian cruadail!
 Air beul-thaobh righ is parlamaid!
 Bu dan a rian sibh gluasaid!
 'S cha d'chuir e sgath no cunnart oirbh.
 A mhuir a chrois seachd uair canu

AN T-IASGACH, GEAMHRAIDH:

Oran le: Dhonnchadh Cuidair, agus e aig an
iasrach.

LUINNEAG.

Ho mo nigh 'n dubh,
He mo nigh 'n dubh,
Mo nigh na 's to mo phianag.

Gur h-eamais tha do mhighean,
Tha mi 'n so leam fhuin 'sna cuimhne.

'S olc an obair iasgach gearraidh,
'S reothadh gu teann air an fhuaradh.

Rud eile 'chuir oemsa miotlachid
Geola chrion 's nach ruith i luath dhuinn.

'S eiginn dhuinn taruinn an Lite,
'S cutler an righ oinn air fuaradh.

Ced is i 'r nochd oidhche challuinn
Cha deid mi 'ghabhail mo dhuain dhuibh.

'S truagh nath mise 'bha 'san aite
'M bi buille bhairidh ga 'bualadh.

Mo chaman tha 'n coill 'a bharrach,
'S cha deid a ghearradh le tuaigh aisd'.

Mo bheannachd a cheim mo mhathar,
Bhon a bhios mi 'ghnath na smuaintean.

'S mo shoraidh a dh-ionnsaidh mo leannain,
An oigh cheanatta gun ghruaman.

— + —

ORAN AIR A CHUTTER,

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*S e gaol t' fhearainn, gradh t' fhuinn,
'Thug gum falbhainn idir leat;
'S e luaidh do chruidh dhruim-fhinn dhuinn
'Thug dhomh suidhe lamh-riut.*

Latha dhuinn bho bhun an stoir,
 A seoladh gu curaideach,
 Chunnacas an *cutter* fo sheol
 'S i tigh'nn oirnn gu gabhaidh.

Air an trompaid thug i fuaim,
 Chuir i 'suas a cularan ;
 Labhair sinne 'n sin gu luath
 Ghluais sinn a caol-Amhainn.

Gun do loisc i oirnn da uair
 Gu 'r gluasad gu fuireach rith' ;
 'S mur digeadh am pic an nuas
 Cha d' fhuair i tigh'nn lamh-ruinn.

Bha tombac' againn air bord,
 Seorsa bathair smugalaidd ;
 'S gun do lub sin sud fo 'n t-seol,
 Fo chrann-spreot' a bhata.

Rinn sinn gach ni mar a dh' fhaod,
 Thaom sinn na buidealan ;
 'S chuir sinn an siucar 'san ti
 Sinte fo 'n fharadh.

Carson nach do dh-fhan thu rium
 'Chiad uair 'chuir mi'n gunna riut ?
 Thuirt an sciobair aice ruinn,
 'S e 'maoidheadh gu dan oirnn.

Shjubhail e shios agus shuas,
 'S cha d'fhuair e na duilleagan ;
 Bha iad ann sa bhriogais ruaidh
 Suainte fo 'n chabul.

AN IMRICH.

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

✓
LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,
 Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,
 Hithill u, hillinn o, agus ho ho ro i,
 Cha mor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e 'n imirichd chiatach am bliadhna 'rinn mi,
 Gur sabhailte fiar dhomh 'san lianaich ud shios;
 'S nam faighinn luchd speallaidh a ghearradh gu
 grinn,
 Gum paigheadh e 'm mal ged nach h-aitichinn
 scriob.

'S ge boidheach a h-aogasc tha gaoid ann san fhonn,
 'S gum feum i da thuirpe mum faicear i 'm fonn;
 Tha riasc agus cuile agus uisce fo bonn;
 'S am Mart chur an t-sil bidh an scriob againn
 trom.

'S ann thubhairt an gobhainn 'bha foghainteach
 riamh,
 "Dean suas do chuid dhreallag gach amull 's gach
 iall,
 Ni mi'n soc dhuit a charadh 's gun tath mi ris
 sciath
 A thionndadh na sgriob'; saoil an till e roimh riasc?"

Tha goibhnean na duthcha so fiughantach coit,
 Gun d' fhuair mi sceul ur gun dug aon fhear dhiu
 'n cleoc;
 'S ann duitse bu dual sin 'nam bualadh nan ord,
 De ghreim a bhi cruadalach, smuais a bhi d' dhorn.

SAG

Ge math sin am fiarach cha dean e dhomh stath,
 Cha chum e mo chuideachd ach 's cuideachadh e;
 B' fhearr tacan a ruamhar an cluanaig no dha,
 'S nam faoduinn a threabhadh 'se gnothach a b'
 fhearr.

'N t-each dubh a bh' aig Callum bu cheanalt' an
 eill,
 'S an capull aig Domhnall 's i coir as a dheidh;
 'N t-each buidhe 'bh' aig Ruari b' e guallann an
 fheum';
 Chan iarradh e 'bhualadh 's bu luaineach a cheum.

Bu mhath a bha mise mur bhi an t-each ruadh
 Aig Ruari Mac-Dhomhnaill, b' e 'choir a chur
 bhuam;
 Ged theid mi do Scairinnis 'thoirt cainb as an nuas,
 Cha chum mo chuid chabull ri sas an eich ruaidh.



ORAN DO CHIORSTAI DH NIC- GILLEAIN.

LE PATRIC MAC-GILLEDHUIBH.

LUINNEAG.

Ha ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Ha ro, hi ri, riu u o,
 Mo dhurachd do 'n ainneir.

Gur boidheche leam a dh' fhas thu
 Na 'n lili ann san fhasach,
 Do ghruaidh mar ros 'sa gharradh,
 'S do bhraghe mar eala ghil.

Gur suidhichte, ge b'eo thu,
 Gur seadhail, blasd', do chomhradh,
 Gur h-uasal air gach deigh thu,
 Gur h-oidheire do cheanaltachd.

Gun d'ug mi urrad ghraidh dhuit,
 'S thug Ionatan do Dhaibhidh,
 'S a reir an iomtaidh 'dh 'f'agadh,
 Gun d'ghradhaich e mar anam e.

Patrick Black lived in Marshey Hope, in Pictou County,
 N. S. He was a fair scholar, and a good singer. The
 greater part of the song has been lost.

CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE IAIN MAC-GILLEBHRATH, AM FIOBAIRE.

'Chaidh cha tog mi guth eibhinn,
 Chaf f'heil speis leam de cheol,
 'S ann a lasaich mo theudan
 Chaidh mo ghleusan thar seol'.
 Thromaich smial air mo reusan,
 Tha mo leirsinn fo cheo;
 'S cha dig aiteal na greine
 'Thogail m' eisleann ri m' bheo.

Mi mar chomhachaidh bhronaich,
 'S e bhi 'm omar mo mhiann;
 Mi mar eal' air a leomadh,
 'S i gun seol air a dion;
 Mi mar chalman 'san achadh,
 'N deidh a ghlacadh 'san lion;
 'S mi guth tursach na lacha,
 'S each a creachadh a h-ian.

Mi mar eilid an fhirich,
 Coin is fir air a toir,
 'N deidh a fuadach 'bho 'h-innis,
 'S gun a minneanan beo,
 'G iarraidh 'dh-ionnsaidh na linne
 A thoirt fionnfhuachd dha leon,
 'Bruchdadh falg bho 'creuchdan
 Is saighdean geura 'na feoil.

Dh' fhalbh mo shugradh 's mo mhanran,
 Dh' imich m' abhachd 's mo shunnd;
 Tha mo chridh' air a thaladh,
 Cha dig gaire bho 'ghruund.
 Thromich beum air mo shlainge,
 Threig gach caileachd 'bu leam;
 Cha dean lighich' bonn stath dhomh,
 Tha mo chradh os a chionn.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhuibh m'astar;
 A bhi lag-chuiseach mall;
 Chuir mi ceithrean an tasgaidh
 Ann sa chlathan ud thall,
 'S dh' fhalbh mo Sheumas an Sasunn
 Ann am fagath nan Gall;
 'S b' iad dha 'n dillsean an diubhail,
 'S galach, druidhteach, an call.

'S cha b' e ainmeachas mhac
 A chuir an aiceid so 'm chom,
 Ach laoi ch chalma, neo-lapach,
 'Bha garbh-phearsanta, trom.
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus eolas,
 'S a bha foghlumt' an cainnt,
 'S beusach, stuama, neo-leomach;
 Fath mo bhroin gun iad ann!

Chaill mi duil ri 'n tigh'nn dachaidh,
 Dh' fhag sud m' aigheadh fo ghruaim;

Gur tric snighe fo m' rascaibh,
 Dh' fhag sin seachdte mo shnuadh.
 Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,
 'S thanic claisean a' m' ghruaidh,
 'Caoidh nam fìrannan gasta
 'Dhuisgeadh tlachd am measc sluaigh.

Ciod e 'n stath 'th' ann san t-saoghal,
 'S anns gach faoineis fo 'n ghrein?
 Annradh, croisean, is caontag
 Do chlann-daoine gu leir.
 'N diugh ged bhuilichteadh maoin ort
 Agus aomadh d'a reir,
 Nì e 'm maireach ort scaoileadh
 Mar shneachd aon-oidhch' air gheig.

'S iad so laithean na diachainn
 'Dh' ordaich Dia dhuinn mar bhinn,
 Ann am bron a toirt fianuis
 'De na Crìosdaidhnean sinn,
 Ach 's e 's coir a bhi striochdte,
 'S ag earbs' an Iosa 's gach teinn
 'S gheibh sinn Pàrras mar dhioladh,
 Mar tha 'bhial a 'toirt cinnt.

'S e 'n Ti naobh a chuir orms' iad
 'Thug air falbh bhuam mo chlann.
 Gloir gu sìorruidh ga ainm-san
 'Tha gam dhearbhadh san am.
 Tha mo dhòchas is m' earbs'
 A brìgh a thairgs' air a chrann
 Gum bi 'chomhail dhuinn sealbhail
 'Nuair 'thig m' aimsir gu ceann.

MARBHRANN DO'N EASBIC FHRISEAL,

*A chaochail an Antigoniish 'sa bhliadhna
1851.*

LE IAIN BOID.

'N deicheamh miosa de 'n bhliadhna,
Ochd ceud, h-aon, is leth-cheud
'N ceithreamh latha de 'n mhios sin,
An am ciarradh do 'n fheasgar,
Fhuair mi seul as a bhaile
A chuir car mi 'n am bhreislich,
Seul ro dhubhach do dhaoine,
Gun do chaochail an t-easbic.

LUINNEAG.

O gur fada 's gur fada,
'S bliadhn' air fad leam gach ló
Bho na charadh gu h-ìosal
Do chorp priseil fo 'n fhold.
Tha mó chridhe-sa bruite,
'S bidh mi tursach ri m' bheo;
Bhon dh' fhalbh ceannard an t-sluaigh so,
'N t-Easbic uasal gun phrois.

Fhuair sinn sealladh 'bha goirt dhuinn,
A thug osnaichean cleibh dhuinn,
'Còimhead aodann an ostail
'Bha 'na chorp air an deilidh.
Shil ar suilean gu frasach,
'S thanic smal air ar leirsinn;
'S nial an aoig air ar gruaidhean;
Chaidh ar buaireadh 's ar leireadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do chairdean
A bhi craiteach ga 't' iargainn
Mar uain earraich gun mhathair,
'S iad a meilich ga h-iarraidh,

Tha gach Gaidheal a bharr orr'
 Ann san aite, 'n dlugh cianail,
 Ca'oidh 's a tuireadh an armuinn
 'Thug am bas bhuainn do 'n t-shiorr' achd.

Bha thu aluinn a' d' phearsa,
 'S bha thu neartmhor thar mhilltean ;
 Bha thu fulangach, scairteil,
 Laidir, spracail, coimh-lionta.
 Cha robh uasal cho tlachdmhor
 Riut, no faisc air, a' d' scireachd ;
 Fear do choltais chan fhaicteadh
 Ann an asdar 's an rioghachd.

Bha thu uasal an toiseach
 Bhon ard oifig a lion thu ;
 Bha thu uasal an ath-uair
 Bho d' dheagh athair 's bho shinnsre ;
 Bha thu uasal bho d' mhathair
 'Thog 's a dh' araich air ohich thu ;
 'S bha thu ard bho d' cheann-cinnidh,
 Sar Mhac-Shimi gun mhi-chliu.

Bu mhor t'urram an Albinn,
 'S bha thu ainmeil an Eirinn ;
 Bha thu cliumhor an Sasunn,
 Thugadh seachad ort sceul ann,
 Anns gach cearn de 'n taobh tuath so
 Thug na h-uachdarain speis dhuit ;
 'S ge mor Iarla Dundonald
 Thug e onair e-fhein dhuit.

Bu tu 'm burchaille 'b' airde
 Bha 'sa chearn so a riagladh ;
 Bha do chomhairlean sar-mhath
 Anns gach cas 'san robh diachainn.
 Chuir thu iomad oig grainneil
 As an aite le d' riaghailt ;

'S iontad math 'th' air do thailleadh,
'S gann gun aireamh mi trian diu.

Bha thu deidheil air ceartas,
Bha thu smachdail air eucoir ;
Bha do chomhairlean fàllain
Bho 'n deas theanga 'bu gheire.
'N uair a dh' fhoscladh tu 'm Biobul
Bheirteadh mineachadh reidh leat ;
'S gheibhteadh seoladh le peacaich
Gu bhi gleachd ri 'n droch bheusan.

Bha thu daonnan a lasadh
Le fìor charthannachd bhrath' reil ;
Bu tu cobhair nam bochdan
'N uair a chitheadh tu 'm sailinn,
Bhiodh do dhorsan dhaibh foscailt ;
'N uair a ghlaisteadh le cach iad,
'S lamhan scaoilte na fialachd
A coimh-lionadh nan aintean.

Bha thu ciuin mar an leanaban,
'S bha thu garg 'n uair a dh' fheumteadh ;
'S tu bu mhath air an t-searmon,
Cha bu chearbach o d' bheul e ;
Thigeadh fuasgladh gach facail
Ann an ealamhachd reidh dhuit ;
Is le feobhas do bhriathan
Leam bu mhiann 'bhi ga t' eisdeachd.

Bu tu reula na h-iuil dhuinn,
Ar sciath-chuil 's ar gearrd daingeann ;
Bha gach seorsa fo d' churam,
Is do shuil orra thairis ;
Leats' cha robh e gu muthadh
Cia an duthaich no 'n aidmheil ;
Bha do chridh' air clann-daoine,
'S e le gaol a cur thairis.

Bha do bheatha 's do ghluasad
 Re do chuairt dhuinn mar scathan;
 Riamh chan fhacas, 's cha chualas,
 Is cha d' fhuaradh ort failinn.
 Cha robh subhaile 'bha luachmhor
 Nach robh fuaighte ri d' nadar;
 Bha thu glan mar an daoiman
 Is gun fhoill mar am paisde.

'S tu nach togadh an deachamh,
 Ged is ceart do na chleir e,
 Is cha chumadh tu tasdan
 Gun a sgapadh air feumaich,
 Chuir thu cul ris a bheairteas
 Bho na sheachainn Mac Dhe e,
 'S rinn thu raghainn de 'n bhochdainn,
 Mar 'rinn ostail na ceud linn.

'Nis bhon chriochnaich thu t' uine.
 Is do churs' air an talamh,
 Is bho 'n charadh 'san uir thu
 'N ciste dhuine 'san anart,
 'S mor mo dhochas 's mo dhorachd
 Gun do ghiulaineadh t' anam
 Leis na h-aingil air sciathaibh
 Gu tir ghrianaich nam beannachd.

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CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Domhnallach, Domhnall Ban
 Mac Sheumais, a bha a fuireach air cladach
 Shiudig an Ceap-Breatunn, agus a chaochail 'sa
 bhliadhna 1828.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Ach a Dhomhnaill mhic Sheumais,
 Dh' fhag thu cridheachan deurach an dràst;

Fo mhulad 's fo eislean
 Bhon a chuala sinn ageula do bhais ;
 Bhon la dh' f halaich an uir thu
 Is nach faic sinn do ghnais am measg chaich,
 An ciste dhuin' air do thasgaidh,
 'S gun ar duil thu 'thigh'n dachaidh gu brath.

'S ann Diardaoin roimh an Nollaig
 'Chaill mi 'n t-aon fhear 'b' fhearr toileachadh
 lium ;

Seod suairc de Chlann-Domhnaill
 Cho neo-bhruaillineach coir 's a bha dhiu ;
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus reusan
 Moran creidimh, lan ceill' agus tuir,
 Agus aigheadh duin' uasail,
 Riamh chan fhacas 's cha chualas t' fhear diumb'.

Bha thu carantach, cairdeil,
 Bha thu iriosal baigheil, gu leoir ;
 Bha thu cinneadail, rioghail,
 'S tu a sheasadh cho direach 's bu choir.
 Bu shar chombach dhaoine uaisl' thu ;
 Bha thu siobhalta suairce mu 'n bhord,
 Ach nan cast' thu gu tuasaid,
 'Righ, bu ghasd' thu gu bualadh nan dorn.

Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort
 Ri uchd gabhaidh air muir no air tir ;
 Chum thu 'n onair' bu dual dhuit
 'Bhi gu curanta cruaidh ri am strith'.
 Bha full ard ort ag imeachd
 Bho d' dha shail gu ruig mullach do chinn ;
 Is tu 'shliochd nam fear mora
 Dha 'm bu duthchas bhj comhnaidh 'sna glinn.

Gur a lionmhor do chairdean
 Anns gach duthaich 's gach aite mu'n cuairt ;

Bidh an cridheachan craiteach
 'Nuair 'thig naidheachd do bhais orr' cho luath.
 Tha do bhrathrean fo mhulad
 Is do bhantrach aig iomadan truagh;
 Bhon la chailleadh an diubhail
 Gu la bhrath 'bhiodh i 'g ionndraichinn uaip'.

Ach 's e aobhar am misnich
 Mar a dh' f'haig thu do shiochd as do dheidh
 Ann an duthchas an athar,
 Ann an cliu 's ann am mathas d'a reir;
 Na fir mhisneachail, dhana,
 Dha bheil tuigs' agus naire le ceill,
 Agus cruadal is spionnadh
 'S nach cuir bruillein air duine fo 'n ghrein.

Bha t' inntinn leam taitneach,
 Fhìr-chinnidh f'hiar ghasda so 'dh 'eug;
 Ann am firinn 's an ceartas
 A chum t' onair is t'fhacal d'a reir.
 Chan fheil stath 'bhi ga bhruidhinn
 Bhon 's i 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe gu leir,
 Ach bhi 'guidhe gu laidir
 Le t' anam gu farras Mhic Dhe.

CUMHA DO 'N EASBIC FHRISEAL.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Chualas cinnteach an sgeula,
 Ceannard priseil na cleire,
 'Chumadh dileas ri 'cheile iad,
 'S a stiùireadh dìreach le ceill iad,
 A bhi 'na shineadh air deilidh gun deo
 A bhi 'na shineadh, etc.

Is cuis iargain gan dith thu ;
 Bu tu 'riaghladh 'san fhirinn,
 Bha do riaghailtean-priseil ;
 Bha do Dhia ann an sith riut,
 'S tu nach fìradh 's nach diobradh a choir.

B' e sud urla na feile,
 A b' fhearr cliu agus ceutadh,
 Nach d' rinn diu de dh-fhearr feumnach,
 Ceann-iuil nan diol-deirce,
 'Bha iochdmhor, ginlanta, beusach, gun gho.

Lamh a shineadh a phailteis,
 Cridhe 's inntinn a ghaisgich,
 Teanga shiobhalta, bhlasda,
 Beul na firinn air altair ;
 'S tu bu mhinne 's bu taitniche gloir.

Gnais mhacanta, chaoimhneil,
 Aghaidh smachdail an t-saighdeir,
 Da 'n robh 'n t-aigheadh gun fhoill
 'Sa chom gun ghaiseadh, gun ghaid ann,
 'Chum gach fasain is caoimhneis 'bu choir.

Craobh mhullaich gun seargadh,
 Sar churaidh gun chearb thu ;
 Leoghann curanta, calma,
 'Bhuidhneadh urram 's gach fearaghnioimh ;
 'S tu a b' urrainn 's a dhearb e 's gach doigh.

Bha do phearsa ro mhiaghail,
 Bha do cheartasan lionmhor,
 Bha do chleachdannan rianail,
 Deirceach, traisgeachail, diadhail,
 Cridhe farsuinn 's e fialaidh mu 'nor.

Bha gach muirn a co-fhas riut,
 Reachdmhor, luth-chleasach, laidir,

Maiseach, fughanta, baigheil,
 Bha thu 'd chliu do na Gaidheil
 'Bhi air do chunntadh roimh 'n al s' a tha beo.

'N nis bho'n chaireadh 'san uir thu,
 Tha sinn craiteach ga t' ionndrainn;
 Thug ar Slanaighear ga ionnsaidh
 Thu am farras do chrunaidh
 Gu bhi 'ghnath a seinn cliu ann sa ghloir.

— + —

ORAN.

A rinneadh le Iain Domhnallach, an Sealgair,
 mu shia bliadhna an deidh dha tighinn do'n
 duthaich so.

Mi 'n so am aonar is tric mi 'smaointinn
 Gur h-iomad caochladh tigh'nn air an t-sluagh;
 Cha choir do dhaoine 'bhi gorach daonnan,
 Ged bhios iad aotrom an dara h-uair,
 A ruith an t-saoghail 's gun ann ach faoineis,
 E mar a ghaoth 'bhios ag aomadh uait;
 Le 'ghealladh briagach gur beag a's fiach e
 'Nuair 'theidh do thiodhlaiceadh ann san uaigh.

Ma gheibh fear greim air 's gun dean e stòras
 Gum fas e bosdail 's e mor air cach;
 Bidh ad is cleoc air, bidh spuir is botuinnean,
 Bidh each le prois aige 's *carry-all*,
 Ma bha thu 'd rogaire tha thu gorach
 Mar h-iarra thu trocair mun dig am bas;
 Theid t' anam bronach a chur 'san doruinn,
 'S chan fhearr an t-or dhuit na dorlach cath'.

'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige,
 Cha b' ann do stòras a thug mi speis,

Ach siubhal mointich air feadh nam mor bheann,
 'S bhiodh damh na croic' ann bu bhoidheach gleus.
 Mu fheill-an-roid gum bu bhinn a chronan
 'N uair 'bhiodh e deonach 'bhi 'choir na h-eild';
 B' fhearr nan cuinneadh 'bhi air a chulthaobh
 Le m' ghumna dubailt' 's le m' chu air eill.

Mo ghaol an cuirtear da m' bi am buirean
 'N uair chuirteadh cu ris 'bu luthmhor ceum,
 A ruith gu siubhlach 's e 'gearradh shurrag
 'S e 'toirt a bhuirn air gu dluth 'na leum.
 Cha b' iad na luigeanan trom neo-shunnadh,
 Ach gilleán subailt' 'bhiodh as a dheidh
 A bhuidhneadh cuis air le gunna dubailt,
 Le luaidhe, 's fudar, 's spor ur 'na gheus.

'Nuair bhiodh e marbh againn 's e gun deo ann,
 Chan fhaicteadh bronach sinn as a dheidh;
 Ach cridheil ceolmhor, 's an cu lan solais
 Le 'mhala romaich ga chur an geill.
 Bhiodh botuill mhor ann de stuth na Toiseachd
 Is sinn gan ol air a chorr de 'n spreidh;
 'Nuair bha sinn ogail gum b'fhearr mar sholas
 Na cuirt righ Deorsa 'bhi choir an fheidh.

Tha fir am Mabu 'bhios rium ag raitinn
 Nach h-'eil ach rabhartaich ann am chainnt;
 Chan fhaic iad aicheadh bhon chaidh an arach
 No 'rug am mathraichean iad nan clann.
 'S ann fhuair iad taire mun d' fhas iad laidir
 A cur buntat' ann am bun nan crann,
 'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige
 'S mi 'gabhail solais a choir nam beann.

Rinn mi stóras greis de m' uine
 'N uair 'bha mi sunndach 'san duthaich thall;
 Ach 's duilich leamsa, ge gearr an uine,
 Gun d' fhas e sunnhail le tigh'nn an nall.

Cha dean mi sugradh an lathair cuirte,
Bhon dh' fhalbh mo luths dh' fhas mo shuilean
dall;

'S bhon tholl am *fuilse* 'bha dhomh ga ghiular
Cha d' fhuirich crun deth gun dol air chall.



DUANAG.

Le Ailain Mac-Gilleain do Dhòmhnaill Cubair,
a mhac, 'nuair a bha Domhnall 'na leanabh.

LUINNEAG.

*O gu' h-e 'n lath' e,
Hug is hug is mi 'g eirigh.*

Ged a tha thu gam phianadh
Ni thu 'n t-iasgach dhomh fhathast.

Tha do shlat aig Loch Suineart,
'S bidh i uine gun snaltheadh.

Tha do dhubhan an Glaschu,
'S e tigh'nn dachaidh air athais.



ORAN DO MHINISTIR OG.

LE IAIN QUIMAIN.

Nach bochd an latha thanic
Air Gaidheil nu duthcha s'!
Cha chluinn sinn mar a b' abhaist
A Ghailic 'sa chubaid.
Cha tuig mi luchd a ghramair
Le 'n canain mhi-shughair.
Mo raghainn cainnt mo mhathar,
Is tha mi ga 'h-ionndrainn.

Na daoine aig an robh Ghailic
 Gach la tha cur cul ruinn ;
 'S nan amadain ri tair
 Air a chanain shean chliuitich.
 'S e 'n saoghal a tha'n lathair
 Chuir pairt diu dhe 'n cursa ;
 'S bhon sharaich iad mo nadar -
 Chan aicheadh mi 'chuis sin.

Tha duine tapaidh lamh-ruinn,
 Gun ardan na ghiulan,
 Bho 'm faigh sinn brod na Galic,
 Oir 's Gaidheal gu chul e.
 'S fear misneachail, gun sgath e,
 Le gnathachadh cliuiteach ;
 Is ainm a dol na's airde
 Gach la ann san duthaich.

Gu dearbh cha b' aithne dhomhsa
 Duine og ann san duthaich,
 A dh' innseadh dhuinne cho comhnard
 Ar gearaich 's mi-churam.
 Ged tha e 'n aghaidh 'n oil
 Cha bu choir dhuinn 'bhi 'n diomb' ris
 'S e dhleasannas am poiteir
 'S a dhoighean a sgiursadh.

Mar chuala mi, tha pairt
 Ann sa Bhraighe so diombach,
 Airson e 'bhi gan smadadh
 Mu'n gnathannan bruideil.
 Na biastan ud gun tamh
 Bidh 'ga 'chaineadh gu siubhlach ;—
 Chan farrainn 'bhi nan aite ;
 'S mi-shabhailt' an cursa.

Bu dichollach gach la e
 Bho n thanic e 'n tubh so,

Ag innse dhuinn mu shlainte
 'S mu 'n ghradh bha gun tus aig'.
 Na roinnean bha nan grain leis
 Is caineadh is culchainnt ;
 'S ann 'deanamh sith' a bha e,
 'S gur h-airdid a chliu sin.

Tha meas aig air a Ghailic ;
 'S ann da-san bu duthchas.
 Chan fhaiceadh e 'dol bas i,
 'S chan fhagadh e'n cuil i.
 Ma bhios mi na mo shlaint'
 Theid mi bhan,—tha e 'n run orm,
 A shealltainn air a Ghaidheal
 Nach aicheadh a dhuthaich.

Mur fuirich e san ait
 Bidh a chairdean ga 'ionndrainn.
 Cha chluinn sinn searmon Gailic
 'S bidh pairt againn tursach.
 Mo raghainn fein e 'thamh
 Ach ma dh' fhagas e 'n duthaich
 Gum biodh an Ti a 's airde
 Do ghnath na Fhear-iuil dha.

Gu ma fada fallain slan
 Agus ard ann an cliu e
 Le neart a reir a laithean
 Gu h-araid 's a chubaid,
 Ri faire os cionn nan Gaidheal
 'Chaidh fhagail fo churam.
 Gun teagamh 's mor a b' fheairt' iad
 Mar gheard air an cul e.

ORAN D'A DHEALBH FHEIN.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

AM BARD.

'Fhir shiubhail dean innseadh
Do 'n uasal Mac-Iosaic
Gur toilicht' tha m' inntinn
A briodal ri m' chall,
Bhon dh' fheuch e dhomh 'n innleachd
'S a rinn e gu sìobhalt'
Mo choltas ro chinnteach
A shineadh dhomh 'm laimh.
'N uair ghlac mi 'n am dhorn e
Gun d'fhas mi cho leomach
'S gun d' shaoil mi gur coirneal
Glan og a bha 'm dhail.
Bidh na h-ìomagan boidheach,
'N uair thig iad na dhomhall,
Ga 'shliopadh 's ga 'phogadh
'S a feoraich, &c. e.

Bu bhreamasach dhomhsa
Nach faca mi og e,
Mun d' cheang' leadh mi 'm posadh
Gu deonach ri 'm ghradh;
Gum faighinn mar leannan
Ban-iarla le 'n curras,
Cho mor 's a bha 'n Sasunn
An caisteal a tamh.
Gun coisneadh mo dhreach i
'Thaobh ailleachd is maise,
'S bu mhuirneach i 'n taic rium
A glacadh mo laimh.
Gur mise 'bhiodh toilicht'
Ga 'faicinn me m' choinnimh,
'S mi 'g carba ri 'sporan
'Thoir sonais dhomh 's aigh.

A MHRAN.

'S a dhuine bi ciallach
Is faicleach mu d' bhriathran ;
Chan f'haca mi riannh
Dad de bhriadhachd 'ad ghnuis
Le d' bhoiligh gun aithne
'S ann tha thu 'd chuis-fhannaid ;
Ged fhuair thu 'n diugh falless
Cha b' airidh air thu,
Gun d' chaill thu do mhath ris
Do thur agus t' aithne,
'S e 'n crochadh ri balla
Fo amharc do shul.
Chan f'haigh sinn bonn math' dhiot
Bhon fhuair thu 'chuis-mhagaidh,
'S b' e turas a bhrannais
'Thug dhachaidh e dhuinn,

AM BARD.

B'e turas na truaighe
A cheangail mi 'm buaraidh ;
'Nuair rinn thu mo bhuannachd
Cha b' fhuathach leat mi,
Ged dh' fhas thu cho spaideil
Bhon fhuair thu fo ghlais mi,
B'e m' ainm aig gach caileig
An lasgaire grinn,
'S gun d' lean e rium f'athast
'Bhi taitneach 's gach rathad, --
Ged dheant' thusa 'tharruinn
Le fearaibh do 'n chill,
Gum faighinn-s', ged channinn,
Te 'chunntadh ri baran ;
Leig dhiot a bhi glagan,
'S mi fada dheth seith,

A 'BHEAN.

B' e latha na dunach
 Thug bhuainn thu air thuras,
 Le d' bhosd ga thoirt thugainn
 Mar ulaidh mor phris.
 Gum b' fhearr dhuit gun d' fhan thu
 Gu gnìomhach aig baile;
 'S ann tha thu le t' aighear
 Na d' mhasladh do 'n tir.
 Le t' iomhaigh an glaine
 Is t' fhasag gun bhearradh,
 Gur coltach do shealladh
 Ri baigeir air thrìall.
 Gur diombach mi 'n bhalach
 'Rinn t' aogasg a tharruinn,
 'S nach facas air thalamh
 Mac-samhuilt dhuit riamh.

AM BARD.

'S ann agad 'tha 'n teanga
 Nach obadh an glagan,
 'S i guineach mar chlàidheabh
 A ghearradh gach ni.
 'N uair choltaich thu gaisgeach
 Ri spagairneach baigeir
 Gur tu chaidh am mearachd,
 Cha d' aithnich thu 'phris.
 'N uair ni mi mo dhreasadh,
 Is m' fheusag a bhearradh,
 Gu 'n seall mi cho spaideil
 Ri neach tha san tir,
 'S e t' aigne bhi falamh,
 Gun tuigse, gun aithne,
 'Chuir buaireadh is dalladh
 An amharc do chinn.

A BHEAN.

Chan ionghnadh dhomh dalladh
 Is buaireadh 'bhi agam
 'N uair chi mi air ais thu
 'S gach maitheas ga d' dhith
 Ged rachainn bhon bhaile
 Bidh tus' aig an fhaileas
 'N uair thilleas mi dhachaidh
 'S tu crathadh do chinn.
 Bidh iadsan dha 'n aithn' thu
 Gu tric ort a fanaid ;
 'S gun canar 'sgach baile
 Gur fear thu gun ni.
 Ged rachadh do tharruinn
 Le dealbhadair Shasuinn
 Cha sealladh tu 'n glasaich
 Ach prabach gun phris.

AM BARD.

O, Mhari leig seachad
 Droch canran an teallaich,
 'S mi 'g eisdeachd ga m' aindeoin
 Ri d' ghlagail gun tur.
 An t-uasal a tharruinn dhomh
 M' iomhaigh an glaine
 Gun deanadh e 'cheannach
 Nan gabhainn na cruin
 Gach neach dha bheil aithne,
 'S geur-thuigseach 'n am barail,
 Gun d' choltaich iad m' fhaileas
 Ri cnapairneach diuc'.
 'N uair ghabh iad dheth sealladh.
 De 'chumadh 's de 'carradh,
 Gun dug e gu dalladh
 Beachd amharc an sul.

A BHEAN.

'S bhon dh' fheumas na mnathan
 Bhi strìochdte dha 'm fearaibh,
 Biodh sìth le deagh chaidreamh
 'G a caitheamh gach trath;
 Ged leanamaid seachdainn
 Gun cluicheadh an ceart leam,
 'S gun bhuille 'n t-slàit-smachdaich
 A thachairt 'am dhail.
 Mur deanadh tu tarruinn
 Gum faighinn rud f'fhathast
 A chuireadh gu h-ealamh
 Gach bagradh gu tamh.
 'S ged tha thu 't f'hearr-facail
 'S tu 'n comhnuidh ga 'chleachdadh,
 Cha diobrainn mo bheachd
 Air na labhair mi 'n dan.

AM BARD.

'S a Mhari thoir barail
 De 'n reusan nach gabhar
 Gu freagairt alg altair
 'H-aon agaibh ri 'r beo.
 'S e deireadh gach facail
 'Chuir sud as bhuir caraibh;
 'Bhi daonnan ga 'chleachdadh
 Gur mearachd ro mhor.
 Ged leanadh an sagairt
 Am Beurla 's an Laldeann
 Cha chuireadh e grabadh
 Air glagail do bheoil;
 Ach sioram le eòrum
 Mar shruthan le gleannan;
 Cha 'n ionghnadh do theanga
 'Bhi tana gu leòir

A BHEAN.

'S a dhulne bi tosdach
'S leig dhiot gach droch chosan,
'S do bhriathran gun fhosadh
'Toirt mosglaidh do m' chail.
Bhon fhuair thu mi 'n toiseach
Chan iarradh tu tochradh.
Gus 'n do thionndaidh na roithean,
'S 'n do nochd iad muir-traigh.
'S e faileas na bochduinn
'Thug t' ardan gu rosad;
Mur bi sinn ga d' mholadh
Bidh cron bhuit gun tamh.
Ged thigeadh fìor choigrich
Ghan fhag thu alg fois iad
Bidh t' iomhaigh 'g a mholadh
'S ga thombadh 'n an dail

AM BARD.

Gu sìth agus sìochainnt
'Bhi 'n cleachdadh gu sìorraith,
Cha lean sinn air briathran
'Bheir riasan do chach
Gu spòrs 'a bhi ann
Mu 'r comhradh 's mu 'r cleachdadh;
Mo bheannachd biodh leat,
Is leig seachad do dhan.
Ma gheallas tu sud dhomh
Gum faigh sinn gach piasach,
'S baidh tuis agus mis'
Ann an meas gear a bha;
'S theid enaman an teullaich
Leinn fhudach air aineoil,
'S cha chluinn neach air thalamh
Na 'bh againn an dràst.

CUMHA.

D'a mhathair, nighean do Dhomhnall Cubair,
le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhaoil am Priceville.

LUINNEAG.

*Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;
Tha i 'n cadal trom na h-urath;
Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;
Fath mo thurs' i bhi gam dhith.*

'N uair a dhireas mi am bruthach
Chan fhaill te ann 'ni rium fiughair;
Tha mo mhathair 'san taigh chumhann,
'S bidh mi muladach ga caoidh.

O, gur h-ise 'chaidh a bhualadh
Leis an doruinn a bha fuath'sach;
Cha robh lighiche mu 'n cuairt dhuinn
'Bheireadh fuasgladh dhi car tim'.

Tha mi bronach, tha mi deurach
Tha mo chridhe air a leireadh,
Bhon a charadh i 'san leine;
Tha mi eisleineach gun chli.

Gur h-e 'm bas an teachdair gruamach;
'S iomad dorus aig am buail e;
'S iomad aon gam fagail truagh leis,
'S e toirt bhuap' an luaidh do 'n chill.

Ga bheil m' athair dubhach, tursach,
'S e gach la is oidheh' ag ionndrainn
Na te chaoimhneil, aoibheil, chluittich
'Bheireadh umhlachd dha 's gach ni.

'S trom an sac a tha ga 'mhuchadh,
'S gear an gath a tha ga 'chiuradh,

'S tric a dheoir a ruith gu siubhlach ;
Ann san uir tha run a chridh'.

Buidheachas do 'n Ti a's airde
Gun do dh-ullaich E 'na ghradh i
Chum 's gum biodh i ann am farras
'Seinn gu brath air clarsaich bhinn.

Colin Macmillan of Bail'-a-phuill, Tyree, was married to Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean, Donhpeall Cubair, of the same place. They came from Scotland in August, 1857, and settled in Priceville, Ontario. Mrs. Macmillan died July 13th, 1883. She was in the 72nd year of her age.

CUMHA.

Do Ruari Mac-Leoid, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1884. Bha e ochd bliadhna diag air fhichead de dh-aois

LE SINE NIC-LEOID, A PHUITHAR.

PÖNN.—*Chaidh mo mhulad am mind.*

Fhuair mi naidheachd Di-luain,
Sgeula dubhach 'bha cruaidh gu leoir,
Mo brathair caomh Ruairi,
'Bhi na laighe 's e fuar air bord,
'S beag a bh' agam-sa 'dhuil
Nach faicinn am fàras beo ;
'S luath leam 'thanic am bas ;
Thug e bhuamsa mo bhraithrean og'.

Gur a muldach mi,
Gu bheil ceithrean dhin sint' fo 'n fheid ;



Chan fheil agam ri m' thaobh
 Dhiu an diugh ach an aon fhear beo.
 Bha iad foghainteach treun,
 Bha iad eireachdail, ceillidh, coir ;
 Ach le saighdean a bhais
 Chaidh iad seachad mar bhlath an fheoir.

Sud an teachdair' gun truas !
 Dh' fhagadh iomadach gruaidh fo dheoir,
 'N uair a dh' innseadh mu 'n cuairt
 Nach bu bheo thus', a Ruari Oig.
 Bho 'n la 'thugadh thu bhuaip'
 Tha do bhantrach dheth truagh le bron ;
 Bu tu 'n aghaidh gun ghruaim
 'Nam bhi suidhe mu 'n cuairt do 'n bhord.

Gur a mis' 'th' air mo chradh
 'S mi'a fiachainn ri dan 'chur sios ;
 Bu tu brathair na baigh',
 B'e bhi caoimhneil do ghnaths rium riamh.
 Cha do rinn mi car slan
 Bhon a chuir iad thu 'n caradh sios
 'N ciste chumhainn nam bord,
 'S chan fheil duil ris a bhron s' 'chur dhiom.

Leam a's duilich do chlann,
 Dhaibh a dh'eirich an call tha mor ;
 Ged tha 'm mathair nan ceann
 Gur a lag iad ri geamhradh reot'.
 Tha 'n cul-taice 'sa chill,
 'M fear a chumadh gach ni air doigh,
 A bha baigheil 'na chainnt,
 Agus cridheil gun sgraing, gun phrois.

'S tric a smointeachadh mi
 Air an turas a mhill do shnuadh ;
 Fhuair thu aiceid do bhais
 Ann an tìr nam beann arda, fuar.

Ged a gheibheadh tu 'dh-or
 Luach na h-oighreachd a 's mo thar cuan
 B' fhearr leam sealladh dhiot beo ;
 Cha chuir saibhreas dubh-bhron air ruaig.

Bha thu furanach, fial,
 Cha do chleachd thu bhi crion mar sheol ;
 Bha thu tuigseach lan ceill,
 Bha do ghluasad le speis do 'n choir.
 B' e do chomhradh mo mhiann,
 'S tric a chuireadh e dhiom mo bhron ;
 Tha mi 'n nise leam fhin ;
 Dh' fhalbh fear-comuinn mo chridh' 's mo threoir.

Jane Macleod was born in the Isle of Skye. She lives in Caledonia, Prince Edward Island. She came to this country with her parents, John Macleod and Margaret Matheson, about the year 1851. She has composed several short poems, and has a great number of excellent old songs by heart.

ORAN.

Do dhuin' uasal de Chlann-Ghilleain, le fear
 a fhuair a thogail 'na theaghlach.

Gur tric teachdair' orm fein
 Ga mo ghreasad gu eug ;
 'S mor m' eagal nach feud mi cumail ris.
 Gur tric teachdair' etc.

'S e a liuthad beachd sgeul
 'Tha mi faighinn mu d' dheibh'nn
 'Chuir mo chridhe ga leir an truimead dheth.

'S e mo chruadal 's mo chail
Do chuairt am measg Ghall,
'Fhir ruaidh a dh-fhan thall bho 'n uiridh bhuainn.

'Fhuair thu toghaidh bho 'n righ,
Chuir thu fothad gach ni,
Ghlac thu 'm bogha 's na crìochaibh Lunnaineach.

Air chabhsair 'measg Ghall
'S tu gu 'm buidh'neadh an geall;
Gur h-e mise 'bha thall 's a chunnaic sin.

'Nuair a fhuair thu o 'n t-slogh
Lan t' aide dhe 'n or,
Gur a h-ìomad fear-cleoc' 'thug urram dhuit.

Bu tu 'm marcstiche teann
Air an each bu mhor srann;
'S tu gum 'b urrainn an ceann a chumail riu.

'Nuair a rachadh tu suas
Air an each 'bu leoir luais
Bhiodh am faine caol, cruaidh, 'ga luimead leat.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'shealg,
B' e do leannan mar arm
Fic de 'n t-Sasunnaich dheisg, chruaidh, fhulang-
sich;

It an fhir-eoin o'n charn,
Is crann liobharr' o'n cheard,
Bliad 's dioniche 's calg na h-ìomairt' ort.

Gum bu bheadarrach mi
Ann ad sheileir air fion,
Ann ad chaidreamh gun dith, gun uircasbhuidh.

'N uair a shumhlachadh each
'Sios air urlar do bhàt,
'S tu gu 'n stèiseadh ga luidir urram' i.

'Mach o fheartan an Treith
'Chuir an anail so 'm chre,
Gur a tusa 'n lamh threun 'rinn duinen dhòm.

— x —

ORAN DO DH-EACHANN MAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Is ann an nochd a tha mi 'm thoed,
Fear na mor thoirt dh'fhag sinn.
Cha robh aig leigh ceirain gu feum,
Dh'fhalbh am fear treun daichal
O, sud an ceum bu ro mhath gleus,
'Siubhal an deidh lan-daimh;
O, sud an t-suil 'bu ro mhath tur
Am frith nan stuc arda.

Chunnacas uair 's do chas bu luath
A dh'fhalbh air cruas fasich.
Snuadh ort mar aol, gruaidh mar an caor,
'S gum b' uaibhreach craobh t'ardain.
Bha t'fhalt cha bhreug mar aital theand,
Gast agus reidh ar-bhuidh;
Do shuil bu gheur, 's clach innt' mar leag.
'S do chuma gu leir aluinn.

Bu ghaist air blar fo aital arm
Gaisgeach do dhealbh aluinn:
Claidheabh neo-mhaol, gunna 'bheoil chaoil,
'S daga nach b' fhaoin lamhach;
Biodag gheur, chruaidh, liobharr', o'n gheal,
Sniomhan is duail mbeanbh oirr';
Do mhiann na seoid a chleachd bhi mor,
Na gaisgich og' chalma.

Bu sgiobais cusin thu ri la-suar,
Ged bhiodh ann cruaidh sheideadh;

Ba cheillidh cinin do bheum air Stiur,
A reiteach shugh leumnach,
'S do bhat' a falbh gu suandach, calm,
Gun fhiamh roimh 'n fhaing' bheucich.
'Gabhail gu tir rathad an ri,
Ba shamhuilt 'n f hior threim thu.

Ged tha mi 'm dhal' 's leir dhomh an call
'Rug air do dhream mhuint' rech.
Do thriall mo thuath 's e 'liath mo ghruag,
Do chur ann am bruaich tunga,
'N englais nan ceut far a bheil sreud ;
B' iad sin am freumh urail.
Dh' iomain an sguab fine dheas uainn,
Cinneadh nam buadh eliuiteach.

— + —

CUMHA

Do duine uasal de Chlann-Domhnaill.

Ge socrach a tha 'n leaba so,
Gur h-oit a chulaidh chadail i,
'S a mhuinntir a dh' fhalbh fada bhuainn,
'S gach son neach a bhi bagradh oirn: —
B' iad fhein na fir 'bu taitmiche
'S ann aca 'bha 'n deagh ghnaths
B' iad fhein, etc.

Gu' bheil mi sgith 's mi muladach,
Gu bheil mi cianail, duilich, trom,
Os threig an cabhlach uile sinn
Mar sud is ceann ar cumalach ;
A righ gur mor ar n-uireasbhuidh
Ma 'n churaidh sin a b' fhearr.

Mo churaidh treubhach, colach, thu
De 'n f hior fhuil uasail, Dhomhnallaich ;

Gun rachadh fir an ordagh leat,
 Gun deanteadh iomad stroiceadh leat ;
 Bu smachdail, reachdmhor, morchuiseach thu
 'Dol 'an ordagh blair.

Gur mac do 'n churaidh euchdach thu,
 Do dheagh Mhac Eoin Mhic Sheumais thu,
 Dha 'm biodh an sluagh cruaidh beumannach,
 Sgun d'rinn Mac-Leoid dha geilleachdaim ;
 Mur faigheadh e deagh reite bhuaibh
 Chan fheudadh e bhi san.

Gur cairdeach do Ghilleasb'ic thu,
 'S do 'n chuirteir a b' f'hearr deisearachd ;
 Sar cheannard f'hear is fhleasgach thu,
 As a bhlar cha teicheadh tu,
 'S gun aithnicheadh fear do leth-truim
 Far an leagadh tu do lamh,

Gur car do Mhac-'Ic-Ailein thu,
 Mar sin gur e do charaid e ;
 Gur cairdeach do Bhrian Ballach thu,
 'S do Dhomhnall Gorm nach maireann thu ;
 'S gur h-ionnan dhuit 's do dh-Alastair
 Bha 'n carraid Innsibh-Gall.

Gur cairdeach do rìgh Fionnghall thu,
 Mar sin is do dh-Iarl' Annturum thu,
 'S gum b' ait leis a bhi 'g iomradh ort ;—
 Cha robh do lamh- sa iomrallach ;
 A dh' aon neach 'dheanadh tionndadh riut
 Chan ionndrainneadh e 'm bas.

An la 'bha blar na criche ann
 Bha sinne dubhach cianail dheth,
 Bha 'm fiuran foinnidh fìor ghlic ann,
 Slat ur de 'n choill gun chrionaich thu ;
 Gur car do dh-Aonghas Ileach thu
 Bha treis 'san righeachd thall.

Mo dhunach mar a dh'eirich dhonn,
Gur bronach an deidh t'eige mi;
Cha b' i a chreach gun cing i,
Ba chliu gach cùis a dh'eireadh leat;
'S gum b' ainmeil aig na h-Eirionnaich
'Bha treubhantas do lamh.

Nan degtadh marbh gu d' dhachaidh thu,
Gun seinnteadh prob, 's bhiodh brataichean
Os cionn do choinninn mhaiseachail,
'Cad thoirt gu sgireachd Chlachanaibh:
Bhiodh mnathan uaisle 'n taice riut
'Sior-acain mu do bhas.

James, first Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was the second son of Domhnall Gruamach, fourth Macdonald of Sleat. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. This Donald was known as Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais. He was a distinguished warrior. He defeated the Macleods in several engagements. Alexander, his eldest son and successor, fought under Montrose. Alexander was killed in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. He seems to have been the subject of the poem.

ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid, an deidh a bhas, le
oida.

Gur a beag a shaoil mi
'N toiseach Mart chur an t-sil
Gun sgaoileadh do ni bho m' chum.
Gur a beag etc.

Gur a h-ionnadh long bhan
'Chuir mi dhuit ais an t-annach,
Nach giulaincadh ramh no seol;

Agus saighead chinn chaoil
 A leig mi le gaoith
 'Dheanamh aighir do m'ghaol de m' dheoin.

Tha thu 'n clachan an aoil
 Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith,
 Far nach dig do bhean ghaoil 'ad choir ;

Ann an ciste 'chinn chaoil,
 Air a sparradh le saor,
 Far nach atharràich gaoth do neoil ;

Is a h-ìuchair chan iarr mi
 'S a fosgladh cha dean,
 Is cha choisich thu 'n sliabh a'm' choir ;

Ach a dheagh Mhic-a-Pì,
 Slàn do thighinn do 'n tìr
 'S cairdeach 'n fhear thu bhà 'n I fo bhord.

'Mhic an athar 'bha treun
 'Nuair a dh'iarrr' e gu feum,
 'S gum bu cheannard roimh cheud e 'falbh.

'S mise fein nach robh glic,
 Ged a b'urail mo ghibht,
 'S nach robh agam ort idir coir.

'S e Di-ciadain a bh'ann
 'Nuair a thanic an t-am,
 'Fhàr bu mhilis leam cainnt do bheoil.

Thi tha 'n cathair an t-sluaigh,
 S tu 'thug dhomh 's a thug dhuam ;
 Beannachd 'm anma leis 'suas gu gloir.

The Macduffies or Macphies were a small clan in Argyleshire. They owned the Island of Colonsay, which was their original home. Their chief, Malcolm Macphie, was killed by Cola Clotach Macdonald in 1623. Some of them settled in Lochaber. These followed Cameron of Lochiel.

— + —

ORÂN

DO MHAC-PHIONGHAIN AN T-SRATHA.

'Fhir ud shiubhlas an rod,
Thoir bhuam soiridh no dho
Gu long-phort nan seol
Far a bheil na fir chrodha threuna.
Fhir ud 'shiubhlas etc.

Chan ann thun an f huinn,
Ach gu fear a chuil duinn
Dha'n dug mi-f hin m'uidh,
A righ, nar fhaicear mi 'caoidh mu d' dheinibh;

Gu taigh ceile mo ruin,
Fear a b'eibhinne tu'n,
'S bu neo-eucorach cuis;
'S tu nach b-eisdeadh ri cul-chainnt bhreige.

'Mhead 's 'g an labhradh am beoil,
'S tu nach h-aontaicheadh leo,
Ach a feitheamh gu foil
Ges an cluinneadh tu doigh an sgeil sin.

Bheirt' a bhrigh leat a steach
Gu ciuin faighidneach ceart,
Le rioghalachd phailt,
'S gum bu chinnteach a shnas o d' bheul-sa.

'N uair a shineadh tu 'n lamh
Is a labadh tu 'n ramh

Gum b
'S gum

Cha rob
Bho d'u
Bho do
Ach a c

Cha bhi
Ort na
Chi mi
Gur h-e

As "m
allow it to

Do
dhuine o

Tha mi f
'N seomh
Cha d'leir
Thn m

Fhuair m
Gun do c
'S gur h-

-Ma tha 'n
'S mor ai
Ach-air n

Gum bu ghile i na'n cnaimh ;
'S gum bu mhiannach le cach 'bhi t' cladeachd.

Cha robh coire 'gad choir,
Bho d'uillinn gu d' dhorn,
Bho do mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Ach a chruime 'bha'd shroin's cha b' eitidh.

Cha bhi mise ri cainnt
Ort na 's fhaide aig an am s';
Chi mi 'bhuil air do chlann
Gur h-e 'n fhirinn 'tha 'm rann 's nach breig e.

As "mu d' dheinibh" is what is in the manuscript we allow it to stand. It is used at least in parts of Argyllshire.

— x —
CUMHA.

Do Mhorair Tairbeirt a dh'eug, 's e 'na
dhuine og.

Tha mi fada gun dusgadh
'N seombar cadail 'n taigh duinte;
Cha d'leig fadachd dhomh 'n tus dol a' m' eideadh.
Thn mi fada etc.

Fhuair mi naidheachd o'n t-searman,
Gun do dh-eug Morair Tairbeirt;
'S gur h-ann leamsa bu shearbh i r'a h-eisdeachd.

Ma tha 'n sgeula lan dhearbhte,
'S mor air maithibh fir Alb' e;
Ach air m'fhirinn gum b'fhearr leam 'na bhreig e.

The Macduffies or Macphies were a small clan in Argyleshire. They owned the Island of Colonsay, which was their original home. Their chief, Malcolm Macphie, was killed by Cola Clotach Macdonald in 1623. Some of them settled in Lochaber. These followed Cameron of Lochiel.

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Fhir ud 'shiubhlas etc.

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A rìgh, nar fhaicear mi 'caoidh mu d' dheinibh ;

Gu taigh ceile mo ruin,
Fear a b'eibhinne turn,
'S bu neo-eucorach cuis ;
'S tu nach h-eisdeadh ri cul-chainnt bhreige.

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Ach a feitheamh gu foil
Gus an cluinneadh tu doigh an sgeil sin.

Bheirt' a bhrìgh leat a steach
Gu ciuin faighidneach ceart,
Le rioghalachd phailt,
'S gum bu chinnteach a shnas o d' bheul-sa.

'N uair a shineadh tu 'n lamh
Is a lubadh tu 'n ramh

Gum bu ghile i na'n cnaimh ;
'S gum bu mhiannach le cach 'bhi t' eiseachd.

Cha robh coire 'gad choir,
Bho d'uilinn gu d' dhorn,
Bho do mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Ach a chruime 'bha'd shroin 's cha b' eitidh.

Cha bhi mise ri cainnt
Ort na 's fhaide aig an am s';
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Thn mi fada etc.

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Gun do dh-eug Morair Tairbeirt ;
'S gur h-ann leamsa bu shearbh i r'a h-eiseachd.

Ma tha 'n sgeula lan dhearbhte,
'S mor air maithibh fir Alb' e ;
Ach air m'fhirinn gum b'fhearr leam 'na bhreig e.

Chaill mi'n stiur a bh'air m'ardraich,
 Iuchair dhunaidh mo cheabainn,
 Mo chairt iuil, mo chroinn arda, 's mo speuclair.

Chaill mi 'n t-aobharrach-maiseach,
 Muirneach, moralach, dreachmhor,
 Mun d'rug aois a bhi t' ochd bliadhna deug ort;

Agus marcach eich uaibhrich
 Air clar machair a chruadhlaich;
 Nam bu mhaireann bu bhuachaille air areud thu.

Bu chraobh ard ann san lios thu,
 'Thilgeadh straic de shar mheas dith;
 'S mairg pairc air 'n do bhristeadh 'na geig i;

Slat de'n abhal a b'uire,
 'Dh' fhas fo chnothan 's fo ubhlan;
 Tha 'nis snodhach a cuil air a treigsinn.

Ann an cruinneachadh duthcha,
 'N lathair seisein no cuirte,
 Bhiòdh do sheise 'n taigh buh' an Duneideann.

Chuir thu 'n t-Easbic an gainntir,
 Chum thu deasbud gun taing ris;
 Bu neo-fhiosrach an ceanntart roimh chleir e.

Tha do dhuthaich na bocan,
 'S i gun aighear, gun cheol innt',
 Is do dhuthaich Mhic-Leoid cho mho theid mi.

Ged a chuireadh iad ann mi,
 'Bhail'-a-mhuilinn sin Anndra,
 'S beag mo speis do dhol ann 's gun thu fhein ann.

Aobharrach, a youth. Bocan, a terrifying object, a
 hobgoblin, a spectre.

ORAN.

Mu chor na Rioghachd 'sa bhliadhna 1716, le
te de Chlann Mhic-Gillesheathanaich.

'S teare an diu mo chuis ghaire
Bhon chaidh Albainn gu strith.
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid
A Rìgh, na fag sinn air dith;
Tog fein do chrois taraidh
'Thoir nan cairdean gu tìr;
Ann am purgadair tha sinn,
Thoir gu grasmhor dhuinn sìth.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagradh,
'S eiginn aideachadh leam;
Faic a choir air a diobradh,
Chaill am fhirinn a bonn.
Tha na h-urrachan priseil
Gan cur sìos mar am moll,
Aig fìor Chuigse na rioghachd
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

'Athair, seall oirnn 'san tìm so
Bhon tha 'n iobairt ud trom;
A Chuigs' a botadh na binne,
Gu de 'nì sinn air lom?
Luchd a dh' fhadadh am Biobal
'Thoir bho'n fhirinn a bonn;
Fhuair fìr Shasunn an stiopal.
'N deidh an rìgh 'chur air luing.

Biobh ag urnaigh le dichìoll
Dia 'chur dìon air an luing.
Tha am post air a dhiobradh
Is tha 'n stiobal ud lom,
'S an t-oighre tuisleach a dìreadh,
Bhon 's e ar mìorun a thoill.

Do luchd mortadh na firinn'
'S mor na libhrigeadh leinn.

'Dhream nan cealgan 'bu lionmhor,
'Chuir an rìgh ud air ghluas'd,
Dhuig sibh corraich an Fhreasdail,
'S plaigh o 'n easbic bhur buaidh.
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh
Gun a bas a thoirt 'suas,
'S chuir sibh Seumas air saile,
Sgeul a chraidh sinn ri uair.

Shaoileadh Seumas og Stiubhart,
Fhad 's 'bhiodh triuir air a sgath,
Nach dugadh Gordanaich cul ris,
A gheall a chuis air a chlar
Ged tha 'n coiléach 'na fhuidse,
Cha b' e dhuthchas bhi bath;
'S olc a dhearbhu thu do dhurachd
Gus an crùn 'thoirt a cas.

Tha do chairdean mor uasal,
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach la,
'S eiginn daibh a bhi 'm fuath riut,
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh.
Bhris thu 'n cridhe le smuaircean
'N aobhar buairidh no dha;
'S tha cach ag eigheach mu 'n cuairt duit
Gun deach do chruadal mu lar.

Air dhomh tionndadh 'am leaba,
Chaidh an cadal air chall;
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuig mi,
Shil mo shuilean gu trom.
'S ann tha Caisteal na Maighe
'M bu tric tathaich nan sonn,
'N diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,
Is gun tuath bhi mu 'bhonn.

Gu bheil caisteal na tairne
 Mar nach b' abhaist gun smuid,
 Is tha bhaintighearna ghasda
 An deidh pasgadh a ciuil.
 'S tric a deoir air a rasgaibh
 Mu Shir Lachainn nan tur,
 Bhon chaidh prison an Sasunn
 Air na gaisgich nach lub.

Tha do chomhlaichean glaiste,
 'S tha do gheatachan duint',
 Oig phriseil na pailte,
 'S chan ann le airc no le gnuig.
 'S e 'bhi 'n toir air a cheartas
 'Chuir air aiseag thu null;
 Ghabh thu toiseach a ghatair
 Ged a sharaicheadh thu.

Mo chreach, Uilleam a Bhorluim
 'Bhi aig Deorsa 'na thur,
 Am fear misneachail, morail,
 Lean a choir air a cul.
 Beinn Shioin nach diobair,
 Cridhe dileas gun lub,
 'S e fo chomhla gu diblidh
 'N diugh ga dhiteadh 's gach buth.

A Rìgh ghloirmhoir nam feartan,
 Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu 'n cuairt;
 Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh
 'Dh 'fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,
 Mac-an-Toisich nam bratach
 Is Clann Chatain nam huadh,
 A ghabh fogradh o 'n aitribh,
 'S cha b' ann le masladh nan ruag

Chuir e m' inntinnn gu leughadh
 Gu de mar dh' eirich so dhuinn.

'M faic thu 'n t-eilean 'na eunar
 Gun aobhar eibhnis 'na thur?
 Far am b' aighearach teudan
 An am eisigh do 'n chuir;
 'S fion na Spaine ga 'eigheach
 Air slainte Sheumais a chruin.

'M faic thu 'n t-uachdaran breige
 Air aon ghleus ris a Phap?
 'S iad a damnadh a cheile
 On la 'dh'eirich am brath;
 Gur a tursach an sgeul e
 Bhi ga 'eisdeachd bho chach;
 Mheall thu coileach na feile,
 'S dhit a chleir e gu bas.

Coileach dona gun fhirin,
 Ghibht e 'chirean 's a ghras.
 Dh'eigh e 'n t-eitheach 'san rioghachd,
 Is cha dirich e sparr.
 Ma gheibh Mac-Cailein 'na linn thu,
 Bheir e cis dhiot nach fearr;
 'S daor a phaigheas tu 'n tim so
 Airson na firinn a bha.

Gur a sean leam a choir sin
 A th' aig Deors' air a chrùn;
 Ma 's i Chuigs' tha ga sheoladh
 Guidheam leon air a chuis'
 Ghlac thu 'n t-urram air Fostar
 'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn;
 Ach seriois a thigh'nn air a gharradh
 Mun cinn barr ann na's, mu.

William Mackintosh of Borlum, known as the Brigadier, was born about the year 1663. He was a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen. He served for some time in the French army. He took an active part with John Erskine,

Earl of Mar, in the rebellion of 1715. He was among the prisoners taken at Preston. He escaped from prison in May, 1716. He died in 1743. Lachlan, chief of the Mackintoshes, was also taken prisoner at Preston.

— x —
ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid.

'S trom's chan aotrom an t-aiseag
Bho nach d'fhuaras o 'n ghaisgeach;
Bha thu shiol nan righ reachdmhor so 'dh'eug.

'S car thu 'dh-Eachann han luireach,
Dh'an dug mi toiseach mo shugraidh,
Ged a dh'fhag thu mi 'n Diura leam fein.

Bha do chairdeas o thoiseach
Do dh-fhuil dhirich righ. Lochlainn.
Is do'n Iarla 'rinn lot an Strath-Spe.

'Is gur car do Mhac-Leoid thu
Is do thighearna Chnoideart,
'S do Mhac Iain Stiubhart o Mhorthir nan geug.

Ann ann toiseach na h-armachd,
'S mi gun taghadh mar arm dhuit,
Oigeir sheadhach 's neo-dhearmadach beus.

An claidheabh gorm, tana,
Dha 'm bi faobhar geur fallain,
Lamh thu leigeadh na fala gu feur.

Gum bu mhath leat glac liobhar
Mar ri iteach an fhiar-eoin
Air a ceangal le sioda 's le ceir.

Nam bithinn-sa 'm urrainn
Gur h-ann leatsa a chuirinn,
'S mi gum buailleadh mo bhuille as do sgeith.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-ìomlan
Do'n ti 'tha mi 'g iomradh,
Ged a rinneadh leat iomrall orm fein.

— x —
ORAN.

Do dh-Ailain Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna nan-
Drimnean, le duine bochd de Chlann-Domhnaill
a bha falbh feadh na duthcha.

Tha mi 'm Muile 'san am,
Chi mi duthaich nam bean,
'N goir a chubhag an am a cheitein
Tha mi 'm Muile etc.

Tha mi toileach 'hi cainnt
Air an Ailain ud thall,
Theid air thapadh an am an fheuma.

'N am dhuit suidhe 'sa chuir,
Cha b' ann air an cul;
Cha bu chladhaire 'ad chuisibh fein thu.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo
Chan e 'm farasd do leon;
'S ann a dheanadh tu choir de'n eucoir.

Cha do sheall thu air lar
'N uair a thug thu'n ceum ard,
'S cha do ghabh thu cead chaich mu dheinibh.

Ghlac thu 'n eucag air laimh,
Slat de 'n abhall fo bhlath,
Thug thu dhachaidh gu t' aite fein i.

De'n fhuil uaibhrich tha 'n t-slat;
'S lionmhor fuanan gle bhras
Tha mu 'guailibh a gleachd ri 'cheile;

Bho Loch-Buidhe nam fear,
 'S nan ard bhaidealan geal';—
 'S lionmhor maighdean gun smal 'cur greis ann;

'S bho Dhùn-Olla 'm bi.'n cèo,
 Agus urram gach gleois;
 Cuim am fagainn de m' dheoin a'm' dheidh iad?

'S fada chathaidh ort cliu;
 Thug thu 'n t-urram sin dhiu
 Eadar Muile 's an t-ur an Sleite.

Dhomhsa dheirich an call
 Bho 'n chaidh 'm eigheach air charn;
 'S truagh mar faigh mi o' Mhàiri reite.

Tha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam,
 Tha mo phoca fo ghruaim
 Bho na seuir an te ruadh 'chur sheud ann.

AN CREACHADAIR.

Gur h-e 'n robair ro laidir
 'Rinn mo mhalaid a spuinneadh,
 'S a chuir toradh mo shaothrach
 Ga sgaoileadh feadh duthcha
 Chan fhaod mi 'bhi gearan
 Mu na ghabh e de m' chuinneadh;
 Ach chan aill leam 'bhi falamh
 Gu bhi ceannach sheud ur dha.

Gur a h-iomadh seud buadhach
 'Thugadh bhuam-s' ann san tur ud,
 'Ghleidheadh m' aran dhomh lathail
 Gun lapaireachd turna.

'N uair a chluinn iad mar tha mi,
'S gur balg fas 'th' air mo ghiulan,
Cha bhuidhinn mi fardach
Ach le canran is durachd.

Ach mu 'n bhaintighearn' sin Mairi
Mhor, narach, shar chliuteach,
Dha bheil subhailcean sar mhath
'Thaobh nadair is duthchais,
Cha bu chomainn domh aireamh
Sgeul nar air a cul-se;
Ach bha h-impidh ro laidir
Mu mo mhalaid-s' a spuinneadh.

'N uair 'thig Alastair Snodgras
Gun doichioll, gun euradh,
Agus cupaill de bhotuill
Ann am fochair a sgeithe,
'S a chluinnear an gogan
Gun dean sogan oirnn eirigh;—
'S bu bhinn sir 'sa mhaduinn
Seach tabait luchd-streupa.

Tha bean uasal 's a' fàille s'
'S Tuath De Danann an deidh oirr',
Catriona nì chùrchaidd
Bean 'tha iad a' ceutadh
Le maolseagan a' corna
Bheir i 'n eòlas a' cum dhuinn,
'S iad nan cleas a' dean neonach
Aic' air bord a' bhàifeille.

'Bha druidheach aig Tuath De Danann, Ràchadh
ean air iad-fa'n a chùr an riochd uisge-bheatha. 'S ann an
sin a bhiodh iad a' dèanamh na cleasichean neonach. Maoiseag, a
small basket, a little bag.

'Gu bh
Ris na
'S gur
Gu reu
'S mi n
Ri soir
Le sgio
'S gach
Bhon dh
Eadar E
Gheibhin
A Steorn
Gur mi g
'S boidhe
'Choisnea
Gun robh

COMHRADH.

EADAR SGIOBAIR AGUS A SHOITHEACH.

AN SOITHEACH.

Nam faighinn-sa mar-rìum
 Na daoine bu mhath leam,
 Gun sininn ri Manain
 Le barantas cruaidh.
 Chuirinn Patric an urras,
 Ged chairt' air mo mhuin e,
 Nach h-eil gearr ann sa mhunadh
 A chumadh rium luaths.
 Ged leanadh iad dlyth mi
 Air thailleabh mo chunraidh,
 Chuirinn failt air mo dhuthaich
 Ach siuil a bhi suas.
 Le cursaireachd bhoidhich
 Bheirinn ionnsaidh air Roaig,
 'S gheibhtheadh rud air mo bhord
 A chuireadh boilich mu'n cuairt.

'Gu bheil m'inatinn ag eirigh
 Ris na ruitheannan eutrom;
 'S gur tr-e mise tha gleusda
 Gu reubadh a chusain,
 'S mi nach eisdadh gu dilinn
 Ri soirbheas glan cinnteach,
 Le sgioba math dileas,
 'S gach ni airson ghas'da
 Bhon dh' fhas mi mion eòlach
 Eadar Eirinn is Mòrthir
 Gheibhinn teisteanas sonraicht'
 A Steornabha 'nuas.
 Gur mi ghealbhanach lurach
 'S boidhche dealbh agus cuma,
 Choisneas ainm air gach turas;
 Gun robh buidhinn rium fuaght'.

AN SGIUBAIR.

Fhuair mi 'm bliadhna crann ur dhuit
 Nach bi furasda 'lubadh ;
 'S bidh mi-fhin air do stiuir
 Is mo chul ris gach stuaidh ;
 Fhuair mi acfhuinn do 'reir sin
 Nach leig cluicheachd no leum leis ;
 'S aobhar misnich do m' cheile
 'N uair a theid e rith' 'suas.
 'N uair 'bheirinn thu sabhailt'
 Gu cala math samhach,
 'S a shinteadh do chabal,
 An caradh ri d' chluais ;
 Gum biodh stoirm fo na gillean
 Leis nach doirbh a bhi tioram,
 'S gur h-ann leotha bu mhinic
 An tine 'thoirt air cuaich.

AN SOITHEACH.

Ach nam faighinn-sa ceartas
 'S a bhi ur bharr mo bhac-stuic,
 Le darach math Sas'nach,
 'S a bhi snasmhor ntu'n cuairt.
 'S a bhi dubailt' an calcadh.
 Air chul mo reang tarsuinn,
 Bheirinn cunntas a m' aster.
 Nach do chleachd mi 'thoirt bhuam.
 'S nam faighinn saoir dhifeas
 'Chuireadh fad' a'm' dhruim direach,
 Agus fear 'dheanadh gribhadh
 Bheirinn sinteag do'n t-Suain,
 Le 'm sgioba math gasda
 'Dheanadh m' aodach a phasgadh,
 'S leiginn cunntas mo chairtealan
 Gu beachd Eachainn Ruaidh.

'Mhic Sheumais mhic Dhughail
 A Eirinn 's a Diura,

'S mor an leth-trom do m' chuirteir
 A bhi 'giulan le t' uaisl'.
 Tagh thusa bean bhoidheach,
 'S biodh a cairdean lan deonach,
 'S mur bi i-fein gorach
 Ni i comhnadh leat suas.
 Ach ma rinn thu mis' fhagail
 Ann an urra ri Patric
 Mur fagh thu na's fearr dhomh
 Dean do bhrathair riun 'suas;
 Ma tha thus' ann ad oigear,
 Chan fheil mis' ann am bhreoitich;
 Dheanainn m'roimh sheolaid
 Ged a phos mi da uair,

'S a chur crich air gach gnèitheach,
 Dheanainn sineadh ri nodhaidhean,
 'S chuirinn ciosanaich choimheach
 Le leathad aig lùghths.
 Cha bu bhaol daibh bhi romham,
 'S mo thaobhs' air muir domhain;
 Ann an caonnaig mo threabhaidh
 Dheanaim omhan air fuar.
 Gum fagainn gu freagarach
 Mor agus beag iad;
 Cha b' urrainn iad seasamh
 Ri leagail mo ghual'.
 Gur neonach mur creid sibh,
 'S mi eolach am Breatunn;
 Gheibhinn comhdach math, teisteil;
 Far 'n do seasaim mi 'suas.

Tha thusa ganach brìgh suasach,
 Eolach 'feadh threan
 Gur tric thugadh sgob leat
 Leat riun air a chuan.
 'Measg nionag bhig a aoibh ort,
 'S tric dh'fhalbh thu gun m' fhaighneachd;

'N uair thigeadh an oidhch'
 Bhiodh tu 'd shlaightear air chuairt.
 Ged a bhithinn 's an osbadal
 'S daoire 'bha 'n Lochlann,
 Bhiodh tusa gun sprochd ort,
 Gun cusa tigh'nn bhuaist
 Ma dh'fhuilingeas an ath te
 Cho tric rium le d' mhacnas,
 Gun cluina thusa racaid
 'S am bata mu d' chluais.

Camachd, coisrig. — Nodhaichean, new ones.

— x —

RANNAN

— A BARD MAC-GILLEAIN.

Phos Doinhnall Camaran, Mac Iain
 'S a bhoir, agus Mari Nic-a-Phi bha beagan
 'S a bhoir ann an taigh athar gum failt-
 'S a bhoir dhachaidh. 'Nuair a bha Iain a Chliridh
 'S a bhoir, Iain Mac Eoghain, a toirt drama 'do dh-
 'S a bhoir Mac-Gilleain, am Bard, thubhairt e ris, So
 'S a bhoir cluinn facal bhuaist agus feuch nach bi
 'S a bhoir air. Ghlac am Bard an gloine agus dh'
 'S a bhoir e deoch-sainte na caraid oig ann sna briathran

— A BARD : —

Deoch-sainte na caraid oig
 A thanic oirn an drast air sgrìob ;
 Doinhnall Camaran 'tha mi 'graitinn
 Agus Mari Nic-a-Phi.
 Saoghal fada dhuibh 'sa phosadh,
 'S barrachd eolais air a mhnaoi.—
 Iain, ceannaich thusa an rann dhuinn,
 Ma dh'fhag mi dad ann 'tha cli.

We
 station
 Camer
 Camer
 good fr
 At t
 more, o
 Station
 priate n

Bh
 gearrad
 eachdra
 an tail
 'leughac
 taillear
 briathra

'S e
 Du
 'S b
 Gun
 Thu
 Gun
 'S m
 'S d

We got
 Mountain,
 old soldier
 was a very

We got this stanza whilst waiting for the train at the station in New Glasgow, July 14, 1890, from Donald Ur Cameron, who was present when it was composed. John Cameron, Clerramore and the Bard were near neighbors and good friends.

At the present day there is a railway station at Clerramore, or Big Clearing, which is known as James River Station, an utterly unhistorical, unmusical, and inappropriate name. It is a pity to see old names changed.

Bha Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear, a gearradh cota do'n Bhard. Thachair gun robh eachdraidh Iosibh ann am poca a Bhaird. Thug an taillear an leabhar as agus chum e e gu 'leughadh. A chiad uair a chunnic am Bard an taillear an deidh so dh' fhailtich e e ann sna briathrabh a leanas :—

'S e Domhnall Mac-Coinnich an taillear,
Duine 's taire 'tha mu 'n t-àird;
'S beag a shaoileadh Seoras Baillidh
Gun robh a mheirle riut fuaight';
Thug thu 'chreidsinn air le d' chrabhadh
Gun deanadh tu pap do shluagh;
'S mise nach faod sin a ghraitinn,
'S do lamh 'thoirt mo leabhair bhuam.

We got this stanza from Catherine Macinnis, Fraser's Mountain, October 11th, 1880. Donald Mackenzie was an old soldier. He was twenty-one years in the army, and was a very intelligent man.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

— X —

- 2, 33, the rein, reign.
 3, 15, perion, period.
 5, 26, richly, richly.
 6, 15, buathran, briathran.
 6, 22, no, mo.
 6, 5, eum, eun.
 6, 19, 'n ar, 'n ur.
 8, 10, Obhar, Odhar.
 8, 26, Chaidheamh, Chlaidh-
 eabh.
 9, 28, Loug, Long.
 10, 12, cran, crann.
 11, 4, Eana chor, Eanach or.
 11, 19, Domhuall, Domhnall.
 14, 8, aineoil, aineol.
 14, 24, sheidu, shuidhe.
 16, 5, a' d', ad.
 20, 24, bhuadhne, bhuainne.
 21, 7, d' thui'ght, dugt'.
 23, 5, bheal, bheul.
 26, 3, uam, nam.
 35, 10, ehur, chur.
 36, 17, Lnnnainn, Lunnaínn.
 38, 28, James, James.
 40, 9, brnsg, brusg.
 40, 23, bhei, bheil.
 41, 5, Ba, Bha.
 42, 8, received, resided.
 44, 25, tuireid ch, tuireideach.
 44, 31, ghaths, gnaths.
 46, 21, ei eadh, eideadh.
 55, 28, Carnabrug, Chearna-
 burg.
 30, airdead, airdid.
 29, pinadh, pianadh.
 63, r. dearbhadh, dhearbhadh.
 69, 32, mamed, named.
 70, 32, fhaithrich, fhaírich.
 71, 21, aithin, aithn'.
 75, 10, conquered, conquered.
 82, 19, de 'n chall, do 'n chall.
 83, 29, fhaire, fhaire.
 100, 2, fhear, fhear.
 102, 18, mar, mur.
 109, 26, gloidhteadh, glaoídh-
 teadh.
 119, 8, tighearna, tighearna.
 123, 11, Carlisie, Carlisle.
 125, 10, nochdadh, a nochdadh.
 127, 12, Chiadh, Chaidh.
 129, 26, Bni, 'Bhi.
 129, 30, fear, fear.
 130, 3, brass, bras.
 130, 6, C' air, Cait.
 130, 9, chruachdan, chnuachd-
 an.
 130, 10, us, na.
 130, 14, seillear, soilleir.
 130, 28, cumidh, cinnidh.
 135, 1, t-ordach, t-aodach.
 136, 3, Chunnacaeas, Chunnacas,
 136, 10, Thr, Tha.
 136, 10, tuath, fuath.
 136, 14, fhdath, fhuath.
 139, 20, work, poem.
 140, 24, Luch, Luchd.
 145, 8, uidhean, uidheam.
 147, 5, struth, shruth.
 147, 12, c oc croc.
 147, 15, tuair gneadh, tuairg-
 neadh.
 147, 23, clann, ceann.

147,
 147,
 148,
 148,
 148,
 148,
 148,
 d
 148, 2
 149, 2
 150, 1
 151, 1
 151, 1
 bi
 151, 1
 151, 2
 152, 1
 152, 3
 154, 1
 155, 8
 156, 4
 157, 14
 157, 19
 157, 25
 159, 2
 159, 26
 160, 17
 161, 4
 161, 28
 169, 28
 170, 23
 ant
 174, 28
 174, 32
 175, 1, n
 175, 6, le
 177, 23
 178, 16
 178, 29
 nan.
 180, 30, A
 181, 23 b'
 181, 26, M
 183, 8, 'bh
 183, 33, n
 184, 16, ch
 186, 6, bn
 187, 1, ios
 187, 11, n
 187, 26, ch
 ach.

- 147, 27, dhinbhail dhiubhail.
 147, 27, sluaigh, sloigh.
 148, 8, Culdres, Culdares.
 148, 10, bend, band.
 148, 18, Clearc, Cearc.
 148, 18, Mrcdonald, Mac-donald.
 148, 27, 1778, 1678.
 149, 28, fineault, 'finealt'
 150, 14, sgnr, sgr.
 151, 1, Cumha, Cumha.
 151, 1, Ghilleasbing, Ghilleas-bic.
 151, 19, aigneahh, aigneadh.
 151, 20, cuimhuich, cumhnich.
 152, 10, mam, nam.
 152, 32, cnmaibh, cumaibh.
 154, 1, slnn, sinn.
 155, 8, lethra latha.
 156, 4, air, air.
 157, 14, agaidh, aghaidh.
 157, 19, thugadh, 'thugadh.
 157, 25, fragairt, freagairt.
 159, 2, ga mi', ga m'.
 159, 26, thiurich, thuinich.
 160, 17, Mabocho, Mabach.
 160, 28, bhliadhna, bhliadhna.
 160, 28, phiuthair, phiuthair.
 160, 28, chadadal, chadal.
 170, 23, cumhuanta, cumh-anta.
 174, 28, stirochd, striochd.
 174, 32, leat, leat.
 175, 1, nar, na.
 175, 6, lean, leam.
 177, 23, Umha, Cumha.
 178, 16, Trionaid, Trianaid.
 178, 29, chunatasan, chunta-san.
 180, 30, Anus, Anns.
 181, 23 b' urram, h-urram.
 181, 26, Mac-Neil, Mac-Neill.
 183, 8, 'bhearadh, 'bheagadh.
 183, 33, nc, no.
 184, 16, cheirtaidh, cheutaidh.
 186, 6, bnuillean, buillean.
 187, 1, iosaidh nn, ionnsuidh.
 187, 11, nhath, mhath.
 187, 26, chnramach, churam-ach.
 187, 33, ruel, rud.
 188, 25, shleisdean, sleisdean.
 191, 2, fhao ainn, 'fhaotuinn.
 191, 15, ciarach, ciatach.
 191, 20, bailidh, baillidh.
 192, 12, Mhis, Mhic.
 192, 17, doireabh, doireadh.
 192, 25, 'Fhnair, 'Fhuair.
 193, 2, des, deo.
 193, 25, stamn, stamh.
 193, 28, tor, torr.
 194, 20, dug e, dug thu e.
 195, 17, tarsuing, taruinn.
 195, 27, dilear, dileas.
 198, 5, ghuilan, ghiulan.
 198, 10, og, ag.
 200, 20, fha ail, 'fhagail.
 202, 24, Seallr, Sellar.
 203, 19, pcacadh, peacadh.
 207, 28, tapaidhe, tapaidh.
 207, 31, cluinut, cluinnt.
 207, 32, ghabbadh, ghabhadh.
 208, 8, bhois, 'bhios.
 210, 17, bhiadhna, bliadhna.
 212, 8, bhas, bha.
 214, 10, Alustair, Alastair.
 216, 11, mbac, mhac.
 216, 30, bliadhna, bhliadhna.
 216, 32, Rha, Bha.
 216, 34, theaunga, theanga.
 216, 36, ri am, ris am.
 217, 3, uighinn, nighinn.
 217, 9, 'dhitha, 'dhith.
 217, 10, 's e nu, 's e mo.
 217, 16, nac, nach.
 217, 28, cheirt, cheist.
 217, 27, treum, treun.
 217, 27, fabh lum, falbh nam.
 217, 29, inn cachd, innleachd.
 217, 33, thoirneadh, thairneadh.
 217, 33, 'sgriob-hadh, 'sgriobh-adh.
 218, 10, ceutach, ceutach.
 218, 14, Na'm, 'N am.
 219, 12, sbios, shios.
 219, 20, cqeann, cheann.
 219, 22, dam bniach, nam bruach.
 219, 24, nau, nan.

- 219, 30, g aradh, gharradh.
 229, 33, mealt, meall.
 220, Page 230, Page 220.
 220, 16, faineach, fainneach.
 220, 25, chuace, chuach.
 220, 27, ghlen, ghlan.
 220, 31, clin, cliu.
 220, 32, Au'm, gum.
 221, 26, was, was a.
 222, 11, Mcfarlane, Macfarlane.
 222, 29, 'san-shocair, 's an-shocair.
 228, 7, macraichean, mach-raichean.
 228, 7, Gu'n, Gun.
 228, 7, ghioraicheadh, ghiorraicheadh.
 229, 28, bedchd, beachd.
 230, 16, dhuinne' dhuinn'e.
 230, 30, bliadha, bliadhna.
 230, 10, fear ann, fear fann.
 232, 24, ceudla, ceud la.
 236, 3, gbeibheadh, gheibheadh.
 236, 25, mhlael, mheall.
 236, 34, mhisneach, mhisnich.
 237, 8, hruhan chruban.
 237, 29, ainneach, ainneamh.
 237, 34, fasannan, fasan nan.
 238, 2, 'san cai, 's an caise.
 239, 25, 'bhu, bu.
 239, 25, macaan, macanan.
 240, 5, fheaaail, fhearail.
 241, 13, bhoidhach, bhoidheadh.
 241, 14, bhuadheach, bhuadheadh.
 241, 19, lan ch, lanach.
 242, 3, tlachmhór, tlachdmhór.
 242, 7, mu 'm poca, mu 'n poca.
 242, 13, truen, treun.
 242, 13, fheuma, fheuma.
 242, 21, N' uair, Nuair.
 243, 6, pleasd, pleased.
 244, 26, ledaidhe, luaidhe.
 245, 7, gunn nheirg, gunn nheirg.
 245, 18, Triach, Triath.
 245, 25, an fhair, an fhear.
 245, 26, Morthrieach, Morthrieach.
 248, 8, 's o 'r, 's o 'r.
 247, 10, Luch, Luchd.
 248, 20, a asadh, a lasadh.
 249, 4, Ba, Bu.
 250, 2, Siadri, 'S iad ri.
 250, 4, Gar, Gur.
 250, 9, urraim, urram.
 250, 10, Cumha Eile, Cumha.
 252, 17, buadh, buaidh.
 253, 1, Ta, Na.
 254, 3, chaitein, cheitein.
 254, 10, chlinteach, chliuit-each.
 255, 7, chrenchdan, chreuchdan.
 255, 7, ath-cuar, ath-chur.
 256, 15, sinu, sinn.
 256, 18, misneach, misneach.
 257, 8, Marealaidh, Mar-ealaidh.
 257, 19, chuald, chuaidh.
 258, 1, Domhuallaich, Domhnallaich.
 258, 17, ioghbnadh, ionghnadh.
 258, 19, carthanuach, carthannach.
 259, 3, Domhaill, Dhomhnaill.
 259, 7, choreaich, chorcaich.
 259, 10, treuin-thear, treun-fhear.
 259, 13, chruinich, chruinnich.
 259, 14, Clann-lain, Clann-lain.
 259, 16, nau, nan.
 259, 32, compell ot, compelled to.
 260, 2, Gilleasbing, Gilleasbing.
 260, 4, dhubradh, dhubradh.
 260, 14, ghnius, ghnuis.
 260, 14, adubach, aobhach.
 260, 16, caomhneil, caomhneil.
 260, ailleach, ailleachd.
 260, 23, bhoian, bhuan.
 263, 6, atr, air.

265, 9, c
 268, 10,
 269, 16,
 271, 18,
 273, 22, l
 274, 4, n
 274, 17,
 Dho
 275, 5, ro
 275, 25, b
 277, 17, b
 278, 10,
 creac
 287, 15, t
 293, 6, ph
 295, 18, E
 maid.
 296, 3, cl
 296, 8, sm
 296, 13, ch
 300, 22, ba
 300, 27, sp
 308, 12, ein
 309, 3, rl,

Page 35, F
 cladh
 Page 96, D
 Page 121, I
 Page 123, I
 h-Eagla
 Page 128, I
 stateme
 Page 134, C
 Page 142, F
 Page 153, R

Aig cear
 Ia roim
 Chruinn
 'S thog i

Page 158, C
 unquesti
 tion, at p
 Ruadh M
 dull bla
 a red-hair
 feel sure

- 265, 9, cuilin, cuilinn.
 268, 10, is mi 'ghlac, is 'ghlac.
 269, 16, leaonn, leann.
 271, 18, B' an B' ann.
 273, 22, Domhnán, Domhnall.
 274, 4, ninth, ninth.
 274, 17, do Domhnall, do
 Domhnall.
 275, 5, romhan, romham.
 275, 25, buideul, buideal.
 277, 17, breislién, breislich.
 278, 10, creachadairean;
 creachadairean.
 287, 15, taiug, taing.
 293, 6, phris, pris.
 295, 18, Bhíodmaid, Bhíodh-
 maid.
 296, 3, cláideamh, claidheabh.
 296, 8, smachdal, smachdail.
 296, 13, chasgadh, chaogadh.
 300, 22, balachán, ballachán.
 300, 27, spioradau, spioradán.
 308, 12, éirighd, éirigh.
 309, 3, rl, ri.
 313, 9, tanml, tamull.
 314, 11, fíosracn, fíosrach.
 314, 15, bhreagh, bhriagh.
 315, 16, Dhomsa, Dhomhna.
 316, 27, gu 'n, gun.
 316, 32, no, na.
 319, 28, spuie, spuir.
 319, 30, mo an, morán.
 321, 4, Domhallach, Domh-
 nallach.
 322, 2, 'chuireus, chuireas.
 322, 6, spinn-asuin, spuin-
 asuin.
 322, 14, No 'n ni, No 'n i.
 322, 25, dhuthaich, duthaich.
 342, 12, ghrúnd, ghrúnd.
 345, 29, burchaille, buachaille.
 350, 10, gínlanta, giúlanta.
 351, 20, theidh, 'theid.
 354, 19, dhuinne, dhuinn.
 367, 3, duinen, duine.
 372, 4, Cola, Colla.
 385, 18, lugths, luas.

Page 35, For Mar eun clomhach an rúchain read Mar eun-
 cladhaich an rúchain.

Page 96, Delete the stanza at the bottom.

Page 121, Delete the first twenty-one lines.

Page 123, Delete Sliabh a Chlamhain and substitute Blar
 h-Eaglaise Brice.

Page 128, Delete He was a very excellent man, as the same
 statement is made again.

Page 134, Cabhuil, a kind of creel for catching fish.

Page 142, For of Lochiel read Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

Page 153, Read lines 9, 10, 11 and 12 as follows:

Aig deann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa
 I a roimh Dhi-domhnnaich; 's da la na dheidh
 Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
 'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic Dhe.

Page 158, Gilleasb' Dubh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill was
 unquestionably the Ciaran Mabach. In Gillies's collec-
 tion, at page 77, the Ciaran Mabach is called Gilleasb'ic
 Ruadh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill. Ciaran is from ciar, a
 dull black colour. It seems to us very unlikely that
 a red-haired man would be known as an Ciaran. We
 feel sure that Gilleasb'ic Ruadh is a mistake.

Page 169, Oran Gaoil. The sixth stanza of this poem was omitted by mistake. It is as follows:—

Do mheall-shuil bu ghlan aogas,
'S do shlios mar fhaolinn air snamh;
Gruaidh dhearg ort mar chaorann,
'Dh'fhag mi daor ann ad ghradh.
Gur h-e mheud 's thug mi speis dhuit
'Dh'fhag mi-fein ann an drip;
'N diugh chan iarrainn de 'n t-saoghal
Ach leine chaol agus cist'.

The last stanza, Chunna mise dō chinneadh, etc., should be deleted, as it does not belong to the poem.

Page 200. Rugaid, a long neck. Slat-mhara, tangle.

Page 219, Oran molaídh. The first four lines should read as follows:—

Air dhomh-'s a bhi 'm onar
Troimh aonach nam beann,
Gun gleus mi na teudan,
'S gun te dhiu air chall.

Page 246. Uaibheachd. We have not met this word anywhere else. It seems to mean subject.

Page 247. Delete the note at the bottom of the page. The following may take its place:—

In 1784 John, 7th of Morar, gave over his estates to Simon, his son, reserving a life rent for himself. Simon, 8th of Morar, was a Major in the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. He married in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, third son of John Macdonell of Glengarry, and had by her three sons, James, Sim Og, and John. He died March 12th, 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son. John, 7th of Morar, died in the autumn of 1809. James, 9th of Morar, entered the army in 1805. He returned home a Major in 1809. He died in Edinburgh after a lingering illness, in October, 1811. He was succeeded by his brother, Sim Og. Sim Og, 10th of Morar, studied law. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, July 22nd, 1812. He died unmarried.

Page 248. For Cumha read Cumha do Shim Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir.

Page 250. For Cumha eile etc., read Cumha do Shim Og Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir. Page 255. Delete Cumha eile, etc. This is not another poem, but the

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"Casket,"

last part of the poem beginning on page 250. The poet refers first to Major Simon, then to his father, then to Major James, and lastly to young Simon.

Page 265. Rannan Targraidh. The following is the poem word for word as it is in the MS.:-

Claun Ghilleoin on Dreolinn
Mar ealt ian air bhar culinn
Mar chaor dheirig a tin o thellach
'S bronach an sgeul sud ra inns.

Claun Dughil on aird a niar
Slioc Aula ni sgiath dearg
Greadan gun teasregin doimh
Air aon chlar luing do bheirther.

Mac Iain Stewart ceau na fearr
Thuigh e air dun Insa-for
Chaill e dun Insa-for
'S cha do bhuininn e dun Insa gil.

Claun o Dhuinn ceun gach fine
Tuitim mar aon ùniag ghlaoine
Air bhar teachd a niar on bhile
Struadh air milleadh le mirun.

Page 272. In the line *Slan ur guineil cha till sibh* *breug orm*, *slan* means in defiance of, in spite of, and is pronounced short like can, say or sing.

Page 322, *Le spuin-asuin a dh-aindeoin*. We do not know what *spuin-asuin* is. We give it as it is in the MS. Perhaps it should be *spain-asuin* or *spuinn-asuin*.

PAGE 344—IAIN BOID.

John Boyd, son of Hugh Boyd and Mary Macfarlane, was born in Arisaig, Scotland, in 1797. He came to this country with his parents, who settled at the South River of Antigonish, in 1801. He composed several poems, but unfortunately they have all been allowed to perish except the elegy on Bishop Fraser. He died at Antigonish, Oct. 5, 1871. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Macdonald, he had one son, John. By his second wife, Jennet Macdonald, he had two sons, Angus and Donald, and eight daughters. John, his eldest son, published a Gaelic and English spelling book, in 1848. He published a Gaelic Monthly for about two years. He started the "Casket," a weekly newspaper published in Antigonish, in

1852. He published in pamphlet form several of the poems of the Bard Maclean, in 1856. He sold out his interest in the "Casket" to his brother, Angus, in 1861. He died in Boston, December 18th, 1880, in the 57th year of his age. Angus Boyd gave up his connection with the "Casket" in 1888, having been in that year appointed collector of Customs for the port of Antigonish. Whilst the Boyds had the "Casket" its columns were always ready to welcome a Gaelic contribution.

Bishop Fraser was born at Crasky, in Strathglass, in 1779. He was the eldest son of John Fraser and Jane Chisholm. He came to Nova Scotia, in 1822. He was appointed Bishop in 1827. He died in Antigonish, October, 4th, 1851.

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Donnachadh Gobha.

Duncan MacKay, commonly called Donnachadh Gobha, was a crofter in Ardbrylach near Kingussie. He was an honest and pious man. He was an elder in the Parish of Kingussie. He died about the year 1820. He was at the time of his death a very old man. He is buried in the churchyard of Kingussie. Three of his poems are given in Turner's collection. These are, a poem in praise of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, an elegy on James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, and Call Ghadhaig.

Captain John Macpherson, Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain, perished in a dreadful storm of wind and snow in the forest of Gaick on the night of December 31st, 1799. Four men who had accompanied him to the forest perished with him. These men were Donald Macgillivray, James Grant, Duncan MacFarlane, and Iain-Og a Farrais, who was a MacPherson. Donald MacGillivray, called in the poem Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh and Domhnall na Tulaich, was mother's brother of the late Rev. Angus McGillivray of Springfield. He was a fox-hunter. James Grant was a young man in his employ. Duncan MacFarlane was a native of Rannoch. The house occupied by Capt. Macpherson and those with him on the night of the storm was in a valley at the foot of

a lofty mountain. It was all swept away except a part of the back. The spot on which it stood was covered with six feet of snow. The lintel of the door, which was a stone of large size, was carried to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The bodies of Capt. Macpherson, Donald Macgillivray, James Grant and Iain-Og were found on the site of the house a few days after the storm. The body of Duncan Mcfarlane was not found until nearly three months afterward. It was about two hundred yards from the house. The dogs, were all killed, and their bones broken in pieces. Some of the guns were broken, and others bent and twisted. Capt. Macpherson had gone to the forest to hunt deer. He was in the sixty second year of his age.

Call Ghadhaig.

LE DONNACHADH GOBHA.

An Nollaig mu dheireadh de'n chiad
 Cha chuir sinn an cunntas nam mìos;
 Gu ma h-anmoch thaig i 'ris,
 Bu ghriomach a bhean taige i.

Cha d'fhag i subhaltach sinn,
 Cha d'fhuair i beannachd 'san tìr,
 Cha danaic bonas r'a linn,
 Ach mi-thoilinntinn 'san-shocair.

Sheid a' ghaoth am frith nam fiadh
 Nach cuais a leithid riamh,

'S chuir i breitheanas an gnìomh
A bha gun chiall, gun fhathamas.

Bu chruaidh an cath 'san seideadh garbh,
As nach b'urraim aon fhear falbh,
Dh'innseadh ciamar chaidh an t-sealg,
Dhe'n laraich mhairbh'hoirt naidheachd
dhuinn.

Rinn sinn an cruinneachadh fann,
'S cha b'ann gu cluich air a' bhall,
Ach thoirt nan corp as an fhang,
An gnìomh a bh'ann bu ghrathail e.

Bha 'n t-Oicheir Dubh air an ceann,
Chuir e cul r'a thaigh 's r'a chlann;
Na'n tuiteadh e'n cath na Fraing
Cha bhiodh a chall cho farranach.

Bha cruaidh fhortan dha 'san dan,
Thionail e fear dhe gach sraid,
Gu bothan nach do choisrig iad
Mu thoiseach snaim nan clachairean.

Dalladh a bhreitheanais chruaidh
'Mhort e fhein'sna bh'ann de shluagh;
Bha Prionns' an adhair mu'n cuairt,
'S gu'n d'fhuair e buaidh an latha sin.

'S duilich leam ni eile 'th'ann
Air am bi moran a' cainnt,
Bha eirbhir nan corp air a cheann,
Na dh'iompaich ann am plathadh iad.

Fhuair a chiolunn ceusadh cruaidh,
'S a ghleann dorcha 's nach robh truas,
Mu'n do thog na spioraid suas
Gu sonas buan nam flaitheas iad.

'S geur na saighdean 'n eridh an t-sluaigh
 Bho 'n d'thog e 'chreach 'san an-uair:
 Ach biodh bhuir doigh am fuil an Uain
 Gu'm faigh sibh 'n suaimhneas roimhibh
 iad.

'S coma ciamar thig am bas,
 Co dhiu 'sa mhuir no sa charn,
 Moladh sibhse Rìgh nan gras,
 Gu bheil Fear-tearnaidh 'feitheamh ruinn

Na dugaibhs' breith lochdach, luath,
 Air ciamar thanaic an uair;
 Bho na Bhreitheamh Mhor tha shuas
 Gheibh daoine duais an abhagais.

Recruitigeadh dubh gun adh
 Cha robh riamh leis ach na spairn,
 'S chuir e ùaltraigeadh dhe ainm
 A bhios luchd-anacainnt 'gaithris air.

A chasg mi-ruin is droch sgeil
 Tha trian m' orain-sa gu leir;
 'S tha teaghlach Bhaile-Chrodhain fhein
 A cur mo speis an amharas.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nam beann,
 Domhnall na Tulaich bha ann,
 Le 'lothainn ghasda gun fheall,
 Is Seumas Grand a 'feitheamh air.

Is mor an ionndrainn e 'n am
 A bhi 'cur faoghaid 'feadh bheann
 Eadar machair shìos nan Gall
 'S a suas gu ceann Srath-Fharaigaig.

Bu ghill' e 'bheireadh spors do rìgh,
 Le 'choin 's le ghunna neo-chli;

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Bha e connspuinneach 'san strith,
'S bu mhin 'sa ghabhail rathaid e.

Donnachadh Mac Farlain gun fheall,
B'e deagh fhear-an-taigh' a bh'ann;
Lamh fhoghainteach an srath's an gleann,
Nach faiceadh call an atharraich.

Bu mhath leis pailteas mu 'laimh
'S cha b' ann gu 'fhalach air cach,
Air a sporan cha bhiodh enaim
'Nuair thigeadh am a chaitheamh dha.

B'fhear spors e comuinn is graidh,
Ged thug e seal bhuinn air chall,
Mu'n d'fhas odhar a' art chaich,
Thug pailteas lamh gu cairidh e.

Bha Iain og a Farrais ann,
'N geard a' bhaile 'rinn e bearn;
Ged dh' fhagadh sin athair dall,
Cha b' innisg ann sa bheatha s' e.

Bha e og gu tigh'nn a'm' chaimnt,
Cha robh m' eolas air ach gann,
Tha mi cluinntinn a' gluchd-daimh'
Gu 'm b' ionndrainn ann san talamh s' e.

A cheathrar'fhuair pronnadh chnamh
Tha 'n latha 'tighinn gun dail,
Nuair dh'fhoilligeadh nan gras,
Sam faighear a' bhaile fhathest iad.

'Is lon d' ar n-annamh bhur sith,
'S bhur n-airmeanar a' faighinn sgriobht'
'N oighreachd a's gile a' ghrian
A choisinn Rìgh nan aingeal dhuinn.

Gach neach tha 'g imeachd fo'n speur
'Their gur h-e a neo-chiont fein

Tha ga shiaoradh bho dhroch theum
Tha spiorad breig' a' labhairt ris.

Scuiridh mi thuireadh nach fhiach,
Cha dean mi tuilleadh 'chur sios,
'S dona 'n ceol do'n Nollaig i,
Aig a ro-mhiad 'sa sgaradh sinn.

Ach bruidhnidh gach linn thig an aird
Am mile bliadhna so slau
Air a bhreitheanas so 'bha,
'Sa 'n sgrios a bh'ann sa chathadh ud.

Gadhaig dhubh nam feadhlan fiar
Cha robh ach na striopaich riamh,
Na ban-bhuidsich a toirt na lion
Gach fir le 'm b' mhiannach laighe leath.

O, duiagibh mu 'm fas sibh liath,
'S dluithibh bhur cas ris an t-sliabh,
Feuch gu 'm bi bhur fasgadh deant',
Mu 'n deid a' ghrian a laighe oirbh.

Eirbhir, act of asking or blaming.—
Abhagas, a false suspicion.—Atharrach, a
foreigner.—Cairidh, a mound, a tomb.

Domhnall Gobha.

Donald Chisholm, commonly called Domhnall Gobha, was born in Knockfin in Strathglass. His father, John Chisholm, was a blacksmith. His father had six children Ann, Eliza, Donald, John, William and Finlay. Donald was a farmer and grazier. He married Margaret daughter of Donald Chisholm of Cnoc an Daimh. He had five

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sons, Alexander, John, William, Archy and Donald. William was a priest. Archy was a blacksmith. Donald Gobha left Strathglass, and came to Nova Scotia in 1801. He was an old man, probably nearly seventy years of age, at the time. He settled at Lower South River in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1810. We have obtained several of Domhnall Gobha's poems from John Chisholm, Schoolmaster, James River, Antigonish. Mr. Chisholm is a son of Colin, son of John, Domhnall Gobha's brother. He has a great number of Gaelic poems by heart. Though over eighty years of age his memory is about as strong as ever. He is still fresh-looking and active.

ORAN.

DO CHAIPTEIN DONNACHADH SIOSAL, MAC
SIOSALACH STRATHGHLAIS.

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Na seachd ceud 's an ceith 'r fichead ann,
Mil' 's da bhliadhna a nis againn,
Fhuair mi naidheachd bu mhisde mi
Sgeula bais air an t-Siosalach;
Gur h-e lagaich mo mhisneach
Thu bha 'n Sasunn fo lic 's tu gun chomh-
radh.

Gur h-e lagaich &c.

Sid an naidheachd a chradh-lot mi,
Bu sgeul cruaidh dha do chairdean e,
Chraobh dhe 'n abhail a b'airde dhiu

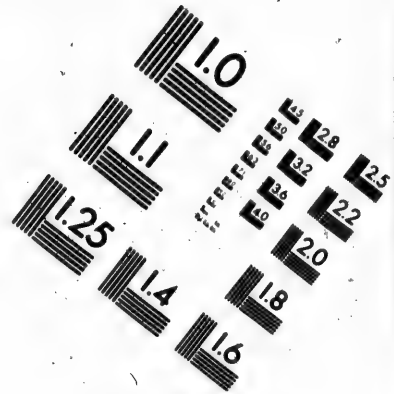
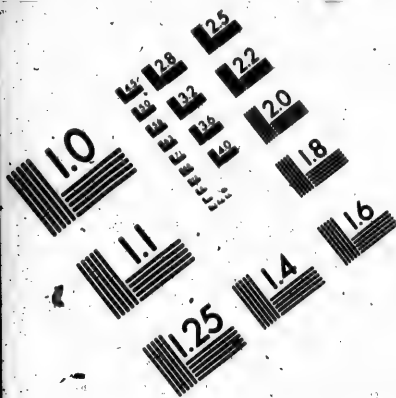




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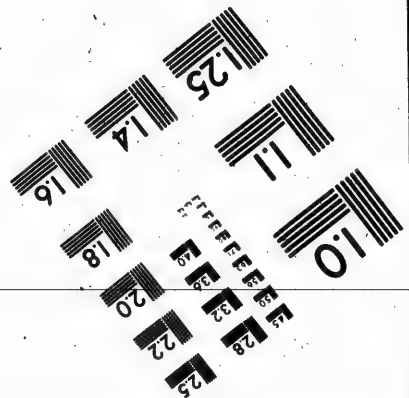
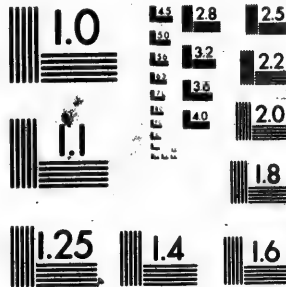
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'Luaithead 'sa ghiorraich do laithean oirnn
'S cha bu mhearachd dhomh 'raitinn ruibh
Gu'n robh aobhar dhuibh 'n trath sin bhi
bronach.

Tha 'n taobh tuath so fo eislean deth
Bho na chualas gu'n d'eug thu oirnn,
Eadar macraichean reidh, farsuinn,
Agus Gaidhealtachd reidhleineach,
Astar marcaich no steud-eich;
Gur h-ìomadh fear a bha deidheil air t
eolas.

'S iomadh aon a bha acaineach
Bho na chualas gu'n d' thaisgeadh
An' cuirtear finealta, fasanta,
Fear bu mhiadhaile cleachdainnean,
Cha bu chrìne air 'n do bheachdaich thu;
Bha gach ni a' fas pailt dhuit ge b'og thu.

Bu cheann-fin' air na Glaisich thu,
B'ard chaiptein 'san ais-sith thu,
Bha do thurn gu ro bheachdail
An am dol sìos ann sna baitealan;
'S e mo dhiobhail mar thachair e,
Gu 'n thu, Dhonnachaidh, thigh'nn dach-
aidh a'd' bheo-shlaint.

Bho na ghiorraicheadh t'aimsir oirnn "
Gu bheil sinne ann an ana-cothram;
Ach taing do Dhia gu bheil dearbhadh air
Gu bheil oighre neo leanabaidh oirnn;
'S innsidh mise mar sheanachas dhuibh
Gu'n robh urram fir Alba bho thos
dhuibh.

Labhraidh mise, 's co dh' aicheas e,
Gu'n robh beannachd siol Adhaimh leibh;
B'aithne dh'Aonghas nan abhaistean e,

'S bha e colach 's gach cearna
'S am biodh stòras 'ga phairteachadh
B'i luchd-cuilm is ri araidhnean coire.

Dh'aoir Aonghas na ficheadan,
'S dh'fhag e 'n fheil aig an t-sìosalach;
Sid mar dh'eireadh na gibhtean leibh,
Lan ceill agus misiniche;
Cha robh 'n eucoir dhuibh fìosrach;
Feuch co bhreugaicheas mise 'nam chomh-
radh!

'S iomad fine bha cairdeach dhuit;
Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich Chinn-t-saile leat;
Bhiodh fir Chnoideart is Arisraig
Is Gleann-Garadh nach fail'neach leat;
'S bhiodh Mac-Shimi na h-Airde leat
Leis an rachadh fir dhan' ann an ordagh.

Bha na dh' fhailnich mo gheire orm,
Is nach sgoileir gu leughadh mi,
'S fear gun tuigse, gun reuson mi,
Is cha deonaich sluagh eisdeachd rium;
Ach mar dh'innis each sgeul dhomh
Fhuair sibh urram nach treig ri bhr beo
sibh.

Oran.

Do Mhaidsear Seumas Sìosal. Mac do
Shìosalach Strathghlais.

LE DOMHNALL GORRA.

Mile bliadhna gu bedchd,
De na ciadan a seachd,
'Scaithir fichead, sid marc na cunntais.
Mile bliadhna &c.

Tha naoidh eile ann a chorr.—
 Sin 'nuair fhuair sinn ar leon,
 Dh'eug am Maidsear; mo bhron, chaidh 'n
 uir air.

Bha mi roimhe dheth bochd,
 Ach tha mi nise ro ghoirt;
 'S ann a dh-fhosgaileadh lot as ur orm.

Gur tric saighdean a bha is
 Tigh'nn 'gam chlaoidheadh gach la;
 Dh'eug an t-seiseir, aid fath mo dhiubhail.

B'ann diu Ruairidh an tos
 Agus Donnachadh ur og,
 Agus Alastair morfhear cliuiteach.

Agus Seumas nam buadh,
 Bu shar cheannard an t-sluaigh,
 'S gu 'm bu chlogaide cruadhach dhuinne'.

Chaill na Glaisich an sgiath,
 Is an clogaide dion',
 'S claidheamh soluis bu ghnìomhach turn
 daibh.

Is bogha b' fhearr streing
 Eideadh cruadhach gun mheang,
 Ursann-chatha bu gharadh-cuil duinn.

Is an Gaidheal gun smal,
 Bu ro shiobhalta gean,
 'S tu bu gharg ann an cath nan trupan.

'S iomad batraidh is ruaig
 Ris 'n do sheasamh thu cruaidh;
 'Mhic an t-siosalaich fhuair thu 'n cliu ud.

Fichead bliadha 's a deich,

Thug thu 'n tim ud gun cheist,
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'n teas an fhud-
air.

Am Fontenoi nan lann,
Dh'fheuch thu cruadal do dhream,
Thug thu brònachadh teann dhaibh dub-
ailt.

Ach fhir a dh'fhuirich 'n 'ur n-ait
Dia 'gad sheoladh mar bha
Na fir ghasd'tha mi'n drast ag ionndrainn.

A bha tighearnail, tlath,
Measail, misneachail, ard,
Dha 'n robh gibhtean nach d'fhas an diu-
can.

Ach bheir mi 'n t-oran gu ceann
Bho 'n tha m'eolas ro ghann,
'S cuiream crìoch air mo rann le tursa.

Oran.

Le Domhnall Gobha, air dha a bhi a'
fagail a dhuthcha.

LUINNEAG.

*O, tha mi nise liath
'N deigh na chunnaic mi riamh;
'S ged is eiginn dhomh bhi triall,
'Skiorrachd 's beag mo speis dha.*

Bha mi og ann an Strathghlais,
'S bha mi 'n duil nach rachainn as;
Ach bho 'n chaidh na suinn fo lic
Gabhaidh mi 'n ra-treata.

Ged a tha mo chois eachd trom
 Togaidh mi m'aigheadh le fonn;
 'Nuair a theid mi air an luing,
 Co chuireas rium geall-reise?

'N tacharan so th'air ar ceann
 Sgiot e 'dhaoinne 's tha iad gann;
 'S fearr leis caoraich ann am fang
 Na fir an camp fo sheileadh.

Comunn cairdeil cha 'n 'eil ann,
 Cha 'n 'eil siseachd aig fear ann,
 Mur cuir thu caoirich ri gleann
 Bidh tu air cheann na deirce.

Bha mi uair, 'nuair bha mi og,
 'S dheanaibh cosnadh air gach doigh;
 Ach a nis bho 'n d'fhalbh mo threoir
 Mo stòras cha dean feum dhomh.

Gheibh sinn acraichean bho 'n rìgh,
 Tighearnan gu'n dean e dhinn;
 Cha b'ionnan 's a bhi mar bha 'n linn
 'Bha paigheadh cis' do Cheusar.

Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,
 Faicibh mar sgoilt a Mhuir Ruadh;
 'S cumhachdan an Ti 'tha shuas
 Tha 'n diu cho buan 's an ceudla.



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The Chisholms of Strath- glass.

Wiland Chisholm obtained a charter of the lands of Comar and other lands in Strathglass in 1513. John son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Wiland was chief of the Chisholms at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He married a daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, by whom he had two sons, Roderick his heir, and Alexander who settled in Muckrach. Roderick was a very popular chief. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715. He died in 1785. He had five sons, Alexander his successor, Major James who died in 1789, Dr. William, Provost of Inverness, who died in 1807, John a captain in the army, and Rory, who was a colonel in the army of Prince Charles and fell at Culloden in 1746. Alexander Roderick's eldest son and successor, had five sons, Captain Duncan who died in London in 1782, Alexander who succeeded his father, and was known as an Siosalach Ban, Roderick who died abroad, William who succeeded his brother Alexander, and James who died in the West Indies. Alexander, An Siosalach Ban, died without male issue, in 1793. He had one daughter, Mary, who was married to James Gooden, a merchant in London. William, who succeeded his brother, married, in 1795, Eliza, daughter of Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry and Marjory

Grant, "Marsaili Bhinneach". He had two sons, Alexander-William and Duncan Macdonnell. He is the chief of whom Domhnall Gobha speaks as "an tacharan so 'th' air ar ceann." He died in 1817. Alexander-William his successor was born in 1810, and died in 1838. Duncan Macdonell, who succeeded his brother, died in 1858. He was the last of Ruairidh MacIain's legitimate descendants in the male line.

Alexander, second son of John of Strathglass, and brother of Ruairidh MacIain, had two sons, Alexander who lived in Knockfin and John a captain in the army. Captain John had two sons, Peter and Alexander, both of whom died unmarried. Alexander of Knockfin had three sons, Roderick, Donald, and Alexander. Roderick had one son, James-Sutherland, who upon the death of Duncan Macdonell in 1858, became Chisholm of Strathglass. Donald had two sons, but both died unmarried. Alexander came to Nova Scotia. He was married to Jennet, daughter of Duncan Grant and Helen Chisholm in Glenmoriston, and sister of the Rev. Colin Grant of Arisaig, Nova Scotia. He had one son, Duncan Ban, and three daughters. Duncan Ban was a merchant in Antigonish. He married Margaret, daughter of Patrick Power, by whom he had two daughters, Helen and Jennet. He died in 1867, in the 50th year of his age. James Sutherland of Strathglass died in 1888. He left two daughters.

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Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair.

Alexander Campbell, better known as Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair, was a native of Gairloch. He was born about the year 1748. He was a clear headed and active man. He received no education in his youth, but after he grew up he learned to read the Gaelic testament. He could repeat a vast amount of Ossianic poetry that he had learnt from old men in his boyhood. He was the bosom friend of William Ross, the poet. He was ground officer for Sir Hector MacKenzie, of Gairloch. He was married and had four sons, Roderick, John, Evander, Donald. He died in 1844, being in the 96th year of his age. Alexander MacKenzie, the historian of the Clans, is his great-grand son.

Oran an Uisge-Bheatha.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR

O! b'aithne dhoMh suiridheach neo-ìomra-
 llach, greannmhor,
 Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,
 A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluicheadh,
 'sa dhannsadh,
 Cinneadail, innealta, curamach.
 'N am suidhe mu 'n bhord gu'n dig moran
 na chuideachda,
 A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, suig-
 cartach;

Bhiodh bodaich is cailleachan a dearbhadh
'sa deasbhaireachd,
Is gbeibheadh tu urageulan ur aca.

Cha 'n 'eil pòsadh no bansis, cuis gheana no
ghaire
'Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann;
Aig toiseach na diota 'se dh'iarrar an trath
sin.

Is fearrde na stamagan arubag dheth;
'S leis dunadh gach bargain, is dearbhadh
gach fineachais,
Ciad phog bean na bainns' 'si toirt taing
do na mhinistir,
Chuireadh e dhannsa' iad 's beag an ionn-
stramaid 'shireadh iad,
Cha 'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

'Nuair theid Macantoisich na chomhdach's
na armachd,

C'ait a bheil gaisgeach a mhoidheadh air?
Chuireadh e samhach na baird 'sa chliath-
sheanachaidh,

Chuireadh e chadal 'sna cuiltean iad.
Cha robh duine 'san rioghachd a shineadh
air carraid ris,

Nach buailleadh e 'cheann a dh'aon mhael
ris na talaintean,

'Bdh'fhagt' e gun sgoinn deanamhgreim ris
na ballachan,

Mar gu 'm biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'M fear a's luaith' ann an astar 's a 's brais
'ann an nadur,

Bheireadh e 'chasan 's a lutha bhuaithe;
'M fear a's bronach' a dhise, gun mhisn-
each, gun mhanran,

Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar e.

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'M fear a's mo' ann an stairn bheireadh
 srabh air gu'n tuiteadh e,
 Chuireadh e 'nt-amhlair gu oran 'sgu
 cruiteireachd,
 Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath
 ris na h-uiseagan,
 'S ni e na trusdaran fughantach.

'M fear 'bhios 'na shruban air cul an taigh-
 osda
 Nach deid a staigh leis an sgugaireachd;
 Ged tha airgiod na thasgaidh tha glas air
 'na phocaid,
 Rud a thoirt aisde cha duraig e.
 'Nuair thig am fear coir 'bhios an toir air
 a chuideachda,
 Bheir e air sgeod e gu-seomar nam buid-
 ealan,
 'Snuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadur gu rud-
 eigin,
 'S their e thoir thugainn na shuigheas
 sinn.

Tha moran andeigh air an Eirinn' san Alba,
 Ged a tha cuid aca diombach air;
 Tha daoine agus mnathan 'tha mathasach,
 geamnaidh
 'Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urachdainn.
 Is feairde fear-turs' e 'chur muig agus
 airtneal dheth,
 'S ainneanch bean-shiubhla nach durai-
 geadh blasad air,
 'Smur faigh a'bhean-ghluin'e bidh tuchan
 is cnatan oirr
 'S falbhaidh i dhachaidh is stuic oirre.
 Ars' ceit Nic-a-Phearsain 'se fasannan
 Gaidheal.

'Nuair a thig leasachdainn ur orra,
Am botul 'san glaine 'san t-aran, 'san cai
Bhi'gan tarruing mu seach as a chulaisde
Their a bhean choir ris a' choisir a thuig-
each i,

"Gabhaibh 'ur morning, cha mhor e 's
'ur trioblaid dhinn;
Tha botul no dha an so lan is tha pigidh
ann,
Faighibh an t-slige 's na coamhnaibh e."

Taigh-Dige Nam Fear Each- annach.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MAC IAMHAIR.

'S uaigneach an nochd 'tha geatachan
Taigh-dige nam fear Eachannach ;
Tha caochladh mor ri 'fhaicinn ann ;
Tha teaghlach nam fear gaisgeanta
Air a ghlasadh 's e gun cheol.

Tha 'n teaghlach, m'headhrach, mhanran-
ach,

'Bha sugach, muirneil, ailgheasach,
Fo ghruaim, gun fhuaim, gun ghair-
eachdaich,
Gun ol, gun cheol 'ga bhairigeadh
Mar a b'abhaist do na seoid.

Chunnacas uair gu 'm b' fhoirmeil sibh
Le cuirt, 's bha cliu 'feadh Alb' oirbh ;
Fir aotrom 'shiubhal gharbhlaichean,
'S iad sunndach, luthar, anmanta,
Neo-chearbach ann san toir.

S bha ceannard fialaidh, fughantach,
 'Bha miadhail, rianail euramach,
 Ceann-uidhe chliar is dhiulanach.
 'San teaghlach fhèadhrach, mhuirneil
 ud,
 'Tha'n neachd gun smuid, gun cheo.

'N uair dh'eireadh strith nostreup oirhh,
 Bu lionmhor laoch a dh' eireadh leibh,
 Fir mhaoidheach, fhuilteach, gheur-lan-
 nach,

'S iad strac-bhuilleach, sar-bheumanta,
 Nach geilleadh is iad beo.

Clann Eachainn Ruaidh nam brataichean,
 'Bha piceach, piobach, baitealach,
 'S iad meaninnach, strannmhor, tartarach,
 Fir dhana, laidir, fhaicilleach,
 Neo-lapanach 'san toir.

'S leat shios is shuas an Gearrloch i,
 'Sa h-iasg, a feidh, 'sa fasaichean,
 A beinn, a strath, 'sa h-airidhean:—
 Bidh machair agus Gaidhealtachd
 A geilleadh dha na seoid.

Gur lionmhor oigear maiseach
 A bhios cianail a dol seachad
 Fo'n taigh mhor 'bhu mhuirneil macaan,
 'S iad a cuimhneachadh a mhacuis
 A bhiodh aca mu do bhòrd.

Bha 'n taigh 's an teaghlach ainmeil
 Ann sa' h-uile taobh dh' a m falbhadh
 tu,
 Le miadh, le cliu, 's le anbharra;
 'S gu 'm b' iongantach le seanachaidhean
 An aimsir so 'thigh 'nn oirnn.

Is trom a sgath an t-eug orm,
 Is fada dh' fhag e eis orm ;
 Thug e dhìom na laoiach nach treigeadh
 mi,
 Na leoghainn fheail ghleusda,
 Mo chreach leir ! nach h-eil 'a' beo.

Bho 'n la a dh' fhag na h-uaislean mi,
 Cha 'n fhacas tathaich sluaigh unam,
 Cha chualas ceol no fuaim annam,
 'S air fhad 's 'gam bi mi uaignidheach
 Bidh mo ghruaim a' dol nas mo.

Ach ged a tha mi gruamanach,
 Tha suil agam ri fuanacadh ;
 Gur tearail treubhach m' uachdaran,
 An leoghann tapaiddh, suairce,
 Nì e 'suas dhomh m' aobhar bhroin.

Clann Dòmhnail Nan Eilean.

LE ALAISTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR.

Beir soraidh uam gu m' eolas,
 Gu Trotairnis, 'se b'aite leam,
 An talamh maiseach, boidheach,
 An tir ro ordail, mhearcaiteach,
 Far 'bheil na daoine coire,
 Dh' fhas fialaidh, mor, neo-acaineach ;
 Mnai uaisl' a's suairce comhradh,
 Gun ghruaim, gun phòis, an taice dhaibh.
 An tir ro fhoirmeil, chluiteach, ainmeil,
 Mhuirneach, mheanmnach, mhacanta ;
 Bu lionmhor, sealbhach, iasg na fairge
 Tric 'ga mharbhadh 'n taice rith' ;

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Gheibht' bradan tarra-gheal, inich, meal-
gach,

Iteach, earra-ghlan, breac-lannach ;
Am fonn an dearbhte 'n cinn an t-arbhar,
Diasach, ceanna-mhor, pailt-ghraineach.

B'i sid an duthaich fhialaidh
Air 'n eireadh grian gu moch-thrathach ;
Tir lubach, shiathach, iosal,
Gu monach, sliabhach, gaeagach ;
Tir chruachach, sguabach, liontach,
Tir mheasail, inhiadhail, thrusganach ;
Tir mhor 'tha corr gu biataidh
Tir bhoidhach, lianach, lusanach.
Tir bhuadheach bhlath, gun chruas, gun
chas,

A' tigh'nn fo bhlath gu ruiteagach ;
An grunn a b' fhearr bho shliabh gu
traigh,

Gu fasach, lanach, sultmhorra
Crodh-laoidh 'sgach ait a' sior bhreith ail,
Gu bliochdach, darach, sruth-bhainneach ;
Is grinn a ghair aig fuaim nam ba
'Dol suas ri aird nan uchdanan.

Bidh mnathan donna, dualach,
'Nan dail gu cuachach, cuinneagach,
'Siad modhail, banail, stuama,
Neo-ghruamach, uasal, iriosal,
Le 'n alach glan mu 'n cuairt daibh
'Gan togail 'suas gu h-innealta,
'Siad fhein gu laghach, suairce,
Gu caoimhneil, cuanta, cinneadail,
Bidh oighean mine, boidheach, finealt',
Stolta, rioghail, ion-ghradhach,
Gun fhuachd, gun ghris, gun ghruaim,
gun sgios,
Ro shnuadh mhor, fineant, binneagach,
Is pairt diu sior chur aird air ni,

Gun chas, gun strìth, gun iomadan
 'Is pairt, mar chi, le'm meoir gheal
 ghrinn,
 Cur faith 'mair sìod' 's air ghrinneasan

Bidh daoine tlachdmhor, coir ann
 Ag ol nu bhord gu h-oileinach,
 Nach mall 's nach gann mu 'n 'poca,
 'S nach du d'an storas teireachdainn.
 B'i sìd an fhine mhorail,
 Clann-Domhnaill Mhor nan Eileanan,
 Nach inntrinn ann an dobheairt,
 'S nach toisich air ni 'cheileadh iad.
 Na laoiach 'bha truen ri an 'an jheuma,
 Crodha, gleusta, fearachail,
 'Bha ullamh reidh gu siubhal sleibh',
 Gu ruitheach, leumach, deannalach;
 Gur math an t-eideadh-crios am feil',
 Am breacan eutrom, ainneamh, orr',
 An uair a dh-eighteadh 'chiad ra-treut,
 Gu dol 'san streup gu ceannasach.

N' uair thogt' a' bbratach bhalla-bhreac
 Gu meannnach os cionn churaidhean,
 'Ur laochraidh thlachdmhor, dhealbhadh,
 Bu gharg iad an taobh 'chuireadh iad.
 Na'n eireadh fraoch no fearg orr',
 Gu 'm b'anamant', garbh, guineach iad.
 Cha philleadh sibh roimh armailt
 Ged dheanadh Alba cruinneachadh,
 Bidh luingeas bhreid-gheal 's cuan 'ga
 reubadh,

Seolach, reultach, iullagach,
 Lamh-dhearg 'ga h-eigheach 's cinn 'gam
 beum

Aig seoid nach geill do chunnartan.
 An taobh a dh-eight' iad, b'ullamh, reidh
 iad,
 'S maing d'am b' eigin fuireach riu.

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Bidh feòl' gu feòil aig eoin an t-sleibh,
'S gach seorsa beisd a chruinnicheas.

Lord Macdonald, on a certain occasion, invited Alastair Buidhe to visit him at Armadale castle. The poet was so well pleased with his reception that he composed this song.

Mo Bhruadar Cinnteach An Raoir:

LE ALASTAIR MACFHIONGHAIN.

Mo bhruadar cinnteach an raoir,
I bhi sinteri m' thaobh,
Bean nam min bhasan caomh a
b' anas leam
Bean nam min bhasan &c.

Cha b' ann air truailleachd, a run,
'Bha m' aire 'gluasad 's cha b' fhiu,
Bu sholas suaine dhomh cubhr' ahd
t' analach.

Bho 'n a fhuair mi thu òg,
'Sa bhuain mi 'n uaigneas an ros,
'S gnothach cruaidh gu 'n d'rinn Deors'
ar dealachadh.

Bu lionmhor, torrach. gach camp,
Le sgrios 'lann sholuis do'n Fhraing;
An gnìomh 'san drolachd a mheall
bho 'r leannain sin.

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Sar ghaisteach gun chealg
A's daor a choisinn an gorm,
Le fuil fhrasach an garbh chom
dhanarra.

'Tha Clann-Chamshroin nam pìc,
Nach bu leanabail 'san strìth,
Is comhlan ainmeil 'san tìr s' aig
Ailean, diu.

Ard cheannard smachdail an airm,
Leis 'm bu shunndach gaisgich air sheirm,
Luchd nan glas lann gunn nheirg,
gun smal orra.

An comhlan 'soige de'n triuir
Tha guineach, comhragach, dur,
Thog Morair Deors' e gu cliu 's cha b' aith-
reachh dha.

The British forces under Sir Ralph Abercromby landed in Egypt, on the 8th of March, 1801.

Lion An Gloine Gu 'Straic.

ORAN DO SHIM DOMHNALLACH
TRIACH MHOR THIR.

LE ALASTAIR MACFHIONGHAIN.

Lion an gloine gu' straic
De dh' fhion mear as an Spainn,
Ged bhiodh galan 'na chlar
Tionndaidh thairis a shail
Air an fhear 'theid 'sgach spairn chliuitich
Air an fhair &c.

An triath Morthrieach fearail,
Am fìor Dhomhnallach soilleir,

Sìol nan connspunn nach tilleadh
 An am dortadh ri teine,
 Craobh chomhraig nach tiomaich gun
 diobhail.

A cheart aindeoin luchd-miruin,
 Le'n gaol air sgainneal gun fhirinn,
 'Theann ri sgaradh ar disleachd,
 'S cairdeas fala ar sinnsireachd ;
 Tha 'n t-og Alastair dileas
 Dhuit mar charraig, 's cha diobair e uair
 thu.

Tha e dainheil tri-filte
 Dha t'og bhaintighearna phriseil,
 Ur ros mhanta na firinn
 Fo dhruichd samhraidh a's millse ;
 Slios mar eal' air bharr siopuinn
 an cuan i.

Feucag alainn de'n fhin' i,
 Seud an garadh a cinnidh,
 A beus mar sgathan le gild,
 Mar ghrein a'dearrsadh air mhire
 A gheug fo bhlath gun a milleadh le fuar-
 achd.

Bho nach bard mi no filidh,
 Ach fear-dana gun sireadh,
 A mhile pairt duibh cha'n innis
 Mi dhe 'talantan grinne ;
 'S tim dhomh tamh agus tilleadh ri m'
 uaibheachd;

An treun laoch fearail gun sgath,
 Nach eisdeadh sgainneal no tair,
 A' lenn mar dhealanach ard,
 Mar bheithir falaig 'sa' bhlar ;
 Rìgh nan aingeal 's nan gras ga d' stiuradh.

Le lainn liomhte an tarruing
 Bu tu 'n saighdear air t'eangaibh ;
 Chit' soills' is a' faileas,
 'Bualadh phoicannan smearail ;
 Bhiodh luchd t' fhoille 's allt fal' orra
 'bruchdadh.

An trath 'nochdteadh do shioda
 Ri crann snaidhte, deas, direach,
 Chruinnicheadh gaisgich nach strìochdadh,
 Luch nan glas lannan liomhte,
 Air an fhaiche 's do phiob a cur sunnd
 orr'.

Na fir bhagarrach, gharg,
 Shunndach, aigeannach, bhorb,
 'S mairg a sgobadh an calg,
 'S am fraoch gaganach, gorm,
 Ri brataich bhallaich 'bu stoirmeil dus-
 gadh.

Faillian, from fal-shian, a treacherous
 storm.

Simon Macdonald of Morar was a Major in the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1799. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, in the year 1812. He was married to Amelia, daughter of Captain James Macdonell, third son of John twelfth Macdonell of Glengarry.

CUMHA.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

B hruchdsgc ula bho thuath oirn,
A Morthir bhoidheach nam fuar bheann;
'Sthug e dortadh air gruaidhean gu leoir.
'Sthug e dortadh &c.

Tha sinn an draet ann an Sasunn,
Fad o'r cairdean 's o'r dachaidh;
Sinn mar chabhlach a shrachd an cuid
seol.

Gun chart iuil airson riaghailt;
Leum ar stiuir bharr a h-iarainn;
Dh' fhalbh ar cul-reang 'bu shiochaint-
each gloir.

'N ciste luaidhe 'sa chruisle,
'Sa slios nae fuaire na'n druchd,
'Tha 'n ceannard sluagh leis 'm bu shun-
ndach na sroil'.

Maidsear smachdail, ro ainmeil;
'S maing a lasadh am feirg ris
'Nuair 'thairnteadh glas lann 'chinn airgid
'na dh. rn.

Bu chruaidh, luath-lamhach, guineach,
Thu 'n am bualadh nam buillean,
Ann an tuasaidean fuileach Rìgh Deors'.

'Sog a dhearbh thu do ghaisge,
'N aobhar Albainn is Shasunn;
Fhuair mi seanachas air d'ascaoin 'san toir.

Cha bu mheas' air a chuan thu,
'S bu tric mise mu'n cuairt duit;
Cha bu chliobairean suarach do sheoid.

Ba tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach,
'Nuair a thigeadh sid ghailbheach,
Mhuchadh trioblaid gach fairge fo bhord.

'Sa bhirlinn luath ri la gaillinn,
Air chuan uaibhreach na faillinn,
S tric a dh' ihuasgail thu 'darach le lod.

Le a h-aodach ur dionach,
Is gaoth shuchte 'ga lionadh,
Bhiodh ruith chuip air a bial 'si tigh'nn
beo.

Ruith air linne gu h-eutrom,
'San sruth 'mire ri 'aleisdean,
Bhiodh do ghilleam gu treun air a agod.

Tigh'nn gu cala na stuaidhe
'N aodann gailinn, 'ga cruaidhead,
'S lom a ghearradh tu 'm fuaradh le 'aroin.

Mo cheist marcach nan steud-each,
'S urla flathail na leirsinn,
Ceannard catha le'n eireadh na sloigh.

'Nuair a ghluais sinn air astar,
'Sa chualas fuaimnich nam bratach,
Bha ionndrainn bhuainn a dh'fhag glasta
ar neoil.

'Dh' aindecuin sgainneal luchd-tuailleis,
A theann ri 'garadh ar dualchais,
Thug thu manam 'san uair leat le coir

'Nuair bhios cash ri cuis-ghaire,
'Siadri mire 's ri maifran,
Bidh mo chridhe-sa craiteach fo leon.

Gar trom gairich do leanabh
Air an traigh 'tha mi 'gearan,
'S cha ni 'm mathair a's fallaine deoir.

Gheibh iadsan buaidh air a mhulad,
Bidh ise buan air a tuirleadh,
Gus 'n doir 'n uaigh i gu urraim 's gu gloir.

Cumha Eile.

DO SHIM OG DOMHNALLACH,
TRIATH MHORTHIR

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Ma bha mi 'cadal am prámh,
Cha b'ann le laigead mo ghraidh
Do'n dream 'thug caidreamh dhomh,
blatha, is eideadh.

Ma bha mi 'cadal &c.

Dh' fhan mi cho fada 'nam thamh,
'San t-eug a sladadh mo shlaint,
'Sgu'n d'chreuchdaich m'aigheadh, 's 'tha
cach 'ga leirsinn.

Cha b'ieghnadh m'aidmheil 'bhi blath,
Chaidh mi ro lag air an sgath,

An nair a b' aigeannach traigh nan
treun fhear.

Am baile meadhrach na suilbh.
Gu 'm bu ghreadhnach luchd-cuirm,
Aig an teaghlach a b'ainmeil ceutadh.

Bu tric fion dathte nan corn,
A piosan laiste le or,
'Ga dhiol am pailteas aig bord na feile.

Ohluinnteadh caithream gach diuil.
Ann an talla mo ruin,
'Suaisleann glana 'b'ard cliu 'gan eisdeachd.

Bhiodh ceol nam feadan le buaidh,
Mar sholas beadrach 'egach cluais,
'S mac-talla freagairt nan stuadh le eib-
hneas.

Bhiodh oighean 's mnai nan guth binn,
Mar eoin an fhasaich 'sa choill,
'S na meoir a b'ealamh 'toirt seinn a
teudar.

Bha Clann Mhic-Dhughail 'san am,
Mar choille dhluth nan ard chrann,
Sna gallain ura gun mheang, gun eis
lean.

Cha d'rinn mi cadal no tamh,
'Nuair dh'iathfeoil abaich mu'n chnaimh,
Le'r triath bha m'aigneadh 's mo chail
ag eirigh.

Bu deas na comhlain a' triall
Gu strith a Morthir, fo rian,

'Sbu 'gharbh na domhrag air aliabh na
streidh ad.

Bu diombuan feachd-chinn ar aluaigh;
Cha robh ar caipteanean buan,
Bha fear mu seach dhiu do'n uaigh
a'geilleadh.

Bha sinn an Sasunn, an duil
Ri'r Maidsear agairteil gu'r n-iul
Ri uchd nam baiteal le tur's le leirsinn.

'Nuairfhuair sinn naidheachd ar craidh
Ursann-chatha nam blar
A bhi 'na laighe gun chail, na chreubhaig

'Nam falbh air thuras thar cuain,
Bu lionmhor curaidh to ghruaim,
Thug gach duin' againn luaidh is speis
da

Ged fhuair sinn buadh ri uchd'gleois,
Bha m'intinn luaineach fo'bhron,
Gach uair a dh' fhuasgail ar srol 'san
Eiphit.

Cho tric 'na rosgadh mo shuil,
Bha mi gu beachdail an duil,
Gu'n b'choir dhomh' fhaicinn air thus
na streipe.

Chaidh sinn an coinnimh nan lann,
'S ar capull-coille air chall,
An darag loinneil 'san crann nach geil-
leadh.

Bu ghann a thill sinn o'r leon,
Na dh' fhag an strith againn beo,

Ta dh'fhalbh le Sim cha bu chomhlan
gleidht' iad.

'N'uaire fhuair sian naidheachd do ur
Gu'n deachaidh 'athair 'san uir
Bu chail air maithith 's bu chomhail
cheud e.

Bha aoibh is maise 'na chnuadh,
'Sa chridhe farsuing mar chuan;
Bu tric e'gpadh le truas air feumach.

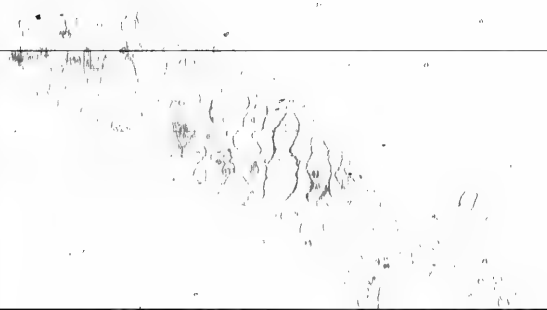
Mo dhochas dubailt' a'm' Thriath.
Gu bheil an urnaigh 'ga dhion,
Gu h-ard 'sa chuir far am fialaidh
eibhneas.

Bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach aon,
Le teagasg laiste-nan naomh,
'Ga rian bho 'bhaisteadh gu 'aois gun
treiginn.

Ge dubhach frasnach ar deoir
Mu'n aosda'n teagaidh nam bord,
'Se gearradh as nam fear og'a leir sinn.

The Clann MhicDhughail bho'n stuaidh
'San coille dhluth air a buain;
Bu ghoirt an diubhail 's bu chruaidh an
seul e.

Thuit an daragan ard,
A bha mar bhalla do chach,
'Gan dion bho ghailinn's gach aird a'
seideadh.



Thuit na h-ogain ghlan, ur,
 A bh' air an traigh mar chinn-itil
 'Sna gallain alainn fo dhruchd a chai-
 tein.

Mar reub-ghaoith earraich gun tlatas,
 Ri seideadh falaisg bharr aird',
 Bu ageula sgaraidh dhuinn bas og Sheu-
 mais.

Am fiuran priseil gun ghruaim,
 'Bu chlinteach priseil a ghluais,
 Air tus nam miltean bu, nuadh 'cheann-
 ceud e.

Bu daor an ceannach do'n Traigh.
 E'dhol 'na leanabh do'n Spainn,
 Gu'chlaidh le anastachd 's gabhadh
 streipe ;

Gun fhois ri teas no ri fuachd,
 'Se 'gastar bras ri droch uair,
 Gun chuirf, gun deoch, ann an ruaig
 nan treun-fhear.

Gun each, gun bhotuinnean thall,
 'San sneachd air mointich nam beann,
 Cha robh na brogan ach gann r'a cheile.

Cha tuig luchd-cadail no taimh
 Mar tha luchd-cogaidh nam blar
 'Gan claidh 's gan lagadh thar sail 'nan
 eigin.

M
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Bu ghoirt d'a chairdean a luaths
 'Sa chaidh an t-armunn thar cuain,
 'Se dhuig dha anshocair bhuan 'san
 d'eug e.

Cha deach a leirs'inn an am
 Gu'n robh tromeucail 'tigh'nn ann ;
 'Nuair' nochd i 'crenchdan cha stamb-
 nadh leigh i.

'Nuair 'chrion i'n gathan gu'bhar,
 Ghrad spion i'n t-abhall fo bhath,
 Mar shiol gu ath-cyur a's alainn eirigh.

Ghrad-thriall an t-anam le gaird
 Gu siorrachd fhallain nan gras
 Ar sgeith nan aingeal lan graidh 'is
 eibhnis.

Ged bha na dh' fhuirich fo bhron.
 'Ga chaidh mar 'bhuineadh do'n
 fheoil,
 Bha craobh fo dhuilleach' bu bhoideach
 eirigh.

CUMHA EILE.

DO LHIM OG DOMHNALLACH TRIATH
 MHOIRTHIR.

Le Aostair Mac-Fhionghain.

Maotlr dharag cheannsgalach, ard,
 Bu shoilleir, maiseachail, fas,
 Bu sholas cuim bhi fo sgail a geugan.

Mo chruaidh chreach dhuilich 's mo
chradh,
Bhruchd luaidhe ghuinea ch mu 'barr,
Le tuaim a ghunna bha 'n Traigh 'ga
leirsgrìoc. ✓

Thuit fionan a' fion mo ghaoil,
Le sniomh an tar air a thaobh ;
Bha fiamh a' ghair' air is aoibh fo 'chreach-
daibh,

Ged threig a spiorad an fheoil,
Mar ghrein' air gilid an lo
A leum air mhire, gu gloir nach treig e

Troimh 'n Aon a dh' fhuiling am bas,
'Bu phiantach muladach cradh,
Gheibh sinu gu sonas am paras ceutach.

Biodhmaid measarra 'm bron,
'S bheir Rìgh a gliocais an gloir,
Le sìth dhuinn misneach is treeir is
leirsinn.

Ma tha sinn dubhach lan dhiar,
Tha slainte 's cumbachd 'san Tri ath,
'Sa ghradh a' cruthadh gu fial bho 'n
cheusadh.

ORAN.

*Do Domhnall Camshron, d'am bu
cho-aimm Domhnall Mor Og.*

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Fhuair mi Seanachas cinnteach
A dhuisg m' inntinn 'suas gu ceol ;
Las beusan an treun ghiomanaich
Marealaidh dhein moghloir.
Bu ro aiuneamh ann sna crìochan so,
'Measg Abrach ged a dh-iarrainn iad,
Mac tuathanaich cho fialaidh
S cho math gnìomh ri Domhnall og.

Bha e mór, 's e cumadail
Gun uireasabh, gun mheang ;
Deas-bhriathrach, fialaidh, fùranach,
Ro fhurachail 'na chainnt ;
Bha uaislean agus cumantan
'N trom luaidh air sa toirt urrainn dha ;
Cha chuald mi t'fhear-diomolaidh,
Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi ann.

Bha ceannard treun nan Gordanach
Bho chaisteal mor nan lann,
An t-ard dhiuchd cliuiteach morchuisseach
Le'n ruisgteadh sroil 'sa champ,
'Nuair 'dhruid e dluth an eolas air,
Sa fhuair e 'ghualann, sonraichte
Mar athair-iuil 'ga chomhnadh,
'Se ri chul 'sa choir 's gach am.

Bha Dombhuallaich a' Bhraigh' ud,
 Sliochd nan armunn nach robh cli,
 An dream cholgarr, bhorb, laidir,
 Bu gharg stoirm an spairn nam pic,
 Mean fhiosrach air a phuathachadh,
 'S ro mheasail air a thalantan :—
 Bu mhinic tric le pairt diu e
 Ri lamhach ann san fhrith.

Bha Frisealaich threun bhearraideach
 Bho Arraig nan eruth doirbh,
 Ro dhian an cairdeas tala ris,
 'S cha b' aithlis iad 'ga lorg :
 Bha 'n nadurrachd cho daingeann,
 'S ged bu bhrathair do gach fear dhiu e ;
 Bho chuislean nan laoch ceannasach
 A dh'ol'e'm bainne borb.

Cha b' iogbnadh-learn gach caraid
 A bhi dealaidh air a lorg,
 'Se faillteachail, blath, carthannach,
 Gun fhoill, gun char, gun chealg.
 Ri feumnaich 's math an airidh
 Bha e fialaidh, dìreach, farasda ;
 'S ri 'cheile beusach, leannanach,
 Gun bheum, gun sgar, gun cholg.

Na 'n digteadh cearr no ascaoin air,
 Bu ghaisgeach e 's gach seol,
 Nach fuilingeadh tair no masladh
 Do dh-fhear-bhailtean a bha beo.
 Ged nach robh tuasaid cleachdte leis,
 'Nuair 'dhuisgteadh gu garbh bheairtean e,
 Bu cheannagalach, borb, reachdmhor e,
 'N treun neartmhor nach robh foil !

B'e sid Dombhal nan tri Domnhall.
 'Bu chian coir air Innse- Rìgh
 De shliochd Domhnaill Duibh'bu'deonach;
 Tric, an toiseach gleos nam pic.
 'Nuair a ghluais Loch-Iall le chonnspuinn,
 Do dh'Aird-nam-Murchanngu coinhstrith,
 Sparr e saighead chaol 'sa choreaich
 Leis 'n d'thuit Mac Eoin gun chli.

Sid an urchair a bha feumail :
 Mur tilleadh i 'n treuin-thear boib
 Bhiodh Ciaun-Chamshroin air an reubadh
 'S mar a bhasibh b'eiginn falbh,
 'Nuair a chruiunich iad ri 'cheile,
 Ghabh Clann-Iain an rat euta,
 'S mur bhi Leathanaich na leireinn
 Bu ghann fuigheal beuin nau arm.

Mac-Eoin, or perhaps Mac Mhic-Eoin was an uncle of John Og Macdonald of Ardnarmurchan. He was a man of great size and strength. He murdered John Og about the year 1596, and took possession of his estate. John Og was at the time of his death at the point of marrying a daughter of Lochiel. The Camerons resolved to avenge his death, and marched towards Ardnarmurchan. A conflict took place between themselves and Mac-Eoin at Leachd nan saighead in Morvern. Mac-Eoin was killed by an arrow, and his followers routed. Shortly after the Macdonalds had been routed, a body of Macleans crossed over from Mull, to assist them. The Camerons were now compelled to retreat.

ORAN GAOIL.

Le Gilleasbing Mac-Phail.

'S bocht an creachal 'th 'air m' inntinn,
Is cha 'n urrainn mi 'dhubradh
Ma tha 'n sgeula cho fìor 's tha iad ag
raitinn,
'S bocht an creachal &c.

Gu'n do thionndaidh thu 'm fuath rium,
'N deigh do ghaol 'bhi cho buan dhomh,
'S gu 'n do thagh thu fear fuadainn a' m'
aite.

Gur h-e 'n mlieu-laich mo ghaol ort,
Do ghruaidh dhearg 'bhi mar chaorann,
Is do ghnìus 'bhi ciuin, adbhach, glan,
, arach,

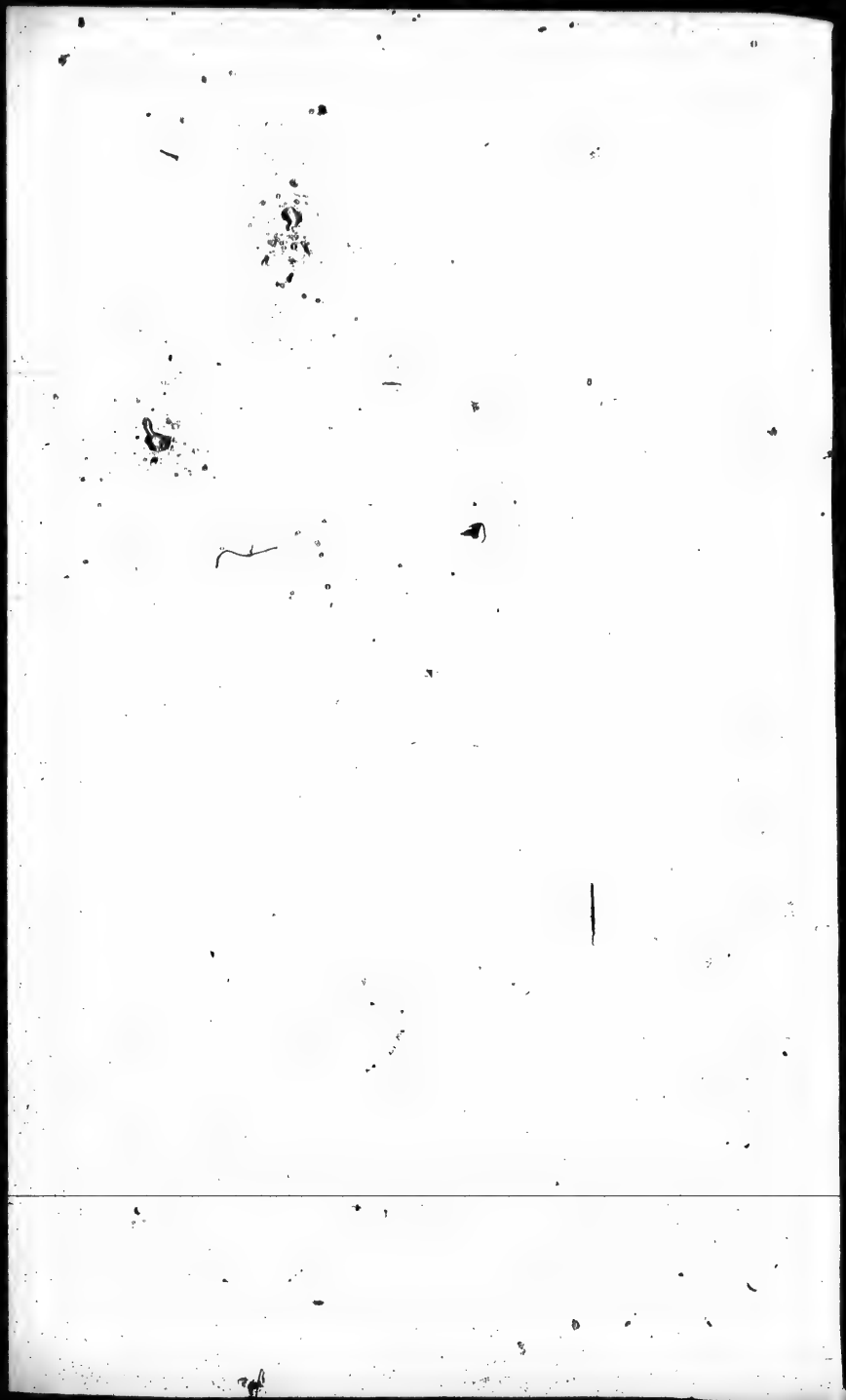
Tha 'bhi sìobhrta, capimbneli,
Banail, baintighearna, aoibheil,
Suairce, ceanalt', gun fhoill ann ad nadur

Do chul brìcheach min, lomharr',
Tha 'n a chamagan spiomhain ;
Tha gach mais' ort, a ribhinn na h ailleach,

Gur h-i 'n naidheachd a fhuair mi
'Dhuig an anshocair bhoian dhomh :
Dh' fhag i aiceideach truagh mi gun slainte.

Ge b' e fear 'nì do bhuannachd,
Gur leis deideag na h-uaisele ;—
Guidheam piseach is suaimhneas ri d' la
dhuit





STACKS

